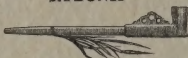


| | | |
|-------------|---------------|---------------|
| GUACANAGARI | PONTIAC | BLACK HAWK |
| MONTEZUMA | CAPTAIN PIPE | KEOKUK |
| GUATIMOTZIN | LOGAN | SACAGAWEA |
| POWHATAN | CORNPLANTER | BENITO JUAREZ |
| POCAHONTAS | JOSEPH BRANT | MANGUS |
| SAMOSET | RED JACKET | COLORADAS |
| MASSASOIT | LITTLE TURTLE | LITTLE CROW |
| KING PHILIP | TECUMSEH | SITTING BULL |
| UNCAS | OSCEOLA | CHIEF JOSEPH |
| TEDYUSKUNG | SEQUOYA | GERONIMO |
| | SHABONEE | |



TO PERPETUATE THE HISTORY
AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE
PEOPLE REPRESENTED BY THE
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EVENTS

IN

INDIAN HISTORY,

BEGINNING WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE

ORIGIN OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS,
AND EARLY SETTLEMENTS IN NORTH AMERICA,

AND EMBRACING

CONCISE BIOGRAPHIES

OF THE PRINCIPAL CHIEFS AND HEAD-SACHEMS
OF THE DIFFERENT INDIAN TRIBES,

WITH

NARRATIVES AND CAPTIVITIES,

INCLUDING

THE DESTRUCTION OF SCHENECTADY, MURDER OF MISS M'CREA,
DESTRUCTION OF WYOMING, BATTLE OF THE THAMES AND
TIPPECANOE, BRADDOCK'S DEFEAT, GENERAL WAYNES
VICTORY AT MIAMI, LIFE OF LOGAN, MASSACRE
OF THE INDIANS AT LANCASTER, PA., &c.

ALSO

AN APPENDIX,

CONTAINING THE STATISTICS OF THE POPULATION OF
THE U. STATES, AND AN INDIAN VOCABULARY.

ILLUSTRATED WITH EIGHT FINE ENGRAVINGS.

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LANCASTER:

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1843.



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EVENTS OF INDIAN HISTORY.
Captain Smith rescued by Pocahontas.

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P R E F A C E.

Another book upon the Aborigines of North America, exclaims the reader! Have we not volume upon volume of works on the Indians of this continent? Their manners and customs, warfare and barbarities, have been described again and again, by antique as well as modern writers: Church, Hoyt, Hubbard, Mather, M'Clung, Flint, Proud, Smith, Hutchinson, Heckewelder, Fletcher, Drake, and many others, have all written books in relation to some certain tribes, confining themselves to distinct latitudes, whilst others of them have taken into their works a review of the entire race, as they existed after the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth up to the present period; but they are most generally given in a prolix detail—much that to the mere casual reader is dull and uninteresting, and which for their great length are laid aside, and their beautiful parts lost sight of as they moulder upon the mantel or in the book-case of many a household. We would not be understood to say, that the authors of the books we have alluded to are in any manner blameable for this; they have labored faithfully and industriously in the accumulation of facts and matter which directly concerns every American. They have made their subjects part of the history of our own government, and as such we should understand them, and be conversant with the events, changes and scenes of days that have passed.

Voluminous histories are looked upon and very often deemed too intricate by some to be read. In view of a full and minute description of all the Indians that priorly existed in the vast territories which now compose the United States, it would require as many years and as much labor as the printing of the archives of our own republic. This work has, however, been undertaken by a distinguished author, S. G. DRAKE, Esq., of Massachusetts, who has already published several volumes, which are deservedly popular. We must here acknowledge that we are much indebted to him for some of the events which appear in the volume we are now about presenting to the public.

We do not design, by the publication of a compendium of the Events in Indian History, to claim any particular advantage over other books of a similar character that have already been issued. There are, notwithstanding, a number of advantages connected with the present compilation. A volume of the most important Events in Indian History, judiciously arranged in order as they occurred, has been the aim of our labors; in connection with this we had an eye in selecting from those works which are the most accurate in their descriptions, and in all cases cut off what we did not think essentially answering the purpose to complete our object. The Biographical department contains the incidents of those tribes which are the most celebrated in the Indian annals; some, indeed, are as complete and comprehensive as can any where else be found;—of this the reader will be better enabled to judge when examining it.

A History of the indigenes of any country has for itself many claims, which attract the notice of the learned, and the lovers of literature, but especially can our own claim attention; so varied, great and romantic are the events which followed their discovery, that no one can turn from the page of their history without being wiser and better satisfied with the change which the God of Heaven and earth has mysteriously wrought among this people. The numerous tribes that were in existence when the first navigators arrived upon the soil of this continent, receiving the adventurers of an unknown land in the North and South, with demonstrations of joy and welcome, which could scarcely have been expected by the voyagers themselves from an uncivilised race; a race of men who never before looked in the face of a *white man*—who never before beheld the white sails of a vessel speeding through the waters of their own wide and romantic rivers,—these have passed away with the tide of civilisation, which has run its course in the same space of time westward of the Atlantic Ocean.

Numerous as they were, it appears that but one century had passed after the Europeans took possession of the soil, when their most extensive leagues were severed and their governments relinquished, as though civilisation was a very antipode to their prosperity as a nation and a people. They have passed away with the years which have made the same clime, in power and prosperity, one of the mightiest upon the globe. The mountains and umbrageous forests, dressed in all the primitive grandeur of Nature, where they pursued the chase and walked in majestic pride as the lords of the soil, now to a great extent are made to give echo to the enterprise and industry of the descendants of the Anglo-Saxons. The many thousands who now

inherit the cities, the towns and villages, where once stood the rude wigwams and huts of the Indians, send up the daily sounds of rejoicing and gladness; the chase and the war-dance, and the rude sports of the wild children of nature, are hushed in the plains where we now behold the labor of the husbandman; the margins of the noble rivers connecting the Atlantic are in many places the harbors of busy marts, and instead of the lone canoe with her daring masters moving upon the waters, vessels of ponderous shape and dimensions, guided by the science and skill of the sturdy mariner, are found in every navigable river; a population equal to all the tribes now in existence in the United States have their homes upon the deep. How dreadful were the events of the times which brought about the changes we have alluded to; history but faintly tells the treasure and sufferings it cost.

The Biographical department of our volume we have taken especial pains with; the Northern and Southern, and the Six Nations of Indians are embraced in it. Since printing the history of Miantonomo, chief of the Narragansetts, we learn from a late publication that the citizens of Norwich, Connecticut, devoted the fifth of July to a noble purpose, and we honor them for it—that of erecting a monument to the memory of Miantonomo, the gallant Indian warrior and chieftain who fell and was buried on the spot called, from the circumstance, “Sachem’s Plain,” near the manufacturing village of Greenville, on the Shetucket. The burial spot of the warrior had been conspicuous until within a few years past, by a *Cairn* formed by loose stones deposited upon it by the aboriginal pilgrims to his grave; but lately, the proprietor of the land had permitted them to be carted off to underpin a house. The monument is a single block of granite, bearing this simple inscription: “Miantonomo, 1643.”

A review of the Indians of the middle States are also given, and in this we have extracted from Heckewelder and Proud, especially that part which refers to Pennsylvania. Some of the earliest treaties with the Indians, by Governor Keith, are given for their novelty; they are the transactions which took place between the Conestoga Indians, a tribe of the Six Nations, and the Provincial Council, which have but lately appeared in the records printed by the State. The Conestoga massacre we have strived to place in such a form as to free it from all censure; it heretofore has been found fault with for reflecting upon a respectable portion of the citizens of the city and county of Lancaster, as having been engaged in the horrible butchery, or conniving at it; this we think was an error in several authors, and it has lately

been ascertained who the real actors in this inhuman destruction of life were, and we have thrown the blame in that way.

The frontispiece of this book is the rescue of Captain John Smith, by Pocahontas, the "Saviour of Virginia," after he was condemned to death by her father, Powhatan. The engravings are placed in their regular order through the work, so that the reader will be enabled the more readily to understand their illustrations. No pains have been spared to give a correct delineation of those parts of the Events which we thought deserved a plate.

The Narratives and Captivities also occupy a considerable portion of the volume, and are made up of the most important adventures and captivities that have taken place within the last two centuries. It will be seen that some of them have been condensed for the purpose of observing a uniform description in the book. Nothing however has been omitted, which materially affects either the sense or correctness of the original.

The miscellaneous scraps we have given at the conclusion of the book we came in possession of while the printing of the work was going on, and we present them as well worthy of note by the reader.

On a close examination it will be found that the many subjects which are embraced in the volume have been collected at the cost of considerable labor, and it is the sincere desire of the publishers that it will receive that reward which it merits. Should it answer the means for which it is designed, of carrying to the door of every man a correct compilation of the most important Events in Indian History, then will we rest satisfied, whether our undertaking is rewarded or not. But before any pass judgment upon it, we would ask them to examine it.

COMPILER.

Lancaster, August 21, 1841.

EVENTS

IN

INDIAN HISTORY.

ORIGIN OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS.

O could their ancient Incas rise again,
How would they take up Israel's taunting strain!
Art thou too fallen, Iberia? Do we see
The robber and the murderer weak as we?
Thou, that hast wasted earth, and dared despise
Alike the wrath and mercy of the skies,
Thy pomp is in the grave, thy glory laid
Low in the pits thine avarice has made.
We come with joy from our eternal rest,
To see the oppressor in his turn oppressed.
Art thou the God, the thunder of whose hand
Rolled over all our desolated land,
Shook principalities and kingdoms down,
And made the mountains tremble at his frown?
The sword shall light upon thy boasted powers,
And waste them as they wasted ours.
'Tis thus Omnipotence his law fulfils,
And vengeance executes what justice wills.—COWPER.

[The following extracts are taken from Drake's History of the North American Indians.]

CHAPTER I.

ANCIENT AUTHORS SUPPOSED TO HAVE REFERRED TO AMERICA IN THEIR WRITINGS.

The name Indian was erroneously applied to the original man of America by its first discoverers. The attempt to arrive at the East Indies by sailing west, caused the discovery of the islands and continent of America. When they were at first discovered, Columbus, and many after him, supposed they had arrived at the eastern shore of the continent of India, and hence the people they found there were called Indians. The error was not discovered until the name had so obtained, that it could not well be changed. It is true, that it matters but little to us by what name the indigines of a country are known, and especially those of America, in as far as the name is seldom used

among us but in application to the aboriginal Americans. But with the people of Europe it was not so unimportant. Situated between the two countries, India and America, the same name for the inhabitants of both must, at first, have produced considerable inconvenience, if not confusion; because, in speaking of an Indian, no one would know whether an American or a Zealander was meant, unless by the context of the discourse. Therefore, in a historical point of view, the error is, at least, as much to be deplored as that the name of the continent itself should have been derived from Americus instead of Columbus.

It has been the practice of almost every writer, who has written about the primitive inhabitants of a country, to give some wild theories of others, concerning their origin, and to close the account with his own; which generally has been more visionary, if possible, than those of his predecessors. Long, laborious, and, we may add, useless, disquisitions have been daily laid before the world, from the discovery of America by Columbus to the present time, to endeavor to explain by what means the inhabitants got from the old to the new world. To act, therefore, in unison with many of our predecessors, we will begin as far back as they have done, and so shall commence with Theopompus and others, from intimations in whose writings it is alleged the ancients had knowledge of America, and therefore peopled it.

Theopompus, a learned historian and orator, who flourished in the time of Alexander the Great, in a book entitled *Thaumasias*, gives a sort of dialogue between Midas the Phrygian and Silenus. The book itself is lost, but Strabo refers to it, and Ælianus has given us the substance of the dialogue that follows. After much conversation, Silenus said to Midas, that Europe, Asia and Africa were but islands surrounded on all sides by the sea; but that there was a continent situated beyond these, which was of immense dimensions, even without limits; and that it was so luxuriant, as to produce animals of prodigious magnitude, and men grew to double the height of themselves, and that they lived to a far greater age; that they had many great cities, and their usages and laws were different from ours; that in one city there were more than a million of inhabitants; that gold and silver were there in vast quantities. This is but an abstract from Ælianus's extract, but contains all of it that can be said to refer to a country west of Europe and Africa. Eliau or Ælianus lived about A. D. 200.

Hanno flourished when the Carthagenians were in their greatest prosperity, but the exact time is unknown. Some place his time 40, and others 140, years before the founding of Rome, which would be about 800 years before our era. He was an officer of great enterprise, having sailed around and explored the coast of Africa, set out from the Pillars of Hercules, now called the Straits of Gibraltar, and sailed westward 30 days. Hence it is inferred by many, that he must have visited America, or some of its islands. He wrote a book, which he entitled *Periplus*, giving an account of his voyages, which was translated and published about 1533, in Greek.

Many, and not without tolerably good reasons, believe that an island or continent existed in the Atlantic ocean about this period, but which disappeared afterwards.

Diodorus Siculus says that some "Phœnicians were cast upon a most fertile island opposite to Africa." Of this, he says, they kept the most studied secrecy, which was doubtless occasioned by their jealousy of the advantage the discovery might be to the neighboring nations, and which they wished to secure wholly to themselves. Diodorus Siculus lived about 100 years before Christ. Islands lying west of Europe and Africa are certainly mentioned by Homer and Horace. They were called Atlantides, and were supposed to be about 10,000 furlongs from Africa. Here existed the poets' fabled Elysian fields. But to be more particular with Diodorus, we will let him speak for himself. "After having passed the islands which lie beyond the Herculean straits, we will speak of those which lie much farther into the ocean. Towards Africa, and to the west of it, is an immense island in the broad sea, many days' sail from Lybia. Its soil is very fertile, and its surface variegated with mountains and valleys. Its coasts are indented with many navigable rivers, and its fields are well cultivated; delicious gardens, and various kinds of plants and trees." He finally sets it down as the finest country known, where the inhabitants have spacious dwellings, and every thing in the greatest plenty. To say the least of this account of Diodorus, it corresponds very well with that given of the Mexicans when first known to the Spaniards, but perhaps it will compare as well with the Canaries.

Plato's account has more weight, perhaps, than any of the ancients. He lived about 400 years before the Christian era. A part of his account is as follows:—"In those first times [time of its being first known], the Atlantic was a most broad island, and there were extant most powerful kings in it, who, with joint forces, were appointed to occupy Asia and Europe: and so a most grievous war was carried on, in which the Athenians, with the common consent of the Greeks, opposed themselves, and they became the conquerors. But that Atlantic island, by a flood and earthquake, was indeed suddenly destroyed, and so that warlike people were swallowed up." He adds, in another place, "An island in the mouth of the sea, in the passage to those straits, called the Pillars of Hercules, did exist; and that island was greater and larger than Lybia and Asia; from which there was an easy passage over to other islands, and from those islands to that continent, which is situated out of that region." "Neptune settled in this island, from whose son, Atlas, its name was derived, and divided it among his ten sons. To the youngest fell the extremity of the island, called Gadir, which, in the language of the country, signifies fertile, or abounding in sheep. The descendants of Neptune reigned here, from father to son, for a great number of generations in the order of primogeniture, during the space of 9,000 years. They also possessed several other islands; and, passing into Europe and Africa, subdued all Lybia as far as Egypt, and all Europe to Asia Minor. At length the island sunk under water; and for a long time after-

wards the sea thereabouts was full of rocks and shelves." This account, although mixed with fable, cannot, we think, be entirely rejected; and that the ancients had knowledge of countries westward of Europe appears as plain and as well authenticated as any passage of history of that period.

Aristotle, or the author of a book which is generally attributed to him, speaks of an island beyond the Straits of Gibraltar; but the passage savors something of hearsay, and is as follows:—"Some say that, beyond the Pillars of Hercules, the Carthagenians have found a very fertile island, but without inhabitants, full of forests, navigable rivers, and fruit in abundance. It is several days' voyage from the main land. Some Carthagenians, charmed by the fertility of the country, thought to marry and settle there; but some say that the government of Carthage forbid the settlement upon pain of death, from the fear that it would increase in power so as to deprive the mother country of her possessions there."

Seneca lived about the commencement of the vulgar era. He wrote tragedies, and in one of them occurs this passage:—"The time will come when the ocean will loosen the chains of nature, and we shall behold a vast country. A new Typhis shall discover new worlds: Thule shall no longer be considered the last country of the known world."

CHAPTER II.

OF MODERN THEORISTS UPON THE PEOPLING OF AMERICA.

Herrera argues that the new world could not have been known to the ancients, and that what Seneca has said was not true. For that God had kept it hid from the old world, giving them no certain knowledge of it; and that, in the secrecy and incomprehensibility of his providence, he has been pleased to give it to the Castilian nation. That Seneca's prediction (if so it may be considered) was a false one, because he said that a new world would be discovered in the north, and that it was found in the west. Herrera wrote about 1598, before which time little knowledge was obtained of North America.

Thomas Morton, who came to New England in 1622, published in 1637 an account of its natural history, with much other curious matter. In speaking upon the peopling of America, he thinks it altogether out of the question to suppose that it was peopled by the Tartars from the north, because "a people, once settled, must be removed by compulsion, or else tempted thereunto in hopes of better fortunes, upon commendations of the place unto which they should be drawn to remove. And if it may be thought that these people came over the frozen sea, then would it be by compulsion. If so, then by whom, or when? Or what part of this main continent may be thought to border upon the country of the Tartars? It is yet unknown; and it is not likely that a people well enough at ease will, of their own accord, undertake

to travel over a sea of ice, considering how many difficulties they shall encounter with. As, first, whether there be any land at the end of their unknown way, no land being in view; then want of food to sustain life in the mean time upon that sea of ice? Or how shall they do for fuel, to keep them at night from freezing to death? which will not be had in such a place. But it may perhaps be granted, that the natives of this country might originally come of the scattered Trojans: for after that Brutus, who was the fourth from Eneas, left Latium upon the conflict held with the Latins, (where, although he gave them a great overthrow, to the slaughter of their great captain and many others of the heroes of Latium, yet he held it more safely to depart unto some other place and people, than, by staying, to run the hazard of an unquiet life or doubtful conquest; which, as history maketh mention, he performed.) This people was dispersed, there is no question, but the people that lived with him, by reason of their conversation with the Grecians and Latins, had a mixed language that participated of both." This is the main ground of Morton, but he says much more upon the subject; as that the similarity of the languages of the Indians to the Greek and Roman is very great. From the examples he gives, we presume he knew as little about the Indian languages as Dr. Mather, Adair, and Boudinot, who thought them almost to coincide with the Hebrew. Though Morton thinks it very improbable that the Tartars came over by the north from Asia, because they could not see land beyond the ice, yet he finds no difficulty in getting them across the wide Atlantic, although he allows them no compass. That the Indians have a Latin origin he thinks evident, because he fancied he heard among their words *Pasco-pan*, and hence thinks, without doubt, their ancestors were acquainted with the god Pan.

Dr. Williamson says, "It can hardly be questioned that the Indians of South America are descended from a class of the Hindoos, in the southern parts of Asia." That they could not have come from the north, because the South American Indians are unlike those of the north. This seems to clash with the more rational views of Father Venegas. He writes as follows: "Of all the parts of America hitherto discovered, the Californians lie nearest to Asia. We are acquainted with the mode of writing in all the eastern nations. We can distinguish between the characters of the Japanese, the Chinese, the Chinese Tartars, the Mogul Tartars, and other nations extending as far as the Bay of Kamtschatka; and learned dissertations on them, by Mr. Boyer, are to be found in the acts of the imperial academy of sciences at Petersburg. What discovery would it be to meet with any of these characters, or others like them, among the American Indians nearest to Asia! But as to the Californians, if ever they were possessed of any invention to perpetuate their memoirs, they have entirely lost it; and all that is now found among them amounts to no more than some obscure oral traditions, probably more and more adulterated by a long succession of time. They have not so much as retained any knowledge of the particular country from which they emigrated." This is the account of one who lived many years among the Indians of California.

Mr. William Wood, who left New England in 1633, after a short stay, says, "Of their language, which is only peculiar to themselves, not inclining to any of the refined tongues—some have thought they might be of the dispersed Jews, because some of their words be near unto the Hebrew; but by the same rule, they may conclude them to be some of the gleanings of all nations, because they have words which sound after the Greek, Latin, French, and other tongues."

Mr. John Josselyn, who resided some time in New England, from the year 1638, says, "The Mohawks are about 500: their speech a dialect of the Tartars (as also is the Turkish tongue)." In another work, he says, "New England is by some affirmed to be an island, bounded on the north with the River of Canada (so called from Monsieur Cane,) on the south with the River Monhegan, or Hudson's River, so called because he was the first that discovered it. Some will have America to be an island, which out of question must needs be, if there be a northeast passage found out into the South Sea. It contains 1,152,400,000 acres. The discovery of the northwest passage (which lies within the River of Canada) was undertaken with the help of some Protestant Frenchmen, which left Canada, and retired to Boston about the year 1669. The northeast people of America, that is, New England, &c., are judged to be Tartars, called Samoades, being alike in complexion, shape, habit and manners."

Reverend Thomas Thorowgood published a book in 1652, to prove that the Indians were the Jews who had been "lost in the world for the space of near 2,000 years." Being written to for his opinion of the origin of the natives, "he kindly answers to those letters from Salem, in New England, 20th of the 10th month, more than 10 years since, *in hæc verba*." That they did not come into America from the northeast, as some had imagined, he thought evident for these reasons: 1, their ancestors affirm they came from the southwest, and return thence when they die; 2, because they "separate their women in a little wigwam by themselves in their feminine seasons;" and 3, "beside their god Kuttand to the southwest, they hold that Nana-witnawit (a god over head) made the heavens and the earth; and some faste of affinity with the Hebrew I have found."

Doctor Cotton Mather says, "It should not pass without remark, that three most memorable things which have borne a very great aspect upon human affairs, did near the same time, namely, at the conclusion of the fifteenth, and the beginning of the sixteenth century, arise unto the world: the first was the resurrection of Literature; the second was the opening of America; the third was the Reformation of Religion." The reader must now summon his gravity. "But," this author continues, "as probably the Devil, seducing the first inhabitants of America into it, therein aimed at the having of them and their posterity out of the sound of the silver trumpets of the gospel, then to be heard through the Roman Empire. If the Devil had any expectation, that, by the peopling of America, he should utterly deprive any Europeans of the two benefits, literature and religion, which dawned upon the miserable world, (one just before, the other just after,) the

first famed navigation hither, 'tis to be hoped he will be disappointed of that expectation." "The natives of the country," continues the Doctor, in another place, "now possessed by the New-Englanders, had been forlorn and wretched heathen ever since their first herding here; and though we know not when or how these Indians first became inhabitants of this mighty continent, yet we may guess that probably the Devil decoyed those miserable salvages hither, in hopes that the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ would never come here to destroy or disturb his absolute empire over them. But our Eliot was in such ill terms with the Devil, as to alarm him with sounding the silver trumpets of heaven in his territories, and make some noble and zealous attempts towards ousting him of ancient possessions here. There were, I think, 20 several nations (if I may call them so) of Indians upon that spot of ground which fell under the influence of our three United Colonies; and our Eliot was willing to rescue as many of them as he could from that old usurping landlord of America, who is by the wrath of God the prince of this world."

Hubbard, who wrote about 1680, has this among other passages: "If any observation be made of their manners and dispositions, it's easier to say from what nations they did not, than from whom they did derive their origin. Doubtless, their conjecture who fancy them to be descended from the ten tribes of the Israelites, carried captive by Salamaneser and Esarhaddon, hath the least show of reason of any other, there being no footsteps to be observed of their propinquity to them more than to any other of the tribes of the earth, either as to their language or manners."

That because the natives of one country and those of another, and each unknown to the other, have some customs and practices in common, it has been urged by some, and not a few, that they must have had a common origin; but this, in our apprehension, does not necessarily follow. Who will pretend that different people, when placed under similar circumstances, will not have similar wants, and hence similar actions? that like wants will not prompt like exertions? and like causes produce not like effects? This mode of reasoning we think sufficient to show, that, although the Indians may have some customs in common with the Scythians, the Tartars, Chinese, Hindoos, Welsh, and indeed every other nation, still, the former, for any reason we can see to the contrary, have as good right to claim to themselves priority of origin as either or all of the latter.

Doctor Robertson should have proved that people of color produce others of no color, and the contrary, before he said, "We know with infallible certainty, that all the human race spring from the same source," meaning Adam. He founds this broad assertion upon the false notion, that to admit any other would be an inroad upon the verity of the holy Scriptures. Now, in our view of the subject, we leave them equally inviolate in assuming a very different ground; namely, that all habitable parts of the world may have been peopled at the same time, and by different races of men. That it is so peopled, we know: that it was so peopled as far back as we have any

account, we see no reason to disbelieve. Hence, when it was *not so*, is as futile to inquire, as it would be impossible to conceive of the annihilation of space. When a new country was discovered, much inquiry was made to ascertain from whence came the inhabitants found upon it—not even asking whence came the other animals. The answer to us is plain. Man, the other animals, trees and plants of every kind, were placed there by the supreme directing hand, which carries on every operation of nature by fixed and undeviating laws. This, it must be plain to every reader, is, at least, as reconcileable to the Bible history as the theory of Robertson, which is that of Grotius, and all those who have followed them.

Smith says, "There are found men and animals all over the habitable earth: who has put them upon it? We have already said, it is he who has made the grass grow in the fields; and we should be no more surprised to find in America men, than we should to find flies." Mr. Smith also says, "Some do not wish to believe that the caterpillars and the snails of one part of the world should be originally from another part: wherefore be astonished, then, that there should be in America some kinds of animals, and some races of men like our own?"

Voltaire has written upon the subject in a manner that will always be attracting, however much or little credence may be allowed to what he has written. The chapter is as follows: "Since many fail not to make systems upon the manner in which America has been peopled, it is left only for us to say, that he who created flies in those regions created man there also. However pleasant it may be to dispute, it cannot be denied that the Supreme Being, who lives in all nature, has created about the 48° two-legged animals without feathers, the color of whose skin is a mixture of white and carnation, with long beards approaching to red; about the line, in Africa and its islands, negroes without beards; and in the same latitude, other negroes with beards, some of them having wool and some hair on their heads; and among them other animals quite white, having neither hair nor wool, but a kind of white silk. It does not very clearly appear what should have prevented God from placing on another continent animals of the same species, of a copper color, in the same latitude in which, in Africa and Asia, they are found black; or even from making them without beards in the very same latitude in which others possess them. To what lengths are we carried by the rage for systems joined with the tyranny of prejudice! We see these animals; it is agreed that God has had the power to place them where they are, yet it is not agreed that he has so placed them. The same persons who readily admit that the beavers of Canada are of Canadian origin, assert that the men must have come there in boats, and that Mexico must have been peopled by some of the descendants of Magog. As well might it be said, that, if there be men in the moon, they must have been taken there by Astolpho on his hippogriff, when he went to fetch Roland's senses, which were corked up in a bottle. If America had been discovered in his time, and there had then been men in Europe systematic enough to have advanced, with the Jesuit Lefitau, that the Caribbees descended

from the inhabitants of Caria, and the Hurons from the Jews, he would have done well to have brought back the bottle containing the wits of these reasoners, which he would doubtless have found in the moon, along with those of Angelica's lover. The first thing done when an inhabited island is discovered in the Indian Ocean, or in the South Sea, is to inquire, Whence came these people? but as for the trees and the tortoises, they are, without any hesitation, pronounced to be indigenous; as if it were more difficult for nature to make men than to make tortoises. One thing, however, which seems to countenance this system is, that there is scarcely an island in the eastern or western ocean, which does not contain jugglers, quacks, knaves, and fools. This, it is probable, gave rise to the opinion, that these animals are of the same race with ourselves."

Dr. S. L. Mitchill, of New York, a man who wrote learnedly, if not wisely, on almost every subject, has, in his opinion, like hundreds before him, set the great question, *How was America peopled?* at rest. He has no doubt but the Indians, in the first place, are of the same color originally as the northeastern nations of Asia, and hence sprung from them. What time he settles them in the country he does not tell us, but gets them into Greenland about the year 8 or 900. Thinks he saw the Scandinavians as far as the shores of the St. Lawrence, but what time this was he does not say. He must of course make these people the builders of the mounds scattered all over the western country. After all, we apprehend the doctor would have short time for his emigrants to do all that nature and art have done touching these matters. In the first place, it is evident that many ages passed away from the time these tumuli were begun until they were finished; 2d, a multitude of ages must have passed since the use for which they were reared has been known—for trees of the age of 200 years grow from the ruins of others which must have as great age; and, 3d, no Indian nation or tribe has the least tradition concerning them. This could not have happened, had the ancestors of the present Indians been the erectors of them, in the nature of things.

The learned Doctor Swinton, in a dissertation upon the peopling of America, after stating the different opinions of various authors who have advocated in favor of the "dispersed people," the Phœnicians, and other eastern nations, observes, "that, therefore, the Americans in general were descended from some people who inhabited a country not so far distant from them as Egypt and Phœnicia, our readers will, as we apprehend, readily admit. Now, no country can be pitched upon so proper and convenient for this purpose as the northeastern part of Asia, particularly Great Tartary, Siberia, and more especially the peninsula of Kamtschatka. That probably was the tract through which many Tartarian colonies passed into America, and peopled the most considerable part of the new world."

This, it is not to be denied, is the most rational way of getting inhabitants into America, if it must be allowed that it was peopled from the "old world." But it is not quite so easy to account for the existence of equatorial animals in America, when all authors agree that

they never could have passed that way, as they never could have survived the coldness of the climate, at any season of the year. Moreover, the vocabulary we have given, if it prove any thing, proves that either the inhabitants of North America did not come in from the northwest, or that, if they did, some unknown cause must have, for ages, suspended all communication between the emigrants and their ancestors upon the neighboring shores of Asia.

In 1822, there appeared in London a work which attracted some attention, as most works have upon similar subjects. It was entitled, "Description of the ruins of an ancient city, discovered near Palenque, in the kingdom of Guatemala, in Spanish America; translated from the original manuscript report of Capt. Don Antonio Del Rio, followed by a critical investigation and research into the history of the Americans, by Dr. Paul Felix Cabrera, of the city of New Guatemala."

Captain Del Rio was ordered by the Spanish king, in the year 1786, to make an examination of whatever ruins he might find, which he accordingly did. From the manuscript he left, which afterwards fell into the hands of Doctor Cabrera, his work was composed, and is that part of the work which concerns us in our view of systems or conjectures concerning the peopling of America. We shall be short with this author, as his system differs very little from some which we have already sketched. He is very confident that he has settled the question how South America received its inhabitants, namely, from the Phœnicians, who sailed across the Atlantic Ocean, and that the ruined city described by Captain Del Rio was built by the first adventurers.

Doctor Cabrera calls any system, which, in his view, does not harmonise with the Scriptures, an innovation upon the "holy Catholic religion;" and rather than resort to any such, he says, "It is better to believe his [God's] works miraculous, than endeavour to make an ostentatious display of our talents by the cunning invention of new systems, in attributing them to natural causes." The same reasoning will apply in this case as in a former. If we are to attribute every thing to miracles, wherefore the necessity of investigation? These authors are fond of investigating matters in their way, but are displeased if others take the same liberty. And should we follow an author in his theories, who cuts the whole business short by declaring all to be a miracle, when he can no longer grope in the labyrinth of his own forming? Our reader would be just in condemning such waste of time. When every thing which we cannot at first sight understand or comprehend must not be inquired into, from superstitious doubts, then and there will be fixed the bounds of all science; but, as Lord Byron said upon another occasion, "not till then."

"If it be allowed, (says Dr. Lawrence,) that all men are of the same species, it does not follow that they are all descended from the same family. We have no data for determining this point: it could indeed only be settled by a knowledge of facts, which have long ago been involved in the impenetrable darkness of antiquity." That climate has nothing to do with the complexion, he offers the following in proof:—"The establishments of the Europeans in Asia and America have

now subsisted about three centuries. Vasquez de Gama landed at Calicut in 1498; and the Portuguese empire in India was founded in the beginning of the following century. Brazil was discovered and taken possession of by the same nation in the very first year of the 16th century. Towards the end of the 15th and the beginning of the 16th century, Columbus, Cortez, and Pizarro, subjugated for the Spaniards the West Indian islands, with the empires of Mexico and Peru. Sir Walter Raleigh planted an English colony in Virginia in 1584; and the French settlement of Canada has rather a later date. The colonists have, in no instance, approached to the natives of these countries; and their descendants, where the blood has been kept pure, have, at this time, the same characters as native Europeans."

The eminent antiquary, De Witt Clinton, supposed that the ancient works found in this country were similar to those supposed to be Roman by Pennant in Wales. He adds, "The Danes, as well as the nations which erected our fortifications, were in all probability of Scythian origin. According to Pliny, the name of Scythian was common to all the nations living in the north of Asia and Europe."

CHAPTER III.

EARLY SETTLEMENTS IN NORTH AMERICA.

As early as 1508, the natives of North America began to be carried away by voyagers, sometimes by force, and sometimes by flattery. At this early period, one Aubert, a Frenchman, sailed up the river St. Lawrence, and, on his return to France, conveyed off a number of the natives. In 1585, a colony was sent out from England, under the direction of Sir Walter Raleigh, and was settled at Roanoke. This was the first English colony planted in America. Through their misconduct to the natives, and to one another, they found themselves in a miserable condition before the end of a year. Sir Francis Drake, returning that way from a cruise against the Spaniards, gave them a passage to England in his fleet. Just before the arrival of Drake, a chief and many of his men were killed, and afterwards an Indian town was burned, by order of Sir Richard Grenville, who brought supplies to the colonists.

In 1602, Bartholomew Gosnold sailed from England, and was the first Englishman that came in a direct course to this part of America. He fell in with the coast near Cape Cod, which he discovered. Being met near the shore, by the natives in their canoes, he was kindly treated by them, and they helped him load his vessels.*

The next year Martin Pring arrived on the coast,† and collected a

* Sassafras and furs were then the articles of exportation.

† See Belknap's life of Pring. Sassafras was collected about the islands. Pring found it on what is now Edgartown.

cargo of Sassafras. The Indians appeared hostile to this company, and caused them to leave the coast sooner than they would otherwise have done. But this was not without a cause. A canoe had been stolen from them, and they were sported with by the sailors, who, to get rid of them, when they had amused themselves sufficiently, would set their dogs to chase them away.

In 1605, Captain George Weymouth carried off five of the natives from the coast of New England, against their consent; one of whom was a chief.

In 1607, the first permanent colony of Virginia arrived in the Chesapeake, the twenty-sixth of April, and the thirteenth of May they took a position for a town; which, soon after, in honor of King James, was named James Town. They were annoyed by the Indians at first, and one person was killed. A peace was concluded in June following, but it was of short duration. An attempt also to settle a colony on Kennebeck river was made this year, but was relinquished the next.

In 1614, Captain John Smith made a profitable voyage to New England, and made an accurate survey of its coast. The New England Indians, in this voyage, were justly incensed against the English, to a great degree. When Smith went for England, he left one Hunt to complete his cargo of fish. This perfidious man enticed twenty-four Indians on board his vessel, put them in confinement, and sold them at Malaga to the Spaniards for slaves. In the course of the year, another vessel came on the coast to trade, with two of those taken off by Hunt to assist in the business. It was now designed to settle a trading house, but the Indians soon discouraged them in the attempt. One of the prisoners had died, and the other was not permitted to go on shore. But some approached the ship under pretence of trade, and he jumped overboard. His friends in the canoes discharged their arrows so thick at the same time, that in defiance of the English guns they got him on board, and paddled off. A number of the English were badly wounded, and some of the Indians killed. The English were discouraged, and sailed for England. Two other natives, carried away by Hunt, found means, in time, to get back to New England, and in some measure allayed the vengeance of their countrymen, by assuring them that the English, in general, were highly displeased at the conduct of Captain Hunt.

These, and many other insults on the Indians, though small in comparison with those suffered by their race in South America, were more than enough to cause them to entertain fearful apprehensions of every stranger.

Before 1619, perhaps it would have been altogether impracticable to have attempted a settlement in New England, previous to this time. The natives, before which, were extremely numerous and warlike; but this year a mortal sickness prevailed among them, that almost entirely desolated the country; insomuch, that the living could not bury the dead. For when the Pilgrims arrived at Plymouth, the ground was strewed with human bones. The extent of this pestilence was from Penobscot to Narraganset.

Origin of the Settlement of New England.—Bigotry and superstition began to lose some ground in England, as early as 1550. And the persecutions and sufferings of the early martyrs of religious freedom have been the subject of many massy volumes. In 1549, a liturgy had been prepared by the bishops, and a law passed both houses of Parliament, "that all divine offices should be performed according to it." The clergy were ordered to conform to the liturgy, under pain of fines and imprisonment. And, as has always since been the case, among all sects, the new sect, then denominated Puritans, grew more numerous, in proportion as the severity of persecution increased.

In 1607, a congregation fled from England into Holland, and in 1608, were joined by others, and a church was there established, according, as they believed, to the principles of the primitive church of Christ; having Mr. John Robinson for their pastor. Their removal from England into Holland was attended with the greatest difficulties, and though overlooked by the chief historians, who have written upon their history, is certainly among the first articles that should be related. It formed a part of a Manuscript History, written by Mr. William Bradford, one of their number, which, though since lost, was in possession of Governor Hutchinson, who copied this valuable part into his "summary of the affairs of the colony of New Plymouth," which is as follows.

"There was a large company of them proposed to get passage at Boston in Lincolnshire, and for that end had hired a ship wholly to themselves, and made agreement with the master to be ready at a certain day, and take them and their goods in at a convenient place, where accordingly they would all attend in readiness. So, after long waiting and large expense, though he kept not the day with them, yet he came at length and took them in, in the night. But when he had them and their goods aboard he betrayed them, having beforehand conspired with the searchers and other officers so to do, who took them and put them into open boats, and then rifled and ransacked them, searching them to their shirts for money, yea, even the women, further than became modesty, and then carried them back into the town, and made them a spectacle and wonder to the multitude, which came flocking on all sides to behold them. Being thus first, by the catch-poles, rifled and stript of their money, books, and much other goods, they were presented to the magistrates, and messengers sent to inform the lords of the council of them, and so they were committed to ward. Indeed the magistrates used them courteously, and showed them what favor they could, but could not deliver them till order came from the council table; but the issue was, that after a month's imprisonment, the greatest part were dismissed, and sent to the places from whence they came, but seven of the principal men were still kept in prison and bound over to the assizes. The next spring after, there was another attempt made, by some of these and others, to get over at another place. And so it fell out, that they heard of a Dutchman

at Hull, having a ship of his own belonging to Zealand. They made agreement with him, and acquainted him with their condition, hoping to find more faithfulness in him than in the former of their own nation. He bade them not fear, for he would do well enough. He was by appointment to take them in, between Grindstone and Hull, where was a large common, a good way distant from any town. Now against the prefixed time, the women and children, with the goods, were sent to the place in a small bark, which they had hired for that end, and the men were to meet them by land; but it so fell out, that they were there a day before the ship came, and the sea being rough and the women very sick, prevailed with the seamen to put into a creek hard by, where they lay on ground at low water. The next morning the ship came, but they were fast and could not stir till about noon. In the mean time, the ship-master, perceiving how the matter was, sent his boat to get the men aboard, whom he saw ready, walking about the shore, but after the first boat full was got aboard, and she was ready to go for more, the master espied a great company, both horse and foot, with bills and guns and other weapons, for the country was raised to take them. The Dutchman seeing that, swore his country oath, '*Sacramento*,' and having the wind fair, weighed anchor, hoisted sails, and away. After enduring a fearful storm at sea, for fourteen days or more, seven whereof they never saw sun, moon nor stars, and being driven near the coast of Norway, they arrived at their desired haven, where the people came flocking, admiring their deliverance, the storm having been so long and sore, in which much hurt had been done, as the master's friends related to him in their congratulations. The rest of the men that were in greatest danger made a shift to escape away before the troop could surprise them, those only staying that best might be assisting unto the women. But pitiful it was to see the heavy case of these poor women in distress; what weeping and crying on every side—some for their husbands that were carried away in the ship, others not knowing what should become of them and their little ones, crying for fear and quaking with cold. Being apprehended, they were hurried from one place to another, till in the end they knew not what to do with them; for, to imprison so many women with their innocent children for no other cause, many of them, but that they would go with their husbands, seemed to be unreasonable, and all would cry out at them; and to send them home again was as difficult, for they alleged, as the truth was, they had no homes to go to, for they had either sold or otherwise disposed of their houses and living. To be short, after they had been thus turmoiled a good while, and conveyed from one constable to another, they were glad to be rid of them in the end upon any terms, though in the mean time, they, poor souls, endured misery enough."

After remaining several years in Holland, they began to fear that their company would finally become lost, by their connection with the Dutch, and their efforts to establish the true religion also lost. Some of their young men had already engaged in the military service of the Dutch, and marriages with their young women had

taken place. These things caused much grief to the pious forefathers; more especially because the Dutch were dissolute in their morals.

Under these considerations, their thoughts were turned towards America; but never so far north as New England. Sir Walter Raleigh was about this time projecting a settlement in Guiana, and this place was first taken under consideration. Here a perpetual spring was promised, and all the beauties of a tropical summer. But considering the diseases which were so fatal to Europeans, and their near vicinity to the Spaniards, the majority were against a removal thither.

At length they resolved to make their settlement in north Virginia, and accordingly they sent agents to England to obtain a grant from the Virginia company, and to know whether the king would grant them liberty of conscience in that distant country. The Virginia company were willing to grant them such privileges as were in their power, but the bigotted James would agree no further than "to connive at them, provided they should conduct peaceably."

The agents returned the next year, 1618, to the great discouragement of the congregation. Resolved, however, to make another trial, agents were sent again the next year, and after long and tedious delays a grant was obtained, under the seal of the company, which, after all this great trouble and expense, was never used.

Notwithstanding, their removal was not given up, and they made ready for their voyage with what expedition they could. It was agreed that a part should go before to prepare the way; and accordingly, two ships were got ready, one named the *Speedwell*, of sixty tons, the other the *Mayflower*, of one hundred and eight tons. They first went from Leyden to England, and on the fifth of August, 1620, they left Southampton for America; but they were twice forced to return by reason of the bad state of the lesser ship.

It was now agreed to dismiss the *Speedwell*, and they embarked on board the *Mayflower*, and, on the sixth of September, again sailed on their intended voyage.

Such were the transactions, and such the difficulties attending this persevering company of pilgrims (as they are truly called,) in the great attempt to settle a colony in America. As no particulars are preserved of their voyage, we may now leave them until they appear on the coast.*

Landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth.—After some difficulties, in a voyage of two months and three days, they fell in with the land of Cape Cod on the ninth of November. Finding themselves further north than they intended to settle, they stood to the southward; but soon finding themselves nearly encompassed with dangerous shoals, the captain took advantage of their fears, and bore up again for the cape; and, on the 10th of November, anchored in Cape Cod harbor.†

* It is related that in a storm a beam of the ship was thrown out of its place, and that they began to despair, but some gentleman having a large iron screw, it was again forced into its place.

† The captain of the ship was hired by the Dutch to land them thus far north, because they claimed the country at Hudson's river, and were unwilling that the English should get any footing there.

On observing their latitude, they found themselves out of the limits of the south Virginia company; upon which it was hinted by some that they should now be under no laws, and every servant would have as much authority as his master. But the wisdom that had conducted them hither was sufficient to provide against this evil; therefore, an instrument was drawn and signed, by which they unanimously formed themselves into a body politic. This instrument was executed November the 11th, and signed by forty-one persons; that being the number of men qualified to act for themselves. Their whole number consisted of one hundred and one.* John Carver was chosen governor for one year.

* It will no doubt be ever interesting to posterity to know the first form of government ever drawn up in this country, and the names of those who first ventured upon the great undertaking of settling in America. Both are here presented to the reader, as they are found in Mr. Prince's New England Chronology:—

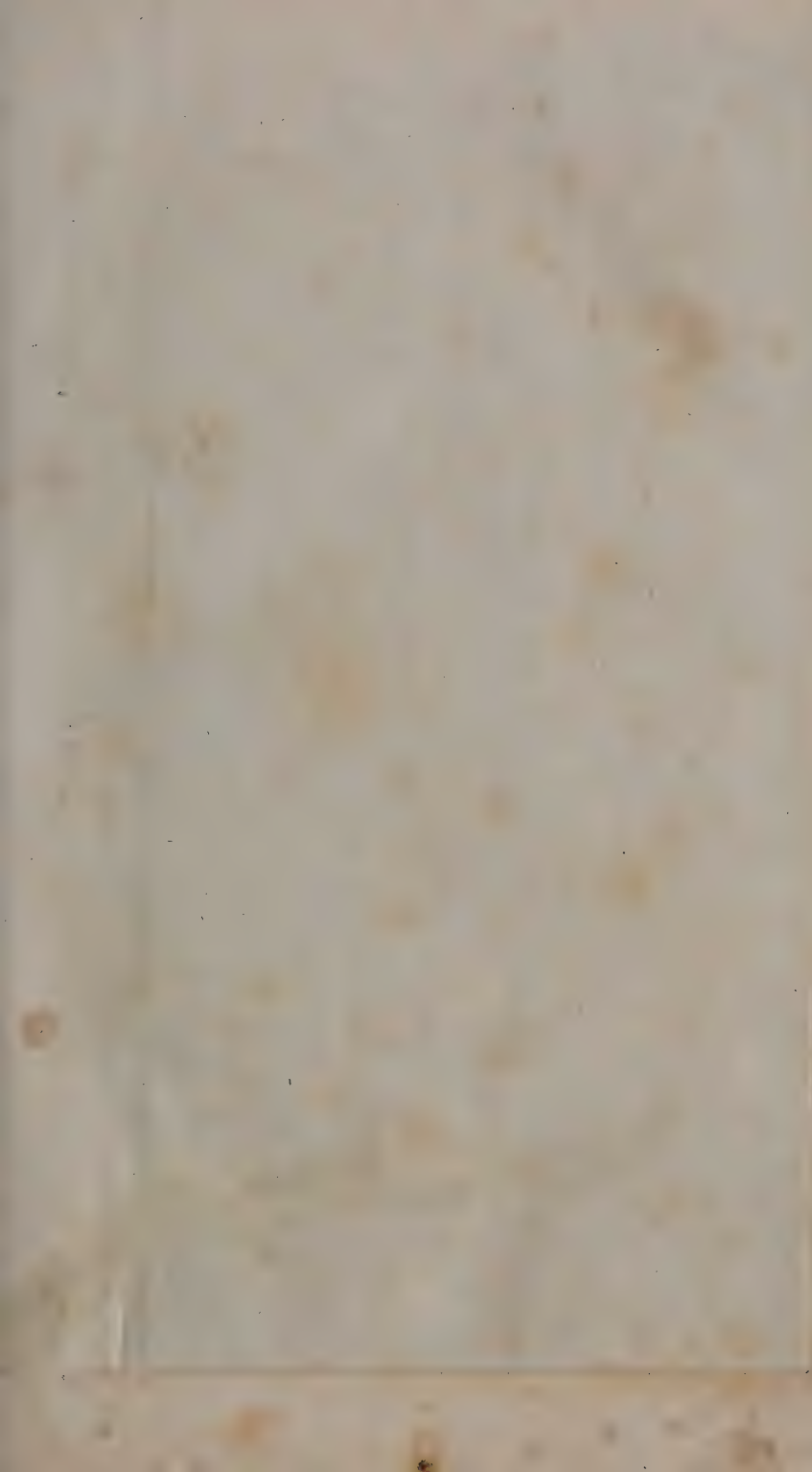
"In the name of God, Amen. We, whose names are under written, the loyal subjects of our dread sovereign lord, King James, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France and Ireland, King, defender of the faith, &c.:

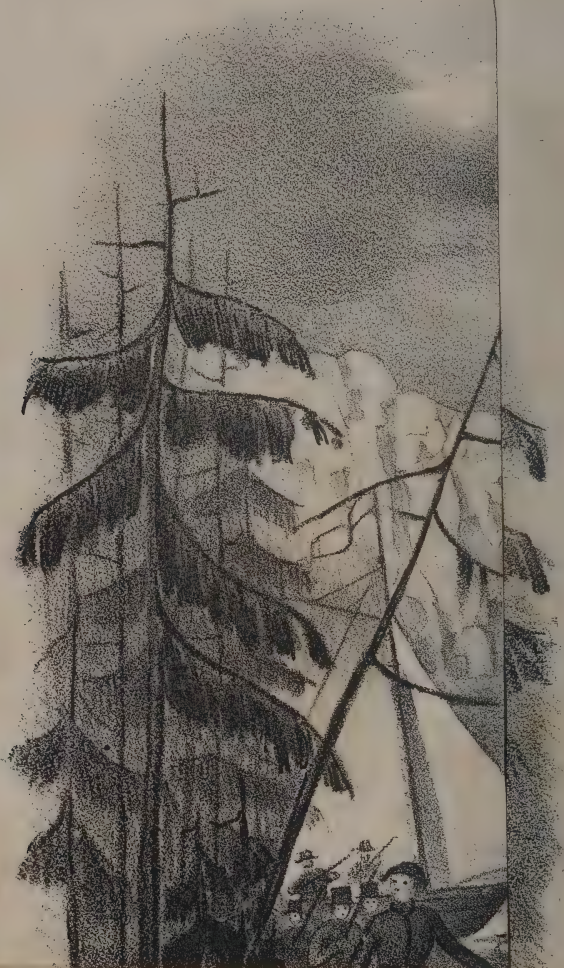
"Having undertaken, for the glory of God and the advancement of the Christian faith, and honour of our king and country, a voyage to plant the first colony in the northern parts of Virginia, do, by these presents, solemnly and mutually in the presence of God, and of one another, covenant and combine ourselves together into a civil body politick, for our better ordering and preservation, and fartherance of the ends aforesaid; and by virtue hereof, to enact, constitute, and frame such just and equal laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions, and offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the general good of the colony. Unto which we promise all due submission and obedience. In witness whereof we have hereunder subscribed our names at Cape Cod, the 11th of November, in the reign of our sovereign lord, King James, of England, France and Ireland, the XVIII, and of Scotland the LIV. Anno Domini 1620."

| | | | |
|---|---|--|---|
| 1. Mr. John Carver,* | 8 | 23. Francis Eaton,* | 3 |
| 2. William Bradford,* | 2 | 24. James Chilton,§ | 3 |
| 3. Mr. Edward Winslow,* | 5 | 25. John Crackston,§ | 2 |
| 4. Mr. Wm. Brewster,* | 6 | 26. John Billington,* | 4 |
| 5. Mr. Isaac Allerton,* | 6 | 27. Moses Fletcher,§ | 1 |
| 6. Capt. Miles Standish,* | 2 | 28. John Goodman,§ | 1 |
| 7. John Alden, | 1 | 29. Degory Priest,§ | 1 |
| 8. Mr. Samuel Fuller,† | 2 | 30. Thomas Williams,§ | 1 |
| 9. Mr. Christopher Martin,*§ | 4 | 31. Gilbert Winslow, | 1 |
| 10. Mr. William Mullins,*§ | 5 | 32. Edmund Margeson,§ | 1 |
| 11. Mr. Wm. White,*§ | 5 | 33. Peter Brown, | 1 |
| 12. Mr. Richard Warren,† | 1 | 34. Richard Britterige,§ | 1 |
| 13. John Howland, (in Carver's family.) | | 35. George Soule, (of Mr. Winslow's family.) | |
| 14. Mr. Stephen Hopkins,* | 8 | 36. Richard Clark,§ | 1 |
| 15. Edward Tilly,*§ | 2 | 37. Richard Gardiner, | 1 |
| 16. John Tilly,*§ | 4 | 38. John Allerton,§ | 1 |
| 17. Francis Cook,† | 2 | 39. Thomas English,§ | 1 |
| 18. Thomas Rogers,§ | 2 | 40. Edward Dorey, | |
| 19. Thomas Tinker,*§ | 3 | 41. Edward Leister,§ | |
| 20. John Ridgdale,*§ | 2 | (both of Mr. Hopkins' family.) | |
| 21. Edward Fuller,*§ | 3 | | |
| 22. John Turner,§ | 3 | | |

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The above names having this mark * at the end brought their wives with them. Those with this † did not. Those with this § died before the end of March. The figures at the end of the names denote the number in each family.





The day answering to the eleventh of December is celebrated as the day of the landing of the Pilgrims;* but on that day a place was discovered, and fixed upon for their settlement. Parties before had landed and made some discoveries.

The same day that the memorable instrument was signed, a party left the ship, and landed to explore the country and get wood, but returned without making any particular discovery. But a few days after, (November fifteenth) sixteen men, under Captain Myles Standish, were permitted to go in search of a convenient place for settlement. They saw five Indians, whom they followed all day, but could not overtake them. The next day they discovered several Indian graves, one of which they opened, and found some rude implements of war, a mortar, and an earthen pot; all which they took care to replace, being unwilling to disturb the sepulchres of the dead. They found under a small mound of earth a cellar curiously lined with bark, in which was stored a quantity of Indian corn. Of this they took as much as they could carry, and returned to the ship.

Soon after, twenty-four others made the like excursion, and obtained a considerable quantity of corn, which, with that obtained before, was about ten bushels. Some beans were also found. This discovery gave them great encouragement, and perhaps prevented their further removal; it also saved them from famine.

After considerable discussion concerning a place for settlement, in which some were for going to Agawam,† and some not so far, it was concluded to send out a shallop to make further discovery in the bay. Accordingly, Governor Carver, with eighteen or twenty men, set out on the sixth of December to explore the deep bay of Cape Cod. The weather was very cold, and the spray of the sea lighting on them, they were soon covered with ice, as it were like coats of mail. At night, having got to the bottom of the bay, they discovered ten or twelve Indians, about a league off, cutting up a grampus, who, on discovering the English, ran away with what of the fish they had cut off. With some difficulty from shoals, they landed and erected a hut, and passed the first night. In the morning they divided their company; some went by land and others in the vessel, to make further discovery of the bay, to which they gave the name of Grampus, because that fish was found there. They met again at night, and some lodged on board the shallop, and the rest as before.

The next morning, December the eighth, as they were about to embark, they were furiously beset by Indians. Some of the company having carried their guns down to the boat, the others discharged upon them as fast as they could; but the Indians shouted and rushed on, until those had regained their arms, and then they were put to flight. One, however, more courageous than the rest, took a position behind a tree, and withstood several volleys of shot, dis-

* To reduce the old style to new, eleven days are added; therefore, the 22d December is celebrated as the landing of the forefathers.

† Ipswich is supposed to have been meant, as it was known by that name in a former voyage.



Siméon's Lith. Phil.

EVENTS OF INDIAN HISTORY.
The first encounter with the Indians.

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charging arrows himself at the same time. At length a shot, glancing upon the side of the tree, hurled the bark so about his head, that he thought it time to escape. Eighteen arrows were picked up by the English after the battle, which they sent to their friends in England as curiosities. Some were headed with brass, and others with horn and bone. The place where this happened was, on this account, called the First Encounter.*

The company, after leaving this place, narrowly escaped being cast away; but they got safe on an uninhabited island,† where they passed the night. The next day, December the ninth, they dried their clothes, and repaired their vessel, which had lost her mast and met with other damage. The next day they rested, it being Sunday. The day following they found a place which they judged fit for settlement; and after going on shore,‡ and discovering good water, and where there had been corn-fields, returned to the ship. This was on the eleventh of December, 1620, and is the day celebrated as the FOREFATHERS' DAY.

On the fifteenth, the ship came into the new harbor. The two following days, the people went on shore, but returned at night to the ship.

On the twenty-third, timber was begun to be prepared for building a common store-house. The next day the cry of Indians was heard, but none appeared. On the twenty-fifth, the first house was begun. A fort was built on the hill soon after, (where the burying-ground now is,) which commanded the town and harbor; and they were diligently employed until a town was laid out, to which they gave the name of Plymouth, on account of the kind treatment they received from the people of Plymouth in England, and that being the place in their native country from which they last sailed.

In January, 1621, their store-house took fire, and was nearly consumed. Most of the people now were sick, and Governor Carver and Mr. Bradford were confined in the store-house when it took fire. In March, an Indian came boldly into the town, and saluted them with these words, "Welcome Englishmen! Welcome Englishmen!" This was uttered in broken English, but was clearly understood. His name was Samoset, and he came from the eastward, where he had been acquainted with some fishermen, and had learned some of their lan-

* It was before called Namskeket. "A creek, which now bears the name of Skakit, lies between Eastham and Harwich; distant about three or four miles westward from Nauset—the seat of a tribe of Indians, who (as they afterwards learned) made this attack."

† This they called "Clark's Island, because Mr. Clark, the master's mate, first stepped ashore thereon."—Morton, 24.

‡ A large rock near the water, said to be the place where they first stepped ashore, is shown with a degree of veneration by the inhabitants of Plymouth. It is a granite of a reddish cast, and has long since been nearly levelled with the surface of the ground. A large fragment has been placed near the head of the main street, where it is made a rendezvous for boys in pleasant evenings. This, as well as the part from which it was taken, suffers occasionally under the force of a dull axe, to add to the entertainment of the story of the traveller.

guage. They treated him with kindness, and he informed them that the great Sachem, Massasoit, was coming to visit them; and told them of one Squanto, that was well acquainted with the English language. He left them, and soon after returned in company with Massasoit and Squanto. This Indian continued with the English as long as he lived, and was of infinite service to them. He showed them how to cultivate corn, and other American productions.

About this time (beginning of April) Governor Carver died. Soon after, Mr. William Bradford was chosen. The mortality that began soon after their arrival had, before the end of March, carried off forty-four of their number.

Such was the beginning of New England, which is now, alone, a formidable nation. At the death of the first governor, it contained fifty-seven European inhabitants, and at the end of two hundred years it contained upwards of one million six hundred thousand.

Perhaps the annals of the world do not furnish a parallel to the first peopling of New England, as it respects purity of intentions, judgment and fortitude in its execution, and in sustaining for a series of years a government that secured the happiness of all,—an object of admiration, justly increasing on every succeeding generation, in proportion to the remoteness of time; founded on the genuineness of those authorities who, without the least shadow of fable, have transmitted to us their true history; rendered peculiarly interesting from its minuteness of detail, even beyond what could have been expected. Insomuch that no one can read, without the deepest interest in their situations; and seeming, as it were, to live over those days with them, and to gain a perfect acquaintance with a Carver, a Bradford, a Winslow, and, indeed, the whole train of worthies.

INDIAN BIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER I.*

SYNOPSIS OF THE NEW ENGLAND INDIANS AT THE DATE OF THE PLYMOUTH SETTLEMENT—THEIR FIRST HEAD SACHEM, KNOWN TO THE ENGLISH, MASSASOIT—THE FIRST INTERVIEW BETWEEN HIM AND THE WHITES—HIS VISIT TO PLYMOUTH, IN 1621.

THE clearest, if not the completest classification of the New England Indians, at the date of the settlement of Plymouth, includes five principal confederacies, each occupying their own territory, and governed by their own chiefs. The Pequots inhabited the eastern part of Connecticut. East of them were the Narragansetts, within whose limits Rhode Island, and various smaller islands in the vicinity, were

* The following synopsis of the New England Indians is taken from B. B. Fletcher's Indian Biography.

comprised. The Pawtucket tribes were situated chiefly in the southern section of New Hampshire; the Massachusetts tribes around the bay of their own name; and between these upon the north and the Narragansetts upon the south, the Pokanokets claimed a tract of what is now Bristol county, (Rhode Island) bounded laterally by Taunton and Pawtucket rivers for some distance, together with large parts of Plymouth and Barnstable.

This confederacy exercised some dominion over the Indians of Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard, and over several of the nearest Massachusetts and Nipmuck tribes;—the latter name designating an interior territory, now mostly within the boundaries of Worcester county. Of the Pokanokets, there were nine separate cantons or tribes, each governed by its own petty sagamore or squaw, but all subject to one grand-sachem, who was also the particular chief of the Wampanoag canton, living about Montaup.*

The first knowledge we have of the Wampanoags, and of the individuals who ruled over them and the other Pokanokets, is furnished in the collections of Purchas, on the authority of a Captain Dermer, (the Master Thomas Dirmire spoken of by John Smith in his *New England Trialls*, as “an vnderstanding and industrious gentleman, who was also with *him* amongst the Frenchmen.”) Dermer was sent out from England in 1619, by Sir Fr. Gorges, on account of the President and Council of New England, in a ship of two hundred tons. He had a Pokanoket Indian with him, named SQUANTO, one of about twenty who had been kidnapped on the coast by Captain Hunt, in 1614, and sold as slaves at Malaga, for twenty pounds a man.† Squanto and a few others of the captives were either rescued or redeemed, by the benevolent interposition of some of the monks upon that island. “When I arrived,” says Dermer in his letter to Purchas, “at my savage’s native country, finding all dead, I travelled along a day’s journey to a place called Nummastaquyt, where, finding inhabitants, I despatched a messenger a day’s journey further west, to Pacanokit, which bordereth on the sea; whence came to see me, *two kings*, attended with a guard of fifty armed men, who, being well satisfied with that my savage and I discoursed unto them, (being desirous of novelty) gave me content in whatsoever I demanded. Here I redeemed a Frenchman, and afterwards another at Masstachusitt, who three years since escaped shipwreck at the northeast of Cape Cod.” One of these two kings,—

* This celebrated eminence, (frequently called, by corruption of the Indian name, Mount-Hope) is a mile or two east of the village of Bristol. It is very steep on all sides, and terminates in a large rock, having the appearance, to a distant spectator, of an immense dome.

† It is gratifying to learn from Smith that Hunt was punished, though not according to the baseness of his infamous crime. “He betrayed foure and twentie of these poore Saluages aboard his ship, and most dishonestly and inhumanely for their kinde usage of me and all our men, carried them with him to Maligo, and there for a little private gaine sold those silly Saluages for Rials of eight; *but this vilde act kept him ever after from any more employment to these parts.*”—Generale Historie of New England, published in 1632.

as the sachems were frequently entitled by the early writers,—must have been MASSASOIT, so well known afterwards to the Plymouth settlers; and probably the second was his brother Quadepinah. The “native country” of Squanto was the vicinity of Plymouth, where the Indians are understood to have been kidnapped. Thousands of them there, as well as elsewhere along the whole coast of New England, had been swept off by a terrible pestilence.

The first appearance of Massasoit, after the settlement of Plymouth, was upon the 22d of March, 1621, a week previous to which some information concerning him had been gathered from an Indian named Samoset, who entered the village with great boldness, and greeted the inhabitants with a “welcome.” On the second occasion, he came in with four others,—having engaged to introduce some of the Wampanoags, to traffic in furs,—among whom was Squanto, at the time probably the sole remaining native of Plymouth. This party brought a few fish and skins to sell, and informed the English that the great sachem, with his brother and his whole force, were near at hand. Massasoit soon appeared upon the neighboring hill, with sixty men. As they seemed unwilling to approach nearer, Squanto was despatched to ascertain their designs; and they gave him to understand that they wished some one should be sent to hold a parley.

Edward Winslow was appointed to this office, and he immediately carried presents to the sachem, which were willingly accepted. He addressed him also in a speech of some length, which the Indians listened to with the decorous gravity characteristic of the race, ill-explained as it was by the interpreter. The purport of the speech was, that King James saluted the sachem, his brother, with the words of peace and love; that he accepted him as his friend and ally; and that the Governor desired to see him, and to trade and treat with him upon friendly terms. Massasoit appears to have made no special reply to this harangue, for the sufficient reason, probably, that he did not precisely comprehend the drift of it. He paid more attention to the sword and armor of Winslow while he spoke; and when he had ceased speaking, signified his disposition to commence the proposed trade forthwith by buying *them*. They were not, however, for sale; and so, leaving Winslow in the custody of his brother, he crossed a brook between him and the English, taking with him twenty of the Wampanoags, who were directed to leave their bows and arrows behind them. Beyond the brook he was met by Captain Standish and another gentleman, with an escort of six armed men, who exchanged salutations with him, and attended him to one of the best houses in the village.* Here, a green rug was spread upon the floor, and three or four cushions piled on it for his accommodation. The Governor then entered the house, followed by several soldiers, and preceded by a flourish of a drum and trumpet,—a measure probably recommended by Standish, and which answered the purpose of delighting and astounding the

* A stone arch has in modern times been thrown over this brook, to point out the precise spot of the meeting. The hill where the chieftain first appeared was, by the settlers of his time, called “Strawberry-Hill.”

Wampanoags, even beyond expectation. It was a deference paid to their sovereign, which pleased as well as surprised them. The sachem and the Governor now kissed each other, and after the interchange of certain other civilities, sat down together, and regaled themselves with what Neal calls an entertainment. It consisted, it seems, chiefly of "strong waters, a thing the savages love very well; and the sachem took suck a large draught of it at once, as made him sweat all the while he staid." A treaty was concluded upon this occasion, the terms of which are as follows:

1. That neither he, nor any of his (Massasoit's) should injure or do hurt to any of their people.
2. That if any of his did any hurt to any of theirs, he should send the offender, that they might punish him.
3. That if any thing were taken away from any of theirs, he should cause it to be restored, and they should do the like to his.
4. That if any did unjustly war against him, they would aid him; and if any did war against them, he should aid them.
5. That he should send to his neighbor confederates, to inform them of this, that they might not wrong them, but might be likewise comprised in these conditions of peace.
6. That when his came to them upon any occasion, they should leave their arms behind them.
7. That so doing, their sovereign lord, King James, would esteem him as his friend and ally.

"All which," says Morton,—and some other annalists agree with him,—“he liked very well, and withal, at the same time acknowledged himself content to become the subject of our sovereign lord the King aforesaid, his heirs and successors; and gave unto him all the lands adjacent, to him and to his heirs forever.” This acknowledgment of the sovereignty of the King, if it really make a part of the agreement, certainly deserved a place as a distinct article; being by far more important than all the others. The grant of land,—and this grant constituted the entire title of the Plymouth settlers, as against the natives,—is confirmed by subsequent transactions, and especially by the acts of Massasoit. But his submission to the authority of King James, as a subject to a sovereign, is more doubtful, nor does it by any means accord with the seventh express article. That the treaty itself also was not preserved precisely as it was probably understood, may be inferred from the variations of it given by Mourt in his relation. According to *his* sixth article, for example, a just reciprocity is maintained, by providing that the English should leave their *pieces* behind them in their interviews with the Indians. This distinction between alliance and subjection,—at least in the mind of one of the parties,—seems to have been too much overlooked.

Such, however, was the first treaty made with the Indians of New England,—a passage in its history of great interest. It was made upon peaceable and honorable terms. The Indians came in voluntarily to make it; and though they received as a consideration for the immense territory granted at the time, only a pair of knives, and a copper

chain with a jewel in it for the grand sachem; and a knife, a jewel to hang in his ear, a pot of strong water, a good quantity of biscuit, and some butter for Quadepinah,—yet were all parties satisfied with the substance as they were gratified by the ceremonies of the agreement. It is pleasing to learn from history, that this simple negotiation was remembered and adhered to on both sides for the unparalleled term of half a century; nor was Massasoit, or any of the Wampanoags during his lifetime, convicted by the harshest revilers of his race, of having violated, or attempted to violate, any of its plain, just, and deliberate provisions.

The two parties seem to have regarded each other on this occasion with a curiosity of equal interest and minuteness; for while the sachem was inspecting the armor of Winslow, and his Wampanoags exerting themselves to blow the trumpet in imitation of their hosts, the English by-standers, on the other hand, were making their own observations. The writer of the *Journal of a Plantation settled at Plymouth* describes Massasoit as “a very lusty man, in his best years, an able body, grave of countenance, and spare of speech.” In his attire, he is said to have differed little from the rest of his followers, excepting that he wore a large chain of white bone beads about his neck, which was, probably, one of the royal *insignia*; and that he had suspended from it, behind, a little bag of tobacco, which he *drank*, says the writer, “and gave us to drink.” His appearance otherwise does not seem to have been particularly elegant; his face being painted of a sad red, like murrey, and both head and face so oiled that he “looked greasily.” His only weapon was a long knife, swinging at his bosom by a string. His attendants were probably arrayed for this great occasion with peculiar attention to etiquette; some of them being painted black, others red, yellow, or white; some wearing crosses and “other antick works;” and several of them dressed in furs or skins of various descriptions. Being tall, strong men also, and the first natives whom most of the Colonists had ever seen near at hand, they must have made to them a somewhat imposing, as well as interesting spectacle.

Leaving a few of their number among the whites, as hostages, the Wampanoags retired to the woods about half a mile distant and spent the night, and Winslow acted as their hostage. The English were not yet prepared, it would seem, to put faith in the professions of savages; for they kept strict watch all night, besides retaining the security just named. Their guests, on the contrary, enjoyed themselves quietly in the woods; and there were some of their wives and children with them, who must have come upon this courteous visit from a distance of forty miles. The sachem sent several of his people the next morning, to signify his wish that some of his new friends would honor him with their presence. Standish and one Alderton* “went venturously” among them, and were cordially if not royally welcomed with an entertainment of tobacco and ground-nuts. “We cannot yet conceive,” continues our still unsatisfied informant, “but that he is willing to have

* From whom the outer point of Boston harbor is said to have been named.

peace with us; for they have seen our people sometimes alone, two or three in the woods at work and fowling, when they offered them no harm, as they might easily have done." They remained at their encampment till late in the forenoon; the Governor requiring the sachem's liberality, mean while, by sending an express messenger for his large kettle, and filling it with dry peas. "This pleased them well, and so they went their way;"—the one party as much relieved, no doubt, as the other was gratified.*

We met with Massasoit again in July, 1621; an embassy being then sent to him at his own residence, Montaup or Sowams. This embassy consisted of Edward Winslow and Stephen Hopkins; and the objects of it were, says Mourt, "that *forasmuch as his subjects came often and without fear upon all occasions amongst us,*" so the English went now to visit him, carrying with them a coat from the Governor to his friend the sachem, as a token of good will, and desire to live peaceably. It was farther intimated, though with great delicacy, that whereas his people came frequently and in great numbers to Plymouth, wives, children, and all, and were always welcome,—yet being but strangers in the land, and not confident how their corn might prosper, they could no longer give them such entertainment as they had done, and still wished to do. If Massasoit himself, however, would visit them, or any special friend of his, he should be welcome. A request was then made, that the Pokanokets, who had furs, should be permitted to dispose of them to the Colonists. The Governor wished him also to exchange some corn for seed with the Plymouth people.

The remaining article in this message is more illustrative of the relations understood to exist and to be desirable between the parties. On the first arrival of the Colonists at Cape Cod, it seems they had found corn buried there in the ground. Seeing no inhabitants in the neighborhood, "but some graves of the dead newly buried," they took the corn, with the intention of making full satisfaction for it, whenever it became practicable. The owners of it were supposed to have fled through fear. It was now proposed that these men should be informed by Massasoit,—if they could be found,—that the English were ready to pay them with an equal quantity of corn, English meal, or "any other commodities they had to pleasure them withal;" and full satisfaction was offered for any trouble which the sachem might do them the favor to take. This proposal was equally politic and just.

They reached Namaschet about three o'clock in the afternoon; and

* Such was the earliest visit, of ceremony or business at least, which the natives of New England paid to the Colonists. The account given of it, though *ex parte*, as all such descriptions must be, is honorable to the former in the highest degree. They show that many, if not most of the savages, who were fairly dealt with, were at first as sensible and as prone to kindness as could have been wished. They went unarmed among the settlers without fear, disposed to be honest and friendly at all events, and as hospitable as their means permitted. It will appear in the sequel, that they continued so for a long course of years, as they also continued faithful to their express obligations.

there, we are told, the inhabitants entertained them with joy, in the best manner they were able; giving them sweet bread* and fish, with a less acceptable accompaniment of boiled musty acorns. Various civilities were exchanged after this primitive and savory repast,—as ancient, by the way, as the early Greeks,—and some time was passed very pleasantly in shooting a crow at a considerable distance, to the vast astonishment and amusement of the Indians. They were then directed to a place about eight miles distant, (Middleborough) where, says the journalist, they should find “more store and better victuals.” They were welcomed, on their arrival, by a party who were catching great numbers of fine bass in Taunton river, and who gave them a supper and a breakfast in the morning, besides the privilege of lodging in the woods near by over night.

Attended by six of their hosts the next day, they were assisted in passing the river; and here they met with the first indications of ill-will, in the persons of two old Indians upon the opposite bank. These two, espying them as they entered the river, ran swiftly and stealthily among the high-grass to meet them; and then, with loud voices and drawn bows, demanded of the strangers who they were; “but seeing we were friends,” it is added, “they welcomed us with such food as they had, and we bestowed a small bracelet of beads on them.”

After one more entertainment on the way, our travellers reached Sowams. Massasoit was not at home, but arrived soon after, and was saluted by his visitors with a discharge of musketry. He welcomed them kindly after the Indian manner, took them into his lodge, and seated them by himself. They then delivered their message and presents, the latter comprising a horseman’s coat of red cotton, embroidered with fine lace. The sachem mounted this superb article without delay, and hung the chain, which they also gave him, about his neck, evidently enjoying the unspeakable admiration of the Wampanoags, who gazed upon him at a distance. He now answered the message, clause after clause; and particularly signified his desire to continue in peace and friendship with his neighbors. He gathered his men around him, in fine, and harangued them; they occasionally confirming what he said by their customary ejaculations. Was not he, Massasoit, commander of the country about them? Was not such a town within his dominions—and were not the people of it his subjects—and should they not bring their skins to him, if he wished it?

The matter being regularly settled, he lighted tobacco for his guests, and conversed with them about their own country and King, marveling, above all, that his majesty should live without a squaw. As it grew late, and he offered no more substantial entertainment than this,—no doubt for the sound reason that he had nothing to offer,—his guests intimated a wish to retire for the night. He forthwith accommodated them, with himself and his wife—they at one end and his visitors at the

* Called *mazium*, and made of Indian corn, no doubt. Gookin says, that a meal which they made of parched maize was so sweet, so hearty, and so *toothsome*, that an Indian would travel many days with no other food.

other, of a bed consisting of a plank platform, raised a foot or two from the ground and covered with a thin mat. Two of his chief men, probably by way of compliment, were also stationed upon the same premises; and this body-guard performed their pressing duty of escort so effectually, that no other circumstances were necessary to make the honored guests "worse weary of their lodging than they had been of their journey."

On the following day, many of the petty chiefs, with their subjects, came in from the adjacent country, and various sports and games were got up for the entertainment of the English. At noon, they partook, with the sachem and about forty others, of a meal of boiled fish *shot* by himself, (probably with arrows.) They continued with him until the next morning, when they departed, leaving Massasoit "both grieved and ashamed" that he could not better entertain them. Very importunate he was, adds the journalist, to have them stay with him longer; but as they had eaten but one meal for two days and a night, with the exception of a partridge, which one of them killed; and what with their location at night, the "savages' barbarous singing of themselves to sleep," mosquitoes without doors, and other trifling inconveniences within, could not sleep at all; they begged to be excused,—on the score of conscience, Sunday being near at hand,—not to mention that they were growing light-headed, and could hardly expect, if they stayed much longer, to be able to reach home.

Massasoit's friendship was again tested in March, 1622, when an Indian, known to be under Squanto's influence,* came running in among a party of colonists, with his face gashed, and the blood fresh upon it, calling out to them to flee for their lives, and then looking behind him as if pursued. On coming up, he told them that the Indians, under Massasoit, were congregating at a certain place for an attack upon the Colony; that he had received his wounds in consequence of opposing their designs, and had barely escaped from them with his life. The report occasioned no little alarm; although the correctness of it was flatly denied by Hobamock, a Pokanoket Indian resident at Plymouth, who recommended that a messenger should be sent secretly to Sowams, for the purpose of ascertaining the truth. This was done, and the messenger, finding every thing in its usually quiet state, informed Massasoit of the reports circulated against him. He was

* Which, it may be here observed, was quite considerable. Squanto was ambitious and meddlesome, though not malicious—well-disposed and serviceable to the English, but a little too anxious to have credit for that fact among his countrymen. He amused himself with telling them that the whites kept the plague barrelled up in their cellars, that they intended war upon various tribes, &c., for the sake of being employed, sometimes hired, to act as mediator; and of course he always succeeded in settling the difficulty. Squanto died in November, 1622, on an expedition fitted out by Governor Bradford for obtaining corn among the Indians. His last request was, that the governor would pray for him that he might go to the Englishman's God in heaven. He bequeathed his little property to his English friends. So perished the last aboriginal of the Plymouth soil. He sometimes played "Jack upon both sides," as Hubbard says, but his death was justly considered a public loss.

excessively incensed against Squanto, but sent his thanks to the governor for the opinion of his fidelity, which he understood him to retain; and directed the messenger to assure him, that he should instantly apprise him of any conspiracy which might at any future time take place.

That the declarations of Massasoit, upon this occasion, were far from being mere words of compulsion or of courtesy, is abundantly proved by his conduct during the next season, 1623. Early in the spring of that year, news came to Plymouth that he was very sick at Sowams; and it was determined to send Mr. Winslow to visit him once more, in token of the friendship of the colonists. That gentleman immediately commenced his journey, being provided with a few cordials, and attended by "one Master John Hampden, a London gentleman, who then wintered with him, and desired much to see the country,"—no doubt the same character so eminently distinguished afterwards in the politics of England.

They heard, at various places on their route, that the sachem was already dead; and their guide, Hobamock, indulged himself all the way in the most unbounded grief. They found him still living, however, on their arrival; and the multitude of dependents and friends who thronged his lodge, made way as fast as possible for their admittance and accommodation. He appeared to be reduced to the last extremities. Six or eight women were employed in chafing his cold limbs, and the residue of the numerous company were exerting themselves to the utmost, meanwhile, in making what Winslow rather uncharitably calls "such a hellish noise as distempered those that were well."* He had the good sense to wait for the conclusion of the ceremony; and the exhausted performers being then satisfied they had done all that in them lay for the benefit of the patient, one of them apprised him of the arrival of the English.

"Who have come?" muttered the sachem, still conscious, though his sight was wholly gone. They told him Winsnow had come, (as they generally substituted *n* for the English *l*.) "Let me speak with him then," he replied; "let me speak one word to him." Winslow went forward to the matted platform where he lay, and grasped the feeble hand which the sachem, informed of his approach, held out for him. "Art thou Winsnow?" he whispered the question again, (in his own language,) "Art thou Winsnow?" Being readily answered in the affirmative, he appeared satisfied of the fact. But "O Winsnow," he added mournfully, "I shall never see thee again!"

Hobamock was now called, and desired to assure the sachem of the governor's kind remembrance of him in his present situation, and to inform him of the articles they had brought with them for his use. He immediately signified his wish to taste of these, and they were

* Probably an Indian Powah was leader of the chorus. Of these barbarian quacks, Roger Williams says, that "the poore people commonly dye under their hands," for the very good reason that they "administer nothing, but howle, and roar, and hollow over them, and begin the song to the rest of the people about them, who all joyne (like a quire) in prayer to the gods for them."—*Key to the Indian Language*, chapter xxxi.

given him accordingly, to the great delight of the people around him. Winslow then proceeded to use measures for his relief, and they wrought a great change in him within half an hour. He recovered his sight gradually, and began to converse, requesting his good friend Winslow, among other things, to kill him a fowl, and make him some English pottage, such as he had seen at Plymouth. This was done for him, and such other care taken as restored his strength and appetite wonderfully within the day or two of Winslow's stay.

His expressions of gratitude, as well as those of his delighted attendants, were constant, as they were evidently warm from the heart. Finally, as his guests were about to leave him, he called Hobamock to his side, and revealed to him a plot against the colonists, recently formed, as he understood, among certain of the Massachusetts tribes, and in which he had himself been invited to join. He also recommended certain summary measures for the suppression of the plot, and concluded with charging Hobamock* to communicate the intelligence to Winslow on the way to Plymouth. It may be added here, that these measures were subsequently executed by Standish, and were successful. The conspiracy itself was occasioned by the notorious and outrageous profligacy of the banditti, of "Master Weston," at Weymouth.

The leading particulars in the residue of Massasoit's life may soon be detailed. In 1632, he was assaulted at Sowams, by a party of Narragansetts, and obliged to take refuge in an English house. His situation was soon ascertained at Plymouth; and an armed force being promptly despatched to his succor, under his old friend Standish, the Narragansetts retired. About the year 1639, he probably associated his eldest son, Moanam or Wamsutta, with him in the government; for they came together into open court at Plymouth, it is said, on the 28th of September of that year, and desired that the ancient treaty of 1621 might remain inviolable. They also entered into some new engagements, chiefly going to secure to the Colony a pre-emptive claim to the Pokanoket lands. "And the whole court," add the records, "in the name of the whole government for each town respectively, did then likewise ratify and confirm the aforesaid ancient league and confederacy."

From this time, the names of the father and son are sometimes found united, and sometimes not so, in instruments by which land was conveyed to the English. In 1649, the former sold the territory of Bridgewater in his own name.

The precise date of Massasoit's death is unknown. In 1653, his name appears in a deed by which he conveyed part of the territory of Swansey to English grantees. Hubbard supposes that he died about three years subsequent to this; but as late as 1661, he is noticed in

* The date of this Indian's death is not known. He is said to have once been a war-captain among the Massachusetts tribes. Hubbard describes him as a "proper lusty young man, and of good account among the Indians of those parts for his valor." He was useful, like Squanto, without being troublesome.

the records of the United Colonies, as will appear more particularly in the life of his eldest son. Two or three years afterwards, conveyances were made of the Pokanoket lands, in which he appears to have had no voice; and it may be fairly inferred that he died in that interval. He must have been near eighty years of age.

Such are the passages which history has preserved concerning the earliest and best friend of the Pilgrims. Few and simple as they are, they give glimpses of a character that, under other circumstances, might have placed Massasoit among the illustrious of his age. He was a mere savage; ignorant of even reading and writing, after an intercourse of near fifty years with the colonists, and distinguished from the mass of savages around him, as we have seen, by no other outward emblem than a barbarous ornament of bones. It must be observed, too, as to them, that the authority which they conferred upon him, or rather upon his ancestors, was their free gift, and was liable at any moment to be retracted, wholly or in part, either by the general voice or by the defection or violence of individuals. The intrinsic dignity and energy of his character alone, therefore, must have sustained the dominion of the sachem, with no essential distinction of wealth, retinue, cultivation, or situation in any respect, between him and the meanest of the Wampanoags. The naked qualities of his intellect and his heart must have gained their loyalty, controlled their extravagant passions to his own purposes, and won upon their personal confidence and affection.

That he did this appears from the fact, so singular in Indian history, that among all the Pokanoket tribes there was scarcely an instance of even an individual broil or quarrel with the English during his long life. Some of these tribes living nearer the colony than any other Indians, and going into it daily in such numbers, that Massasoit was finally requested to restrain them from "pestering" their friends by their mere multitude,—these shrewd beings must have perceived, as well as Massasoit himself did, that the colonists were as miserably fearful as they were feeble and few. Some of them, too—the sachem Corbitant, for example—were notoriously hostile, and perhaps had certain supposed reasons for being so. Yet *that* cunning and ambitious savage extricated himself from the only overt act of rebellion he is known to have attempted, by "soliciting the good offices of Massasoit," we are told, "to reconcile him to the English." And such was the influence of the chief sachem, not only over him, but over the Massachusetts sachems, that nine of the principal of them soon after came into Plymouth from great distances, for the purpose of signifying their humble respect for the authority of the English.

That Massasoit was beloved as well as respected by his subjects and neighbors, far and wide, appears from the great multitude of anxious friends who thronged about him during his sickness. Some of them, as Winslow ascertained, had come more than one hundred miles for the purpose of seeing him; and they all watched *his* operations in that case with as intense anxiety as if the prostrate patient had been the father or the brother of each. And meagre as is the

justice which history does the sachem, it still furnishes some evidence, not to be mistaken, that he had won this regard from them by his kindness. There is a passage of affecting simplicity in Winslow's Relation, going to show that he did not forget their minutest interests, even in his own almost unconscious helplessness. "That morning," it is said, "he caused me to spend in going from one to another among those that were sick in the town (Sowams,) requesting me to treat them as I had done him, and to give to each of them some of the same I gave him, saying they were good folk."

But these noble traits of the character of Massasoit are still more abundantly illustrated by the whole tenor of his intercourse with the whites. Of his mere sense of his positive obligations to them, including his fidelity to the famous treaty of 1621, nothing more need be said, excepting that the annals of the continent furnish scarcely one parallel even to that case. But he went much further than this. He not only visited the colony in the first instance of his own free will and accord, but he entered into the negotiations cheerfully and deliberately, and in the face of their manifest fear and suspicion. Henceforth the results of it were regarded, not with the mere honesty of an ally, but with the warm interest of a friend. It was probably at his secret and delicate suggestion,—and it could scarcely have been without his permission, at all events,—that his own subjects took up their residence among the colonists, with the view of guiding, piloting, interpreting for them, and teaching them their own useful knowledge. Winslow speaks of his *appointing another* to fill the place of Squanto at Plymouth, while the latter should be sent about among the Pokanokets, under *his* orders, "to procure truck [in furs] for the English."

The vast grant of territory which he made in the first instance has been spoken of. It was made with the simple observation that his claim to it was the sole claim in existence. It was also without consideration; the generous sachem, as Roger Williams says of the Narragansetts in a similar case, "being *shy and jealous of selling* the lands to any, and choosing rather to make a gift of them to such as they affected." Such is the only jealousy which Massasoit can be said ever to have entertained of the English. Nor do we find any evidence that he repented of his liberality, or considered it the incautious extravagance of a moment of flattered complaisance. We do find, however, that he invariably watched over the interest of the grantees with more strictness than he would probably have watched over his own. He laid claim, in one instance, to a tract for which Mr. Williams had negotiated with the Narragansetts,—that gentleman being ignorant, perhaps, of an existing controversy between the two tribes. "It is mine," said the sachem, "it is mine, and *therefore theirs*,"—plainly implying that the ground in question was comprised within the original transfer. Whether this claim was just, or whether it was insisted upon, does not appear; but there is indication enough both of the opinion and feeling of Massasoit.

An anecdote of him, recorded by Governor Winthrop, under the title of a "pleasant passage," is still more striking. His old friend,

Winslow, it seems, made a trading voyage to Connecticut during the summer of 1634. On his return, he left his vessel upon the Narragansett coast for some reason or other, and commenced his journey for Plymouth across the woods. Finding himself at a loss, probably, as to his route, he made his way to Sowams, and called upon his ancient acquaintance, the sachem. The latter gave him his usual kind welcome, and, upon his leaving him, offered to conduct him home,—a pedestrian journey of two days. He had just despatched one of his Wampanoags to Plymouth, with instructions to inform the friends of Winslow that *he* was dead, and to persuade them of this melancholy fact, by specifying such particulars as their own ingenuity might suggest. All this was done accordingly; and the tidings occasioned, as might be expected, a very unpleasant excitement throughout the colony. In the midst of it, however, on the next day, the sachem entered the village, attended by Winslow, and with more than his usual complacency in his honest and cheerful countenance. He was asked why such a report had been circulated the day previous. "That Winsnow might be the more welcome," answered he, "and that you might be the more happy,—it is my custom." He had come thus far to enjoy the surprise personally; and he returned homeward more gratified by it, without doubt, than he would have been by the most fortunate foray among the Narragansetts.

It is intimated by some writers, rather more frequently than is either just or generous, that the sachem's fear of the tribe just named lay at the foundation of his friendship. It might have been nearer the apparent truth, considering all that is known of Massasoit, to say, that his interest happened to coincide with his inclination. At all events, it was in the power of any other of the sachems or kings throughout the country to place and sustain themselves upon the same footing with the colonists, had they been prompted either by as much good feeling or good sense. On the contrary, the Massachusetts were plotting and threatening on one hand, as we have seen,—not without provocation, it must be allowed,—while the Narragansett sachem, upon the other, had sent in his compliments, as early as 1622, in the shape of a bundle of arrows tied up with a rattlesnake's skin.

Nor should we forget the wretched feebleness of the colony at the period of their first acquaintance with Massasoit. Indeed, the instant measures which he took for their relief and protection look more like the promptings of compassion than of either hope or fear. A month previous to his appearance among them, they were reduced to such a pitiable condition by sickness, that only six or seven of their whole number were able to do business in the open air; and probably their entire fighting force, could they have been mustered together, would scarcely have equalled the little detachment which Massasoit brought with him into the village, delicately leaving twice as many, with the arms of all, behind him, as he afterwards exchanged six hostages for one. No wonder that the colonists "could not yet conceive but that he was willing to have peace with them."

But the motives of the sachem are still further manifested by the

sense of his own dignity, which, peaceable as he generally was, he showed promptly upon all suitable occasions. Both the informal grant, and the formal deeds we have mentioned, indicate that he understood himself to be the master of his ancestral territory as much in right as in fact. There is nothing in his whole history which does more honor to his intelligence or his sensibility, than his conduct occasioned by the falsehoods circulated among the colonists against him by Squanto. His first impulse, as we have seen, was to be offended with the guilty intrigant; the second, to thank the governor for appealing to himself in this case, and to assure him that he would at any time "send word and give warning when any such business was towards." On further inquiry, he ascertained that Squanto was taking even more liberties with his reputation than he had been aware of. He went forthwith to Plymouth, and made his appeal personally to the governor. The latter pacified him as well as he could, and he returned home. But a very short time elapsed before a message came from him, *entreating* the governor to consent to the death of the renegade who still abused him. The governor confessed, in reply, that Squanto deserved death, but desired that he might be spared on account of his indispensable services. Massasoit was not yet satisfied. The former messenger was again sent, "with divers others," says Winslow in his Relation, "*demanding* him (Squanto) as being one of Massasoit's subjects, whom, by our first articles of peace, we could not retain; yet because he would not willingly do it (insist upon his rights) without the governor's approbation, he offered him many beaver-skins for his consent thereto." The deputation had brought these skins accordingly, as also the sachem's own knife for the execution of the criminal. Squanto now surrendered himself to the governor, as an Indian always resigns himself to his fate upon similar occasions; but the governor still contrived a pretext for sparing him. The deputies were "mad with rage and impatient of delay," as may be supposed, and departed in great heat.

The conduct of the sachem in this case was manifestly more correct than that of his ally. He understood as well as the governor did the spirit of the articles in the treaty, which provided that an offender upon either side should be given up to punishment upon demand; and he was careful to make that demand personally, explicitly and respectfully. The governor, on the other hand, as well as the culprit himself, acknowledged the justice of it, but manœuvred to avoid compliance. The true reason is no doubt given by Winslow. It is also given in the language of John Smith. "With much adoe," says the honest captain, "we appeased the angry king and the rest of the salvages, and freely forgaue Tusquantum, because he speaking our language, we could not be well without him." The king was angry, then, as he well might be; and the governor took the trouble he was both bound and interested to take to appease him. It is not to be wondered at, perhaps, that the particulars of this transaction are so little dwelt upon by the writers of that period. Winslow barely states,—speaking, in another connection, of the Indians being evidently

aware of the weakness of the colony,—that, what was worse, “now also Massasoit seemed to frown upon us, and neither came nor sent to us as formerly.” This passage is no less significant than brief; but not more so than a subsequent dry observation respecting Squanto, “whose peace before this time (the fall of the same year) *was wrought* with Massasoit.”

Such were the life and character of Massasoit. It is to be regretted that so few particulars are preserved of the former, and that so little justice, consequently, can be done to the latter. But so far as his history goes, it certainly makes him one of the most remarkable men of his race. There is no nobler instance in all history of national fidelity (for which he mainly must have the credit), or of individual friendship. This instinct of a generous nature in the first instance being confirmed by a course of conduct generally alike creditable to the feelings and shrewdness of the colonists, finally settled itself in the mind of Massasoit as innately as his affection for his own subjects. “I know now,” said he to Winslow, on his first recovery from the severe sickness we have mentioned, “I *know* that the English love me,—I love them,—I shall never forget them.”

But putting even the most unnatural construction upon the professions and the conduct of the sachem, the relation he commenced and for forty-five years sustained with the English, must be allowed to show at least a consummate sagacity. He certainly succeeded, during all this time, not only in shielding his tribes from their just or unjust hostility, but in gaining their respect to such a singular degree, that the writings of no single author within our recollection furnish one word to his disparagement. Even Hubbard speaks of him with something like regard, notwithstanding the obnoxious trait in his character indicated in the following passage: “It is very remarkable,” he says, “that this Woosamequin, how much soever he affected the English, was never in the least degree well affected to their religion.” It is added, furthermore, that in his last treaty with the whites at Swanzezy,—referring to a sale of land which we have mentioned,—he exerted himself to bind them solemnly “never to draw away any of his people from their old pagan superstition and devilish idolatry, to the Christian religion.”* This he insisted on, until they threatened to break off the negotiation on account of his pertinacity, and he then gave up the point.

Massasoit did not distinguish himself as a warrior; nor is he known to have been once engaged in any open hostilities, even with the inimical and powerful tribes who environed his territory. This is another unique trait in his character; and considering the general

* In that rare tract (published in London, 1651,) entitled “The Light appearing more and more towards the Perfect Day,” &c., and written by the Rev. Thomas Mayhew, it is stated, that some of the Christian Indians of Martha’s Vineyard had a conversation with “Vzzamequin, a great sachem or governor on the maine land (coming amongst them), about the wayes of God,”—he inquiring what earthly good things came along with them, and what they had gained by their piety, &c. This was previous to 1650.

attachment of all Indians to a belligerent life, their almost exclusive deference for warlike qualities, the number and scattered location of the Pokanoket tribes, and especially the character of their ancient neighbors, this very fact is alone sufficient to distinguish the genius of Massasoit. All the native nations of New England but his were involved in dissensions and wars with each other and with the whites; and they all shared sooner or later the fate which he avoided. The restless ringleaders who plotted mischief among the Massachusetts were summarily knocked upon the head by Miles Standish, while hundreds of the residue fled, and miserably perished in their own swamps. The Pequots,—a nation who could muster three thousand bowmen but a short time previous,—were nearly exterminated in 1637; and the savages of Maine, meanwhile, the Mohawks of New York, the Narragansetts and Mohegans, were fighting and reducing each other's strength, as if their only object had been, by ultimately extirpating themselves, to prepare a way in the wilderness for the new comers.

CHAPTER II.

PREPARATIONS FOR WAR BETWEEN PHILIP AND THE COLONIES—IMMEDIATE OCCASION OF HOSTILITIES—HIS COURAGE, DIGNITY, INDEPENDENCE, &C.—FATE OF HIS FAMILY—DEFENCE OF HIS CONDUCT.

Every preparation after the death of Alexander, brother of Philip, was made for the impending crisis on either side. The following ancient document, taken from the records of Plymouth, shows that the agitation of all the parties concerned had already arrived at a high pitch. It is the deposition of one Hugh Cole, taken in court previous to Sassamon's death, and attested by Nathaniel Morton as secretary.

"Hugh Cole, aged forty-three, or thereabouts, being deposed, saith:—That in February last past before the date hereof, he went to Shewamett, and two Englishmen more with him; and that their business was to persuade the Indians to go to Plymouth, to answer a complaint made by Hezekiah Luther. The Indians (saith he) seeing us, came out of the house towards us, being many of them, at the least twenty or thirty, with staves in their hands; and when the Indians saw there were but three of us, they laid down their staves again. Then we asked the Indians what they did with those staves in their hands? They answered that they looked for Englishmen to come from Plymouth, to seek Indians to carry them to Plymouth. But they said they were not willing to go. And some time after, in the same morning, Philip, the chief sachem, sent for me to come to him, and I went to Mount Hope to him; and when I came to Mount Hope, I saw most of the Indians that I knew of Shewamett Indians, there at Mount Hope, and they were generally employed in making of bows and arrows, and half pikes, and fixing up of guns. And I saw many Indians of several places repair towards Mount Hope. And



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Wm. L. G. Smith, Phil.

PHILIP alias METACOMET of Pokanoket.



some days after I came from Mount Hope, I, with several others, saw one of Captain Willet's rangers, coming on post on horseback, who told us, that King Philip was marched up the neck with about three score men; and Zacary Eddy, on his report, went to see if he could find them; and he found them towards the upper part of the neck, in several companies. One Caleb Eddy further saith, that he saw many there in arms; and I was informed by John Paddock, that he saw two several guns loaded with bullets or slugs. And I further testify, that those Indians that I saw come towards Mount Hope, as aforesaid, came better armed than I usually have seen them. Further saith not."

The Pokanokets mustered at Mount Hope, early in the spring of 1675, from all quarters, and the whole country was in agitation. The ungovernable fury of some of these fierce warriors was the immediate occasion of the war which ensued. They had not the power which Philip himself had, of enduring provocation with the reservation of revenge; and they were by no means so well aware, on the other hand, of the advantages to be gained by such a course. At length, a party of them expressed their feelings so intolerably,—soon after the execution of their three countrymen,—that an Englishman at Swanzy discharged his musket at one of them, and wounded him. This affair took place June 24, 1675, a day memorable in American history as the commencement of Philip's war. "Now," says a reverend historian of those times, "war was begun by a fierce nation of Indians upon an honest, harmless, Christian generation of English, who might very truly have said unto the aggressors, as it was said of old unto the Ammonites, 'I have not sinned against thee, but thou doest me wrong to war against me.'" Such no doubt was the persuasion of a large majority of the cotemporary countrymen of the learned divine.

Hostilities were now promptly undertaken. A letter was sent to Philip in the month of June, which, of course, did no good; applications were also made to the Massachusetts government for immediate assistance; forces were raised and stationed throughout the colony; and matters very soon after proceeded to a length which made compromise or conciliation impossible. We do not intend to give for the present the well-known particulars of this celebrated war. It is sufficient to observe, that it was carried on for more than a year with a violence and amid an excitement unparalleled, perhaps, in the history of the country; and that it terminated with the death of Philip, late in the season of 1676.

The result of it was decisive, as the sachem was well aware that it would be, of the fate of the New England Indians. The Pokanokets were nearly exterminated. The Narragansetts lost about one thousand of their number in the celebrated swamp-fight at Sunke-Squaw. All the Indians on the Connecticut river, and most of the Nipmucks who survived, fled to Canada, (where they were subsequently of great service to the French,) and a few hundreds took refuge in New York. The English detachment of Captain Church

alone is estimated to have killed about seven hundred between June and October of 1676. Large numbers of those who were captured were sent out of the country and sold as slaves.

But the triumph of the conquerors was dearly bought. The whole fighting force of the four colonies seems to have been almost constantly in requisition. Between one and two thousand men were engaged at the swamp-fight alone,—an immense force for a population of scarcely forty thousand English throughout New England. Thirteen towns were entirely destroyed by the enemy, six hundred dwelling-houses burned, and about the same number of Englishmen killed, so that almost every family lost a relative. The mere expense of the war must have been very great: for the commissioners of the United Colonies afterwards estimated the disbursements of the old colony alone at more than one hundred thousand pounds.

Such was the war of King Philip,—sustained and managed, upon his side, by his own single-handed energy and talent alone. Not that the sixty Wampanoags of the sachem's own household, as it were, or even the various tribes of the Pokanoket country, were his sole supporters; but that all the other tribes which supported him did it in consequence of his influence, and were induced to unite and operate together, as they never had done before, under his control. Some writers have asserted that he engaged the various Atlantic tribes as far south as Virginia to assist him; but of this there is no proof, and it is rendered improbable by the great want of inter-communication among these tribes.

Nor is it true, as other writers have stated, that all the natives of New England itself were involved with Philip. On the other hand, it was the most trying circumstance of the great struggle of the sachem, that he had not only to rely upon bringing and keeping together scores of petty cantons, as jealous of each other from time immemorial as so many Highland clans; but he had to watch and resist, openly and secretly, all who would not join him, besides the multitudes who deserted, betrayed, and opposed him. The New Hampshire tribes mostly withdrew from the contest. The praying Indians, of whom there were then thousands, either remained neutral, or like Sassamon, turned against their own race. One of Philip's own tribes forsook him in his misfortunes; and the Pequots and Mohegans of Connecticut kept the field against him from the very first day of the war to the last. It may be supposed that some of these tribes were surprised, as Philip himself was, by the sudden breaking out of the war, a year before the time which had been fixed for it. This was occasioned by the proceedings in which Sassamon was concerned, and by the ungovernable fury of a few of the young warriors.

Philip is said to have wept at these tidings of the first outrage of the war. He relented, perhaps, savage as he was, at the idea of disturbing the long amity which his father had preserved; but he may well have regretted, certainly, that being once forced upon the measure, he should enter the battle-field unprepared for what he well knew must be the last, as it was the first, great contest between the

red men and the whites. But the die was cast; and though Philip never smiled after that memorable hour just alluded to, his whole soul was bent upon the business before him. Day nor night, scarcely was there rest for his limbs or sleep for his eyes. His resources must have been feeble enough, had his plans, now embarrassed, succeeded to his utmost wish; but he girded himself, as it was, with a proud heart for the mortal struggle. The strength of his own dominions was about six hundred warriors, ready, and more than ready, long since, for the war-cry. The whole force of his old enemies, the Narragansetts, was already engaged to him. He had negotiated, also, with the Nipmucks and the tribes on the Connecticut and farther west, and one after another these were soon induced to join him. Nor was it six weeks from the first hostilities before all the Indians along the coast of Maine, for a distance of two hundred miles, were eagerly engaged in what Philip told them was the common cause of the race.

That no arts might be left untried, even while the court was condemning his three subjects, he was holding a grand war-dance at Sowams, and mustering his tawny warriors around him from all quarters. Several tribes afterwards confessed to the English that Philip had thus inveigled them into the war. And again, no sooner were his forces driven back upon the Connecticut river tribes, about the first of September, 1675, than he enlisted new allies among *them*. The Hadley Indians, who had joined the English,—very likely at his instigation,—were suspected, and fled to him. Their Springfield neighbors soon after joined three hundred of Philip's men in an attack upon that town; and thus the whole Nipmuck country was involved. In the course of the ensuing winter, the sachem is said to have visited the Mohawks in New York. Not succeeding in gaining their alliance by fair argument, he was desperate enough to kill some of their straggling young men in the woods, in such a manner that the blame would obviously be charged upon the English. But this stratagem was defeated, by the escape of one who had only been stunned by the sachem. The latter was obliged to take abrupt leave of his hosts, and from that time they were among his worst enemies.

His situation during the last few months of the war was so deplorable, and yet his exertions so well sustained, that we can only look upon him with pity and admiration. His successes for some time past had been tremendous; but the tide began to ebb. The whole power of the colonies was in the field, aided by guides and scouting-parties of his own race. The Saconets, the subjects of a near relation of his own, enlisted under Church. Other tribes complained and threatened. Their territory, as well as his, had been overrun, their settlements destroyed, and their planting and fishing-grounds all occupied by the English. Those of them who were not yet hunted down, were day and night followed into swamps and forests, and reduced to live,—if they did not actually starve or freeze,—upon the least and worst food to be conceived of. Hundreds

died of diseases incurred in this manner. "I have eaten horse," said one of these miserable wretches, "but now horse is eating me." Another informed Church, on one occasion, that about three hundred Indians had gone a long way to Swanzy in the heat of the war, for the purpose of eating clams, and that Philip was soon to follow them. At another time, the valiant captain himself captured a large party. Finding it convenient to attack a second directly after, he bade the first wait for him, and join him at a certain rendezvous. The day after the skirmish "they came to him as they were ordered," and he drove them all together, that very night, into Bridgewater *pound*, and set his Saconet soldiers to guard them. "Being well treated with victuals and drink," he adds, with great simplicity, "they had a merry night, and the prisoners laughed as loud as the soldiers; not being so treated for a long time before."

The mere physical sufferings of Philip, meanwhile, are almost incredible. It is by his hair-breadth escapes, indeed, that he is chiefly visible during the war. Occasionally the English come close upon him; he starts up, like the roused lion, plunges into the river or leaps the precipice; and nothing more is seen of him for months. Only a few weeks after the war commenced, he was surrounded in the great Pocasset swamp, and obliged to escape from his vigilant enemies by rafting himself, with his best men, over the great Taunton river, while their women and children were left to be captured. On his return to the same neighborhood the next season, a captive guided the English to his encampment. Philip fled in such haste as to leave his kettle upon the fire; twenty of his comrades were overtaken and killed; and he himself escaped to the swamp, precisely as he had formerly escaped from it. Here his uncle was shot soon afterwards at his side. Upon the next day, Church, discovering an Indian seated on a fallen tree, made to answer the purpose of a bridge over the river, raised his musket and deliberately aimed at him. "It is one of our own party," whispered a savage who crept behind him. Church lowered his gun, and the stranger turned his head. It was Philip himself, musing, perhaps, upon the fate which awaited him. Church fired, but his royal enemy had already fled down the bank. He escaped from a close and bloody skirmish a few hours afterwards.

He was now a desolate and desperate man, the last prince of an ancient race, without subjects, without territory, accused by his allies, betrayed by his comrades, hunted like a spent deer by blood-hounds, in daily hazard of famishing, and with no shelter day or night for his head. All his chief counsellors and best friends had been killed. His brother was slain in the Pocasset swamp; his uncle was shot down at his own side, and his wife and only son were captured when he himself so narrowly escaped from the fire of Church. And could he have fled for the last time from the soil of his own country, he would still have found no rest or refuge. He had betaken himself once to a place between York and Albany; but even here, as Church says, the *Moohags* made a descent upon him and killed many of his

men. His next kennelling-place* was at the fall of Connecticut river, above Deerfield, where, some time after, "Captain Turner found him, came upon him by night, killed a great many men, and frightened many more into the river, that were hunted down the falls and drowned." He lost three hundred men at this time. They were in their encampments, asleep and unguarded. The English rushed upon them, and they fled in every direction, half-awakened, and crying out, "Mohawks! Mohawks!"

We cannot better illustrate Philip's character than by observing, that within a few days of this affair, he was collecting the remnants of the Narragansetts and Nipmucks among the Wachuset hills, on the east side of the river; that they then made a descent upon Sudbury; "met with and swallowed up the valiant Captain Wadsworth and his company,† and many other doleful desolations in those parts." We also find, that Philip was setting parties to waylay Church, under his own worst circumstances; and that he came very near succeeding. He is thought to have been at the great swamp-fight in December, 1675; and to have led one thousand Indians against Lancaster on the ensuing 8th of February. In August of the former season, he made his appearance among the Nipmucks, in a swamp ten or twelve miles from Brookfield. "They told him at his first coming," said one of them who was taken captive, "what they had done to the English at Brookfield [burning the town.] Then he presented and gave to three sagamores—namely, John, alias Apequinast, Quanansit, and Mawtamps—to each of them about a peck of unstrung wampum."‡ Even so late as the month before the sachem's death, a negro, who had fought under him, informed the English of his design of attacking certain towns, being still able to muster something like a thousand men. In his last and worst days, he would not think of peace; and he killed with his own hand, upon the spot, the only Indian who ever dared to propose it. It was the brother of this man by whom he was himself soon after slain.

These are clear proofs, then, that Philip possessed a courage as noble as his intellect. Nor is there any doubt that history would have furnished a long list of his personal exploits, but that his situation compelled him to disguise as well as conceal himself. If any

* The language of Church. The same might be as properly applied, we suppose, to a curious cave in the vicinity of Winnecunnett pond, in Norton (Mass.) In the midst of a cluster of large rocks, it is formed by the projection of one over another which meets it with an acute angle. It is five feet high, and the area at the base is seventeen feet by nine. Tradition represents it as one of the sachem's secret retreats, and it bears the name of "Philip's Cave" to this day.

† This strong expression of the captain's may refer to the really savage treatment which the unfortunate prisoners met with in this case. We have it on the authority of Mather, at least, that those "devils incarnate" inflicted a variety of tortures not necessary to be enlarged upon here; "and so with exquisite, leisurely, horrible torments, roasted them out of the world." *History of New England*, Book VII. p. 55. London ed. 1702.

‡ Note to Hutchinson's *History of Massachusetts*. Mather says, that these very Indians had covenanted by a formal treaty, a month before, that they would not assist Philip.

thing but his face had been known, there was nothing to prevent Church from shooting him, as we have seen. And universally influential as he was,—the master-spirit every where guiding, encouraging, soothing, and rewarding,—it is a fact worthy of mention, that from the time of his first flight from Pocasset until a few weeks before his death, no Englishman could say that he had either seen his countenance or heard his voice. Hence Church describes him as being always foremost in the flight. The price put upon his head, the fearful power which pursued him, the circumstance that some of his own acquaintance were against him, and especially the vital importance of life to his cause, all made it indispensable for him to adopt every stratagem of the wary and cunning warfare of his race.

We have said something of Philip's ideas of his own sovereign dignity. Hence the fate of Sassamon, and of the savage who proposed peace. There is a well settled tradition, that in 1665 he went over to the island of Nantucket, with the view of killing an Indian called John Gibbs. He landed on the west end, intending to travel along the shore, undiscovered, under the bank, to that part of the island where Gibbs resided. By some lucky accident, the latter received a hint of his approach, made his escape to the English settlement, and induced one Mr. Macy to conceal him. His crime consisted in speaking the name of some deceased relative of Philip (his brother, perhaps), contrary to Indian etiquette in such cases provided. The English had a parley with the sachem, and all the money they were able to collect was barely sufficient to satisfy him for the life of the culprit. It was not a mere personal insult, but a violation of the reverence due from a subject to a king.

It appears that when he visited Boston, before the war, he succeeded in persuading the government,—as, no doubt, was the truth of the case,—that notwithstanding the old league of his father, renewed by himself, or rather by force of it, he was still independent of Plymouth. "These successive engagements were agreements of amity, and not of subjection any further, as he apprehended." He then desired to see a copy of the treaty, and requested that one might be procured for him. He knew, he added, that the praying Indians had submitted to the English; but the Pokanokets had done no such thing, and they were not subject. The letter of the Massachusetts to the Plymouth Government, written just after this interview with the sachem, is well worthy of notice. "We do not understand," say the former, "how far he hath subjected himself to you; but the treatment you have given him does not render him such a subject, as that, if there be not present answering to summons, there should presently be a proceeding to hostilities."

Philip had himself the same notion of a Plymouth *summons*; and yet either policy or good feeling induced him to *visit* the Plymouth Governor, in March 1675, for the purpose of quieting the suspicions of the Colony: nothing was discovered against him, and he returned home. He maintained privately the same frank but proud independence. He was opposed to Christianity as much as his father was,

and would make no concessions upon that point. Possibly the remembrance of Sassamon might have rankled in his bosom, when, upon the venerable Eliot once undertaking to convert him, he took one of his buttons between his fingers, and told him he cared no more for the gospel than for that button. That he was generally more civil, however, may be inferred from Gookin's statement: "I have heard him speak very good words, arguing that his conscience is convicted," &c. The sachem evidently made himself agreeable in this case.

In regard to his personal appearance, always a matter of curiosity in the case of great men, sketches purporting to be portraits of him are extant, but none of them are believed to have more verisimilitude than the grotesque caricature prefixed to the old narrative of Captain Church (the model of the series); and we must therefore content ourselves to remain ignorant in this matter. As to his costume, Josselyn, who saw him at Boston, says that he had a coat on, and buskins set thick with beads, "in pleasant wild works, and a broad belt of the same;" his accoutrements being valued at £20. A family in Swanze, (Mass.) is understood to be still in possession of some of the royalties which were given up by Anawon, at the time of his capture by Church.* There were two horns of glazed powder, a red-cloth blanket, and three richly and beautifully wrought wampum belts. One was nine inches wide, and so long as to extend from the shoulder to the ancles. To the second, which was worn on the head, were attached two ornamented small flags. The third and smallest had a star figured in beads upon one end, which came over the bosom.

Philip was far from being a mere barbarian in his manners and feelings. There is not an instance to be met with, of his having maltreated a captive in any way, even while the English were selling his own people as slaves abroad, or torturing and hanging them at home. The famous Mrs. Rowlandson speaks of meeting with him during her *doleful* captivity. He invited her to call at his lodge; and when she did so, bade her sit down, and asked her if she would smoke. On meeting her again, he requested her to make some garment for his child, and for this he paid her a shilling. He afterwards took the trouble of visiting her for the purpose of assuring her, that "in a fortnight she should be her own mistress." Her last interview, it must be allowed, shows his shrewdness to rather more advantage than his

* Anawon is said to have been Philip's chief counsellor and captain during the war; and also to have fought under Massasoit. But the latter was not a very belligerent character; nor do we find mention of Anawon's services under Philip, previous to the time of his fall at the swamp-skirmish, when the counsellor made his escape. Hubbard states that he boasted of having killed ten whites in one day; but nearly all that is known of him we derive from the picturesque account of his capture by Church, who headed an expedition for the express purpose. Anawon met his misfortune, and even entertained his conqueror, most manfully on that occasion, and Church reciprocated his courtesies; but all in vain—the old warrior, with many others of his tribe, was soon after beheaded at Plymouth. To the traveller from Taunton to Providence, through the south-east corner of Rehoboth, *Anawon's rock* is pointed out to this day—an enormous pile, from twenty-five to thirty feet high, on a sort of island in a swamp of some thousand acres.

fair dealing. It was Indian stratagem in war-time, however; and the half-clad sachem was at this very time living upon ground-nuts, acorns and lily-roots. "Philip, smelling the business, [her ransom,] called me to him, and asked me what I would give him to tell me some good news, and to speak a good word for me, that I might go home to-morrow. I told him I could not tell,—but anything I had,—and asked him what he would have. He said two coats, and twenty shillings in money, half a bushel of seed-corn, and some tobacco. *I thanked him for his love, but I knew that good news as well as that crafty fox.*" It is probable he was amusing himself with this good woman, much as he did with the worthy Mr. Gookin; but at all events, there are no traces of malevolent feeling in these simple anecdotes.

What is more striking, we find that when one James Brown, of Swanzeey, brought him a letter from Plymouth, just before hostilities commenced, and the young warriors were upon the point of killing him, Philip interfered and prevented it, saying, that "his father had charged him to show kindness to Mr. Brown." Accordingly, it is recorded in Hubbard, that a little before his death, the old sachem had visited Mr. Brown, who lived not far from Montaup, and earnestly desired that the love and amity *he* had received might be continued to the children. It was probably this circumstance, which induced Brown himself to engage in such a hazardous enterprise, after an interval, probably, of some twenty years.

Nor should we pass over the kindness of Philip to the Leonard family, who resided near Fowling Pond, in what is now Raynham. Philip, who wintered at Montaup,—for the convenience of fishing, perhaps,—was accustomed to spend the summer at a hunting-house, by this pond.* There he became acquainted with the Leonards, traded with them, and had his arms repaired by them frequently. On the breaking out of the war, he gave strict orders that these men should never be hurt, as they never were; and, indeed, the whole town of Taunton, as it then was, remained almost entirely unmolested throughout the war, and amid all the ravages and massacres which daily took place upon its very borders. How much of provocation and humiliation he was himself enduring meanwhile, we have already seen. All his relations were killed or captured, and a price set upon his own life.

It is a matter of melancholy interest to know that the sachem, wretched and hopeless as he had become in his last days, was still surrounded by a band of his faithful and affectionate followers. At the very moment of his fatal surprise by the English, he is said to have been telling them of his gloomy dreams,† and advising them to

* A forge is still in operation upon the site of the one here mentioned.

† The violent prejudice existing against Philip, unmitigated even by his sufferings and death, appears singularly in a parenthetical surmise of Hubbard, "whether the devil appeared to him that night in a dream, foreboding his tragical end, *it matters not.*" So Mather says he was hung up like Ahag, after being shot through his "venomous and murderous heart." Church, generally an honorable and humane man, speaks of his fallen foe in terms which we regard his reputation too much to repeat.

desert him and provide for their own safety. A few minutes after this, he was shot in attempting to escape from the swamp. An Englishman,—one Cook,—aimed at him, but his gun missed fire; the Indian who was stationed to watch at the same place discharged his musket, and shot him through the heart. The news of this success was of course received with great satisfaction; Church says that “the whole army gave three loud huzzas.” It is to be regretted that the honest captain suffered his prejudices to carry him so far that he denied the rites of burial to his great enemy. He had him quartered, on the contrary, and his head carried to Plymouth, where, as Mather is careful to tell us, it arrived on the very day when the church there were keeping a solemn thanksgiving. The conqueror’s temper was soured by the illiberality of the government toward himself. For this march he received but four and sixpence a man, together with thirty shillings a head for the killed. He observes that Philip’s head went at the same price, and he thought it a “scanty reward and poor encouragement.” The sachem’s head was carried about the colony in triumph;* and the Indian who killed him was rewarded with one of his hands. To finish the wretched detail, several of his principal royalties were soon after given up by one of his chief captains; and the lock of the gun which was fatal to him, with a *samp*-dish found in his wigwam, are still to be seen among the antiquities of the Historical Society of Massachusetts. Montaup, which became the subject of a dispute between the Massachusetts and Plymouth colonies, was finally awarded to the latter by a special decision of King Charles.

Last and worst of all, his only son, a boy of nine years of age, whom we have already noticed as among the English captives, was sold as a slave and shipped to Bermuda. It should be stated, however, that this unfortunate measure was not taken without some scruples. The Plymouth court was so much perplexed upon the occasion, as to conclude upon applying to the clergymen of the colony for advice. Mr. Cotton was of opinion that “the children of notorious traitors, rebels, and murderers, especially such as have been principal leaders and actors in such horrid villanies, might be involved in the guilt of their parents, and might, *salva republica*, be adjudged to death.” Dr. Increase Mather compared the child to Hadad, whose father was killed by Joab; and he intimates, that if Hadad himself had not escaped, David would have taken measures to prevent his molesting the next generation. It is gratifying to know that the course he recommended was postponed, even to the ignominious and mortifying one we have mentioned.

Such was the impression which had been universally forced upon the colonists by the terrible spirit of Philip. And never was a civilised or uncivilised enemy more generally or more justly feared. How much greater his successes might have been, had circumstances

* It was kept many years at Plymouth. Dr. Mather says in 1700—“It is not long since the hand which now writes, upon a certain occasion took off the jaw from the exposed skull of that blasphemous leviathan.”

avored instead of opposing him, it is fortunately impossible for us to estimate. It is confessed, however, that had even the Narragansetts joined him during the first summer of the war,—as nothing but the abrupt commencement of it prevented them from doing,—the whole country, from the Piscataqua to the Sound, must have been overswept and desolated. But as it was, Philip did and endured enough to immortalise him as a warrior, a statesman, and we may add, as a high-minded and noble patriot. Whatever might be the prejudice against him in the days of terror produced by his prowess, there are both the magnanimity and the calmness in these times to do him the justice he deserves. He fought and fell, miserably indeed, but gloriously,—the avenger of his own household, the worshipper of his own gods, the guardian of his own honor, a martyr for the soil which was his birth-place, and for the proud liberty which was his birth-right.

CHAPTER III.

THE NARRAGANSETT TRIBE—TERRITORY AND POWER—CHIEF SACHEMS AT THE DATE OF THE ENGLISH SETTLEMENTS IN NEW ENGLAND.

Next to the Pokanoket confederacy, none has a stronger claim on the early notice of the historian than the Narragansett; a nation composed of various small tribes, inhabiting a large part of the territory which afterwards formed the colony of Rhode-Island. Their dominion extended also over the islands in the bay of their own name; and the sagamores of a part of Long-Island, Block-Island, Cawesit, and Niantick were either their tributaries or subject to them in some other way. They had once been able to raise more than four thousand warriors; and so late as Philip's time, we have seen they could muster two thousand, one half of whom were provided with English arms, and were skilful in the use of them. From time immemorial they had waged war with both the Pokanokets on the north and the Pequots on the west.

It might be expected that the rulers of such a confederacy, thus situated, should be men of talent and energy; and this expectation will not be disappointed. Throughout the history of the New England Indians, as we find no people more resolute in declaring what they believed to be their rights, or more formidable in defending them, so we find no sachems more ready and able than theirs on all occasions to sustain the high spirit of their subjects.

There is an unnecessary confusion in the information conveyed by some of our best annalists, respecting the particular personage who governed the Narragansetts at the date of the first intercourse between them and the English. Governor Hutchinson, for example, speaks in one case of Canonicus as being their chief sachem. In another, alluding to the death of Miantonomo, while the former was yet living,

he observes, that although they had lost their chief sachem, yet they had divers other stout ones, as Canonicus, Pessacus, and others.

The ambiguity has arisen from the circumstance, that, although Canonicus exercised the chief authority of the country when the English first arrived, he soon after became associated in the government with Miantonomo, his nephew. What were the particular conditions of the royal co-partnership, or what was the occasion of it, cannot now be determined. Some writers suppose that the sole authority belonged to the younger of the two, and that the elder acted in the capacity of regent; but considering that the association continued during the whole term of the joint lives of the two, it appears more probable that Canonicus, finding himself far advanced in years, as well as encumbered with the charge of an extensive dominion, at the period of the first English settlements, thought proper to make such an alteration in his regal state as seemed to be required by the exigencies of the times. He therefore selected as an associate the most popular and active prince of his own family.

Mr. Hutchinson himself appears finally to adopt the conclusion we have just stated. In a part of his history subsequent to the passage above cited, he refers to information derived from authentic manuscripts, which furnished the opinion of the Narragansetts themselves upon the subject. The oldest of that people reported, when the English first arrived, that they had in former times a sachem called Tash-tassack, incomparably superior to any other in the whole country in dominion and state. This chieftain, said they, had only two children, a son and a daughter; and not being able to match them according to their dignity, he joined them together in wedlock. They had four sons; and of these, Canonicus, "who was sachem when the English came," was the eldest.

Mr. Hutchinson observes, that this is the only piece of Indian history or tradition of any sort from the ancestors of our first Indians, he had ever met with. The brothers of Canonicus here referred to are occasionally spoken of by the old writers, but not as having signalised themselves by any thing worthy of notice.

The fact that Canonicus and his nephew administered the government in harmony as well as in union, is shown most clearly by the letters of Roger Williams.* It is well known that, in 1634, when that reverend gentleman was compelled to leave the Massachusetts colony, (on account of his religious opinions,) he fled to Seekonk. But that place lying within the limits of the Plymouth jurisdiction, and the people of that colony being unwilling to embroil themselves with Massachusetts, Governor Winslow informed him of the difficulty which was apprehended, and advised him to occupy a spot on the other side of the river, without the boundaries of either jurisdiction.

* The writer of the *Key to the Indian Languages* says: "Their agreement in the government is remarkable. The old sachem will not be offended at what the young sachem doth; and the young sachem will not do what he conceives will displease his uncle."

Upon this Mr. Williams, utterly forlorn, crossed the river, and threw himself on the mercy of Canonicus.

The savage chieftain—to his eternal praise be it recorded—received him with a hospitality worthy of an emperor. At first, indeed, he was suspicious of his visiter's motives, and he was none the more prepossessed in his favor, from his subjects having recently suffered excessively from a formidable epidemic, which he supposed to have been introduced by the English. "At my first coming among them," Mr. Williams writes, "Canonicus* (*morosus aequae ac barbarus senex*) was very sour, and accused the English and myself of sending the plague among them, and threatening to kill *him* especially." Soon afterwards, however, he not only permitted the refugee, and the poor wanderers who had followed him from Salem, to have a resting-place in his domain, but he gave them all "the neck of land lying between the mouths of Pawtucket and Moshasuck rivers, that they might sit down in peace upon it, and enjoy it forever." Mr. Williams divided this land equally among his followers, and founded the town of Providence. The settlement of Rhode Island commenced at Patuxet a short time afterwards, Canonicus conveying to Williams nearly the whole of what is now Providence at one time.

The kindness of the Narragansett rulers is the more creditable to their feelings, inasmuch as the former relations between them and the English colonies had been far enough from friendly. Early in 1622, their threats of hostility were so open, that the English were receiving constant intelligence of their designs from the Indians in their own alliance; and not long afterwards Canonicus sent a herald to Plymouth, who left a bundle of arrows enclosed in a rattlesnake's skin—the customary challenge to war. The governor despatched a messenger in return, bearing the same skin stuffed with gunpowder and bullets; assuring the chieftain, also, that if he had shipping, instead of troubling *him* to come so far as Plymouth to gratify his wish for fighting, he would have sought him in his own country;—and furthermore, that whenever he did come, he should find the English ready for him. This resolute message had the desired effect, and the sachem's superstition confirmed it. Fearful of some mysterious injury, he refused to touch the skin, and would not suffer it even to remain in his house. It passed through several hands, and at length was returned to the colony unopened.

In 1632, the sachem made an attack on Massasoit, who fled for refuge to an English house at Sowams, and sent despatches for the assistance of his English allies. As Captain Standish took a special interest in this case, there must soon have been a warm contest between the parties, had not the Narragansetts hastily retreated, on account of a rumor that the Pequots were invading their own territory. Four years afterwards, when the last named nation formed the design of completely extirpating the English from New England, they

* There are a number of other modifications of this name in use.

applied to their old enemies, Canonicus and Miantonomo, to conclude a peace, and to engage them, with as many other tribes as possible, in a common cause against the colonists.

The sachems are said to have wavered on that occasion between the gratification of present revenge upon the Pequots, and the prospect of an ultimate triumph over the English power by uniting with them. Their friendship for Roger Williams, and the influence he was consequently enabled to exercise, probably turned the scale. Miantonomo informed him of the Pequot application; Mr. Williams forwarded the news immediately to Governor Winthrop at Boston, and Canonicus, by the same messenger, sent word of recent depredations which he had just understood to have been committed by the Pequots at Saybrook. The governor, probably following the suggestion of Mr. Williams, sent for Miantonomo to do him the honor of a visit.

He came to Boston accordingly in September, 1636, attended by two of the sons of Canonicus, another sachem, and about twenty sanops, (or male adults). As he had given notice of his approach the day previous, the governor sent a corps of musketeers to meet him at Roxbury, and they escorted him into town about noon. By this time Mr. Winthrop had called together most of the magistrates and ministers of Boston, but it being now dinner time, ceremony and business were both postponed. The sachems dined by themselves in the same room with the governor, while the sanops were amply provided for at an inn. In the afternoon Miantonomo made his proposals of peace, and said that, in case of their acceptance, he should in two months send a present to confirm them. The governor, according to their own custom, asked time to consider this proposal. At the second conference, which took place the next morning, the following terms were agreed upon, and subscribed by the governor on the one hand, and the marks of the sachems on the other:

1. A firm peace between the Massachusetts colony and the other English plantations, (with their consent,) and *their* confederates (with *their* consent).

2. Neither party to make peace with the Pequots without consultation with the other.

3. Not to harbor the Pequots.

4. To put to death or deliver over murderers, and to return fugitive servants.

5. The English to notify them when they marched against the Pequots, and *they* to send guides.

6. Free trade between the two nations.

7. None of them to visit the English settlements during the war with the Pequots, without some Englishman or known Indian in company.

The treaty was to continue to the posterity of both nations. On its conclusion, the parties dined together as before. They then took formal leave of each other, and the sachems were escorted out of town, and dismissed with a volley of musketry. The present promised by Miantonomo appears to have been sent in early in 1637,

when a deputation of twenty-six Narragansetts came to Boston with forty fathom of wampum and a Pequot's hand. The governor gave each of the four sachems in the company "a coat of fourteen shillings price, and deferred to return his present till after, according to their manner." It is well known how fully the Narragansetts discharged their engagements in the expedition which took place about this time against the Pequots. They also furnished, through Mr. Williams, not a little useful information respecting the common enemy, by which the expedition was guided at the outset, and offered the use of the harbors of the Narragansett coast for the English vessels.

The joint invasion of the allies took place in May. The English forces, taking the Narragansett country in their way, acquainted Canonius and Miantonomo with their arrival and plan of campaign. The latter met them the next day with about two hundred of his chief counsellors and warriors. Mason made a formal request for permission to pass through his territories, on his way to the Pequot forts. Miantonomo, after a solemn consultation, replied, that he highly approved of the expedition, and would send men, especially as the English force appeared to him quite too insignificant to meet the Pequots, who were great warriors. About five hundred warriors accordingly marched against the enemy under the command of Mason, and some of them did active service. The chief sachems took no part, personally, in the campaign.

In September, 1638, the Pequots being completely conquered, Uncas, the chief sachem of the Mohegans, (who had assisted in the war,) and Miantonomo, were invited to meet the Connecticut magistrates at Hartford, to agree upon a division of captives. These were two hundred in number, besides women and children. Eighty of them were allotted to the Narragansett sachem; twenty to a neighboring chief, Ninigret; and the other one hundred to Uncas. The Pequots were to pay an annual tribute of wampum at Hartford. It was also covenanted that there should be a perpetual peace between Miantonomo and Uncas; that all past injuries should be buried; that if any should be committed in future, complaints should be submitted amicably to the arbitration of the English, both parties being bound to abide by their decision on pain of incurring their hostility. No open enemies of the English were to be harbored, and all individual criminals were to be given over to justice.

The terms of this treaty did not long remain inviolate. Whatever were the motives of Miantonomo, and whatever his justification, he soon became bitterly hostile to the Mohegans at least. It might have been reason enough with him for opposing both them and the English, that *either* was his enemy, because he knew them to be bound together by alliance of offence and defence. But it seems probable that he intended only to fight the Mohegans. His old grudge against the Pequots revived against *them* as a branch of the Pequot stock. Uncas, too, was his greatest personal rival; and Miantonomo was ambitious to stand at the head of all the New England Indians. If, however, as has been asserted by some, his main design was to resist the growing

power of the English from merely patriotic motives, it was clear that an essential step towards the attainment of this object, and especially towards a hostile union of all the tribes, must be the death of Uncas and the suppression of his tribe. Other causes of hostility will be considered hereafter.

But be the reasoning of the sachem what it might, his measures were of a character not to be mistaken. Great efforts were made for a general co-operation of the tribes, especially in Connecticut. They were observed to be collecting arms and ammunition, and to be making a general preparation for war. The colonists thought themselves obliged to keep guard and watch every night from sunset to sunrise, and to protect their inhabitants from town to town, and even from one place to another in the same neighborhood.

Meanwhile Miantonomo is said to have hired a Pequot, subject to Uncas, to kill him. The assassin made an attempt in the spring of 1643. He shot Uncas through the arm, and then fled to the Narragansetts, reporting through the Indian towns that he had killed him. When it was understood, however, that the wound was not fatal, the Pequot circulated a rumor that Uncas had purposely cut his own arm with a flint, and then charged the Pequot with shooting him. But Miantonomo soon after going to Boston in company with the refugee, the governor and magistrates, on examination, found clear evidence that the latter was guilty of the crime with which he was charged. They proposed sending him to Uncas to be punished; but Miantonomo pleaded that he might be suffered to return with himself, and gave them to understand, it is said, that *he* would send him to Uncas. He took occasion to exculpate himself of all blame in the affair, and convinced them so completely that his requests were granted. Two days afterwards he killed the Pequot with his own hand.

About the same time an event took place in another direction, under circumstances which strongly indicated the same authorship. Sequassen, a sachem on the Connecticut river, killed a principal Indian of the Mohegan tribe, and waylaid Uncas himself as he was going down the river, and shot several arrows at him. Uncas complained to the governor and court of the colony, who took great pains to settle the affair, but without success. He was finally induced to accept of one of Sequassen's Indians, to be given up as an equivalent for the murdered man; but Sequassen would not consent to submission or concession of any kind. He insisted upon fighting. Uncas accepted his challenge, and invaded his territory; and Sequassen was defeated, with the loss of many of his wigwams burned and his men killed.

As the conquered sachem was nearly allied to Miantonomo, and upon intimate terms with him, it was generally *believed* that he acted from his instigation, and with the promise of his assistance in case of necessity. He even expressed openly his reliance on the aid of Miantonomo.

The Narragansett chief was not a man to desert his ally or to retreat from his foe. Having hastily matured a plan of campaign, it was the next object to strike the intended blow with the most possible

effect, and that implied the least possible notice. He raised an army of between five hundred and one thousand men, and marched towards the Mohegan territory. The spies of Uncas discovered their approach, and gave him intelligence. The enemy was already near, and Uncas was unprepared; but he hastily rallied four or five hundred of his men, and telling them that the enemy must by no means be suffered to surprise them in their villages, marched out to meet him forthwith. At the distance of three or four miles the two armies encountered each other upon a large plain. Meanwhile Uncas, who found himself obliged to rely more upon stratagem than strength, had acquainted his warriors on the march with a plan which he now proceeded to put in execution.

He desired a parley, and the two armies halted in the face of each other. Then advancing in the front of his men, he addressed Miantonomo: "You have a number of stout men with you, and so have I with me. It is a great pity that such brave warriors should be killed in a private quarrel between us only. Come on, then, like a man, as you profess to be, and let us fight it out. If you kill me, my men shall be yours; if I kill you, your men shall be mine." Miantonomo saw his advantage too clearly to accept such a proposal. "My warriors," said he, "have come a long way to fight, and they *shall* fight." The reply was anticipated, and it was scarcely uttered when Uncas fell to the ground. His men discharged over him a shower of arrows upon the Narragansetts, and then following up the surprise without a moment's interval, rushed upon them furiously with a hideous yell, and soon put them to flight.

The pursuit was sustained with a ferocious eagerness. The enemy were chased down rocks and precipices, like the doe flying from the huntsman. About thirty were slain, and a much greater number wounded. Miantonomo was exceedingly pressed. Some of the bravest men of Uncas at length came up with him, but not daring actually to skirmish with him, or preferring to leave that honor to their leader, they contrived to impede his flight by twitching him back, and then passed him. Uncas now came up, and rushing forward like a lion greedy of his prey, he seized him by the shoulder. The Narragansett saw his fate was decided. Uncas was a man of immense strength, and his warriors were thick around him. He stopped, sat down sullenly, and spake not a word. Uncas gave the Indian whoop, and called up a party of his men, who gathered about the royal captive and gazed at him. He still continued moody and speechless. Some of his sachems were slain before his eyes, but he moved not a muscle. "Why do you not speak?" inquired Uncas, at length; "had you taken me, I should have besought you for my life." But the Narragansett was too proud to ask such a boon of his enemy, and especially of his rival. Uncas, however, spared his life for the present, and returned in great triumph to Mohegan, leading along with him the splendid living evidence of his victory.

The notorious Samuel Gorton having purchased lands of Miantonomo under the jurisdiction of Plymouth and Massachusetts, and

expecting to be vindicated by him in his claims against those colonies and against other Indian tribes, he immediately sent word to Uncas to give up his prisoner, and threatened him with the vengeance of the colonies if he refused a compliance. But Uncas shrewdly bethought himself of a safer course. He carried his prisoner to Hartford, and asked advice of the governor and magistrates. There being no open war between the Narragansetts and English, these authorities were unwilling to interfere in the case, and they recommended a reference of the whole affair to the commissioners of the United Colonies at their next meeting in September. Meanwhile Miantonomo had recovered his speech. He probably expected better treatment with the English than with Uncas, and he now earnestly pleaded to be committed to their custody. Uncas consented to leave him at Hartford, but insisted on having him kept as *his* prisoner.

At the meeting of the commissioners, the whole affair was laid before them. In their opinion it was fully proved that Miantonomo had made attempts against the life of Uncas, by all the means and measures heretofore alluded to, and by poison and sorcery besides; that he had murdered the Pequot assassin with his own hand, instead of giving him up to justice; that he was the author of a general plot among the Indian tribes against the colonies; and that he had moreover gone so far as to engage the aid of the Mohawks, who were now within a day's journey of the English settlements, waiting only for Miantonomo's release to serve him according to his pleasure.

"These things being duly weighed and considered," say the commissioners in their report, "we apparently see that Vncas cannot be safe while Myantonomo lives, but that either by secret treachery or open force his life will still be in danger. Wherefore we thinke he may justly putt such a false and blood-thirsty enemy to death, but in his owne jurisdiccon, not in the English plantacon; and advising that in the manner of his death all mercy and moderacon be shewed, contrary to the practice of the Indians, who exercise tortures and cruelty; and Vncas haveing hitherto shewed himself a friend to the English, and in this craveing their advice, if the Nanohiggansetts Indians or others shall unjustly assault Vncas for this execucon, vpon notice and request, the English promise to assist and protect him, as farr as they may, against such vyolence."

The commissioners further directed that Uncas should immediately be sent for to Hartford, with some of his trustiest men, and informed of the sentence passed upon his captive. He was then to take him into the nearest part of his own territory, and there put him to death in the presence of certain discreet English persons who were to accompany them, "and see the execucon for our more full satisfaccon, and that the English meddle not with the head or body at all." The Hartford government was subsequently to furnish Uncas with forces enough to defend him against all his enemies.

These directions were promptly obeyed. Uncas made his appearance at Hartford, received his prisoner, and marched off with him to the very spot where the capture had happened. At the instant they

arrived on the ground, a Mohegan who marched behind Miantonomo split his head with a hatchet, killing him at a single stroke, so that he was probably unacquainted with the mode of his execution. Tradition says that Uncas cut out a piece of his shoulder, and ate it in savage triumph. "He said it was the sweetest meat he ever eat—it made his heart strong." The royal victim was buried, by the conqueror's order, at the place of his death, and a great heap or pillar was erected over his grave. The field of battle, situated in the eastern part of the town of Norwich, is called the Sachem's Plain to this day.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PEQUOT TRIBE—THEIR FIRST CHIEF-SACHEM KNOWN TO THE ENGLISH, PEKOATH.

THE Pequots, or Pequods, inhabited that part of the southern coast of New England which is now comprehended within the limits of Connecticut. They are said to have been originally an inland tribe, and to have gained possession, by mere force of arms, of the fine territory which they occupied at the date of their first acquaintance with the English. They were in the meridian of their glory and power about forty years previous to that period, and were then the most considerable tribe in New England, mustering as many as four thousand bowmen. Their principal settlements were now about New London and Groton; the former of which was their chief harbor, and called by their own name. The Nipmuck Indians, on their north, were still tributary to them. So also were a part of the Long Islanders, and most of the Indians on the Connecticut river. The Narragansetts alone of the neighboring tribes had been able to oppose them with success, and against that nation they waged an implacable and almost perpetual war.

The first great sachem of the Pequots known to the English was Pekoath, from whom they probably derived the national name. He appears to have been a great warrior. He was going on conquering and to conquer, when the earliest settlements of the English were made upon the Massachusetts coast. Tribe after tribe retreated before him as he advanced, till his terrible myrmidons were at length in a situation to locate themselves at their ease on the best soil, and beneath the most genial skies of New England.

As early as 1631, Waghinacut, a sachem of one of the expelled or subjected tribes just mentioned, travelled across the wilderness to Boston; and attended by a Massachusetts Sagamore, and one Jack Straw (an Indian who had formerly lived with Sir Walter Raleigh in England,) made application for the alliance or assistance of the Massachusetts government against Pekoath. He gave a glowing description of his native land; and promised, if some of the English would go there and settle, that he would supply them with corn, and pay them eighty

beaver skins yearly. This proposition being rejected, he desired that at least two men might be permitted to accompany him, with the view of examining the country. He showed great anxiety to effect that object, but to no purpose; the governor suspected some stratagem, and politely dismissed his visiter with the compliment of a good dinner at his own table.*

The successor of Pekoath, and the last as well as the first great sachem of his tribe known personally to the whites, was Sassacus, a warrior of high renown, who, when the English commenced their settlements in Connecticut, soon after the transaction last mentioned, had no fewer than twenty-six sachems or war-captains under his dominion, and could at that time muster, at the smallest calculation, seven hundred bowmen. The site of his principal fortress and residence was on a most beautiful eminence in the town of Groton, commanding one of the best prospects of the Sound and the adjacent country which can be found upon the coast. Another strong-hold was a little farther eastward, near Mystic river; and this also was finely situated upon a verdant swell of land, gradually descending towards the south and southeast.

Sassacus, and his warlike Pequots, are almost the only American chieftain and tribe who, in the light of history, seem to have been from the outset disposed to inveterate hostility against all foreigners. They were, as Trumbull observes, men of great and independent spirits; and had conquered and governed the nations around them without control. They viewed the English especially, as not only strangers but mere intruders, without right or pretence of right to the country, who had nevertheless taken the liberty to make settlements and build forts in their very neighborhood, without asking their consent—and even to restore the Indian kings whom they had subjected, to their former lands and authority. Under these circumstances, it is no matter of wonder, that the whites had scarcely located themselves within the bounds of Connecticut, when “that great, spirited and warlike nation, the Pequots, began to murder and plunder them, and to wound and kill their cattle.”

And yet—setting aside the general offence committed, or at least by Sassacus understood to be committed, in the act of making settlements without leave—it does not clearly appear whether the first particular provocation was given on the one side or the other. It is only known, that in the summer of 1633, one Captain Stone, on a voyage from Maine to Virginia, put into the mouth of the Connecticut river, and was there murdered by the natives, with all his crew. Three of them, who went ashore to kill fowl, were first surprised and despatched. A sachem, with some of his men, then came aboard, and staid with Captain Stone in his cabin until the latter fell asleep. The sachem then knocked him on the head; and his crew being at this time in the cook's

* Winthrop's Journal. Waghinacut persevered, however, and succeeded. He went to Plymouth, and Governor Winslow sent out a party, at his suggestion, who are understood to have been the first discoverers of Connecticut river and the adjacent parts.

room, the Indians took such guns as they found charged, and fell upon them. At this moment, all the powder on board the vessel, in the hurry of sudden alarm, was accidentally exploded. The deck was blown up; but most of the Indians escaping, returned, completed the massacre, and burned the wreck.

Such was the English account of the proceeding. The Pequots had a different story to tell. In October, 1634, Sassacus sent a messenger to the Governor of Massachusetts, to desire friendship and alliance. This man brought two bundles of sticks with him, by which he signified how many beaver and otter skins his master would give, besides a large quantity of wampum. He brought also a small present. The governor received it, and returned a moose coat of the same value; but sent word to Sassacus withal, that a treaty could not be negotiated, unless he would send men proper to negotiate, and enough of them.

Accordingly, but a fortnight afterwards, (though the distance to the Pequot country was a five-days' journey,) two more messengers arrived at Boston, bringing another present of wampum. They were told in answer to their renewed application, that the English would willingly come to amicable terms with Sassacus, but that his men having murdered Captain Stone, he must first surrender up the offenders to justice. The messengers readily replied, that the sachem concerned in that transaction had since been killed by the Dutch, and that all the other offenders had died of the small-pox, excepting two. These they presumed Sassacus would surrender, if the guilt were proved upon them. They asserted, that Captain Stone, after entering their river, had taken two of their men, and detained them by force, and made them pilot the vessel up the river. The captain and two of his crew then landed, taking the guides on shore, with their hands still bound behind them. The natives there fell upon and killed them. The vessel, with the remainder of the crew on board, was blown up—they knew not how or wherefore.

This—in the words of the journalist who gives the particulars—was related with so much confidence and gravity, that the English were inclined to believe it, especially as they had no means of proving its falsity. A treaty was concluded on the following terms:

1. The English to have as much land in Connecticut as they needed; provided they would make a settlement there: and the Pequots to render them all the assistance they could.

2. The Pequots to give the English four hundred fathoms of wampum, and forty beaver and thirty otter skins; and to surrender the two murderers whenever they should be sent for.

3. The English were to send a vessel immediately, "to trade with them as friends, tho' not to defend them," and the Pequots would give them all their "custom."

The agreement was put in writing, and subscribed by the two messengers with their marks. The chief object proposed by Sassacus in effecting it, appears to have been, not the assistance of the English in his wars, but their commerce in peace. He thought himself competent to fight his own battles, and perhaps would have made no

attempt to conciliate even the English, but for having quarrelled with the Dutch of New York, who had hitherto supplied him, and thereby lost their trade as well as incurred their hostility.

Meanwhile, he was at deadly war, as usual, with the Narragansetts. The very next morning after the treaty was concluded, and while the messengers still tarried in Boston, news came that a party of two or three hundred of the tribe last named had come as far as Neponsett, (the boundary between Milton and Dorchester,) for the purpose of laying wait and killing the Pequots on their way home. The English immediately despatched a small armed force, to request a visit from the Narragansetts; and two sachems, with about twenty of their men, obeyed the summons. They said they had been hunting round about the country, and came to visit the Indians at Neponsett, according to old custom. However this might be, they showed themselves quite ready to gratify the English in their requests; and the Pequots were permitted to return home unmolested.

A passage in the Journal of Winthrop, relating to this occasion, illustrates the spirit of Sassacus and his subjects. The Narragansetts were privately told by the governor, that if they should happen to make peace with the Pequots, they should receive a goodly proportion of the wampum just sent. "For the Pequots held it dishonourable to offer them any thing as of themselves, yet were willing we would give it them, and indeed did offer us so much to that end."

Thus matters remained until 1636. During that season one Oldham, an Englishman who had been trading in Connecticut, was murdered by a party of Block-Island Indians; several of whom are said to have taken refuge among the Pequots, and to have been protected by them. On the strength of this fact and this supposition, the Governor of Massachusetts—Mr. Oldham being a Dorchester resident—despatched a force of ninety men, under Captain Endecott, commissioned (as Mr. Winthrop tells us) to put to death the men of Block-Island, but to spare the women and children, and bring them away, and take possession of the Island. Thence they were to go to the Pequots, "to demand the murderers of Captain Stone and other English, and one thousand fathom of wampum for damages, &c., and some of their children as hostages, which if they should refuse, they were to obtain it by force."

The proceedings which ensued upon the attempt to execute these orders ought not to be overlooked. From Block-Island, the English sailed to Pequot harbor. Here an Indian came out to them in a canoe, and demanded who they were, and what they would have in the country of the Pequots. Endecott replied, that he came from the Governor of Massachusetts, to speak with the Pequot sachems. The Indian answering that Sassacus was gone to Long-Island, he was directed to communicate Endecott's message to another sachem. He returned to the shore, and the English meanwhile made a landing. The messenger came back, and the Indians began to gather about the English. Several hours passed in desultory conference, until Endecott, growing impatient, announced his commission to the crowd which surrounded

him, and at the same time sent word to the sachem, that unless he would come to him or satisfy his demands, he should try forcible measures. The messenger, who had been several times running to and fro between the parties, said that the sachem would come forward if the English would lay down their arms, the Indians also leaving their bows and arrows at a distance.

Endecott was incensed by the proposal, considering it a pretext for gaining time. He therefore bade the Pequots begone, and take care of themselves; they had dared the English to come and fight with them, he said, and now he was ready for the battle. The Pequots withdrew peaceably to a distance. When they were beyond musket-shot, "he marched after them, supposing they would have stood it awhile, as they did to the Dutch,"—but they all fled, letting fly a few arrows among the English, which did no damage. Two of their own number were killed and several more wounded; and the English then marched up to their village, and burned all their wigwams and mats. At night, concludes the historian, they returned to their vessels; and the next day they went ashore on the west side of the river, and burnt all their wigwams and spoiled their canoes in that quarter; and so set sail and came to the Narragansett country. There they landed their men, and "on the 14th of 7ber they came all safe to Boston, which was a marvellous Providence of God, that not a hair fell from the head of any of them, nor any sick nor feeble person among them."

The sequel of the tragedy must be gathered from other authorities. A detachment of Endecott's party was appointed to reinforce the English garrison at Saybrook. Lying wind-bound off Pequot harbor, after his departure, a part of these men went on shore to plunder the Pequots, and bring off their corn. Their ravages were interrupted by an attack from these Indians. The skirmish lasted till near evening, and then both parties retired, the English with one man wounded, and the Pequots with a loss unknown. We have given the particulars of this transaction, (according to the English version of course,) because it throws light upon the subsequent relations between Sassacus and the English.

Whatever was the disposition of the Pequots previous to this date, there is no question about them ever afterwards. They determined to extirpate the whites from the limits of Connecticut; and to that great object Sassacus now devoted the whole force of his dominions and the entire energies of his soul. The forts and settlements were assaulted in every direction. In October, five of the Saybrook garrison were surprised, as they were carrying home their hay. A week afterwards, the master of a small English vessel was taken and tortured; and several others within the same month. The garrison just mentioned were so pressed before winter, (1636—7,) that they were obliged to keep almost wholly within reach of their guns. Their out-houses were razed, and their stacks of hay burned; and so many of the cattle as were not killed, often came in at night with the arrows of the enemy sticking in them. In March, they killed four of the garrison, and at the same time surrounding the fort on all sides, challenged the Eng-

lish to come out and fight, mocked them with the groans and prayers of their dying friends whom they had captured, and boasted they could kill Englishmen "*all one flies.*" Nothing but a cannon loaded with grape-shot could keep them from beating the very gates down with their clubs.

Three persons were next killed on the Connecticut river, and nine at Wethersfield. No boat could now pass up or down the river with safety. The roads and fields were every where beset. The settlers could neither hunt, fish, nor cultivate the land, nor travel at home or abroad, but at the peril of life. A constant watch was kept night and day. People went armed to their daily labors, and to public worship; and the church was guarded during divine service. Probably no portion of the first colonists of New England ever suffered so horribly from an Indian warfare, as the Connecticut settlers at this gloomy and fearful period.

Nor was the employment of his own subjects the only measure adopted by Sassacus against his civilised enemy. He knew them too well to despise, however much he detested them. He saw there was need of all the ingenuity of the politician, as well as the prowess of the warrior, to be exercised upon his part; and he therefore entered upon a trial of the arts of diplomacy with the same cunning and courage which were the confidence of his followers in the field of battle. The proposal of alliance, offensive and defensive, which he made to his ancient rival and foe, the chief sachem of the Narragansetts, was a conception worthy of a great and noble soul. And such was the profound skill with which he supported the reasonableness of that policy, that (as we have heretofore seen) Miantonomo himself wavered in his high-minded fidelity to the English cause. But for the presence and influence of Roger Williams, the consummate address of the Pequot must have carried his point.

The measures taken by the other colonies, in consequence of the state of things we have been describing, and the minutiae of the famous expedition of Mason, are too well known to be repeated at length. The contest was not long continued, but it required the most serious efforts on the part of the English; and not only did Massachusetts and Plymouth feel themselves under the necessity of aiding Connecticut in the suppression of this common and terrible foe, but many of the Narragansetts also were called on to aid, with the Nianticks, the Mohegans and other tribes upon the river.

Sassacus must have felt that the day of restitution and reparation was indeed come upon him for all his ancient victories and spoils. Every people in his neighborhood who had suffered, or expected to suffer, from his pride or his power, now gladly witnessed the onset of a new enemy against him; and large numbers availed themselves of the opportunity to do personal service. Not less than five hundred Indians of various tribes accompanied Mason in his march against the great Pequot fortress. Not a few of them, without doubt, remembered old times as well as Miantonomo himself, though they acted very differently in consequence.

These gallant allies were so eager to go against the Pequots, that nothing but the van of the army could satisfy them for their own station.

This was in the evening. As the English approached the fortress about day-light, they halted at the foot of a large hill, and Mason sent word for his allies "to come up." After a long time, Uncas and Wequash* alone made their appearance. "Where is the fort?" inquired Mason. "On the top of that hill," answered they. "And where are the rest of the Indians?"—Uncas said, "they were behind, exceedingly afraid;" and the most that Mason could induce them to do, was to form a semi-circle at a particularly respectful distance, for the purpose of witnessing the attack of the English upon the enemy's fort, and waylaying such of the Pequots as might escape their hands.

The resistance was manly and desperate, but the whole work of destruction was completed in little more than an hour. The extent and violence of the conflagration kindled by the assailants, the reflection of this pyramid of flames upon the forest around, the flashing and roar of arms, the shrieks and yellings of men, women and children within, and the shouts of the allies without, exhibited one of the most awful scenes which the pens of the early historians have described. Seventy wigwams were burnt, and five or six hundred Pequots killed. Parent and child alike, the sanop and squaw, the gray-haired man and the babe, were buried in one promiscuous ruin.

It had been Mason's intention to fall upon both the principal forts of the enemy at once, and finding it impossible, he says, "we were much grieved, chiefly because the greatest and bloodiest sachem there resided, whose name was Sassacus." The execution of this design would have saved him much subsequent loss and labor. That great warrior was so little discouraged by the horrible havoc already made among his subjects, that immediately on receiving the intelligence he despatched, perhaps led on in person, a reinforcement of three hundred warriors, who pursued the English very closely for a distance of six miles on their march towards Pequot harbor.

But the reception which this body met with from the English drove them to desperation. The whole remaining force of the nation repaired to the strong-hold of Sassacus, and vented all their complaints and grievances upon his head. In their fury they even threatened to destroy him and his family; and perhaps nothing but the entreaties of his chief counsellors, who still adhered to him in his misfortunes, prevented his being massacred by his own subjects in his own fort. A large number deserted him as it was, and took refuge among the

* The author of *New England's First Fruits* calls this man a famous captain, a proper man of person, and of very grave and sober spirit. He became religious after the Pequot war, lived sometimes among the whites, and then preached to his countrymen until his death, which was occasioned by a dose of poison wherewith some of them repaid him for his labors. A Massachusetts clergyman says of him, in 1643: "He loved Christ, he preached Christ up and down, and then suffered martyrdom for Christ; and when he dyed, gave his soule to Christ, and his only child to the English, rejoycing in this hope, that the child should know more of Christ than its poore father ever did."

Indians of New York. The fort was then destroyed, and Sassacus himself, with seventy or eighty of his best men, retreated towards the river Hudson.

To kill or capture him was now the main object of the war; and the Pequots were pursued westward, two captured sachems having had their lives spared on condition of guiding the English in the surprisal of their royal master. The enemy were at last overtaken, and a great battle took place in a swamp in Fairfield, where nearly two hundred Pequots were taken prisoners, besides killed and wounded. Seven hundred, it was computed, had now been destroyed in the course of the war. As Mason expresses himself, they were become "a prey to all Indians, and happy were they that could bring in their heads to the English—of which there came almost daily to Windsor or Hartford." So Winthrop writes late in the summer of 1637,—“The Indians about still send in many Pequots’ heads and hands from Long Island and other places,” &c.

But Sassacus was not destined to fall by the hands of the English, although thirteen of his war-captains had already been slain, and he was himself driven from swamp to swamp, by night and day, until life was hardly worthy of an effort to preserve it. Even his own men were seeking his life,—to such extremities were they compelled by fear of the English. One Pequot, whose liberty was granted him on condition of finding and betraying Sassacus, finally succeeded in the search. He came up with him in one of his solitary retreats, but finding his design suspected, and wanting the courage necessary for attacking a warrior whom even his Narragansett enemies had described as “all one god,” he left him in the night, and returned to the English.

The sachem was at last obliged to abandon his country. Taking with him five hundred pounds of wampum, and attended by several of his best war-captains and bravest men, he sought a refuge among the Mohawks. These savages wanted the magnanimity to shelter, or even spare, a formidable rival, now brought within their power by his misfortunes. He was surprised and slain by a party of them, and most of the faithful companions who still followed his solitary wanderings were partakers with him of the same miserable fate. The scalp of Sassacus was sent to Connecticut in the fall, and a lock of it soon after carried to Boston, “as a rare sight,” says Trumbull, and a sure demonstration of the death of a mortal enemy.

Thus perished the last great sachem of the Pequots; and thus was that proud and warlike nation itself, with the exception of a small remnant, swept from the face of the earth. The case requires but brief comment. However this tribe and their chieftain might have been predisposed to treat the English, and however they did treat their Indian neighbors, they commenced their intercourse with the whites, ostensibly, at least, in a manner as friendly and honorable as it was independent. Previous to the treaty, indeed, complaints had grown out of the murder of Stone; but the English had no evidence at all in that case,

while the evidence of the Pequots was, according to their own acknowledgment, cogent, if not conclusive, in support of their innocence.

We may add, that it was confirmed by what is known incidentally of the character of Stone. Governor Winthrop, speaking of his arrival at Boston in June, 1633, on board of a small vessel loaded with "corn and salt," adds, that "the Governor of Plymouth sent Captain Standish to prosecute against him for piracy." The particulars of the accusation need not be stated, for only a few months after this we find the same person mentioned as charged with an infamous crime, "and though it appeared he was in drink, and no *act* to be proved, yet it was thought fit he should abide his trial," &c. He was fined a hundred pounds, and expelled the Massachusetts jurisdiction.

As to the next proceeding recorded—the expedition of the English in 1635—we have only to remark: 1, That the demand of one thousand fathoms of wampum, with no justifiable nor even alleged reason for it, was an imposition and an insult. 2, The English should at least have taken time to see Sassacus himself, his subjects having no more authority than disposition to treat without him. 3, The English, with no apparent provocation, not only insulted but assaulted the Pequots, merely to see if they would "show fight," and then burnt their towns and boats, not a hair of their own heads being meanwhile injured, and Sassacus himself being still absent.

With such inducement the chieftain began a war of extermination, and then indeed it became necessary that one of the two nations at issue should be completely disabled. No civilised reader entertains a doubt as to the result which, under such an alternative, was most to be desired. But he may nevertheless have his opinion respecting the moral propriety, as well as the state policy, of the measures which brought on that horrible necessity. Let the whole truth, then, be exposed. If it shall be found (as we believe it must be) that under the influence of strong and sincere though fatal excitement, a rashness of the civilised party was the ultimate cause of the ruin of the savage, let that injustice be acknowledged, though it should be with shame and tears. Let it be atoned for, as far as it may be, in the only way now possible, by the candid judgment of posterity and history upon the merits and the misfortunes of both.

CHAPTER V.

THE INDIAN TRIBES OF VIRGINIA AT THE DATE OF THE JAMESTOWN SETTLEMENT—THE POWHATAN CONFEDERACY—RECEPTION OF CAPTAIN SMITH BY POWHATAN—INTERPOSITION OF POCAHONTAS IN HIS FAVOR.

At the date of the first permanent settlement effected within the limits of Virginia, and for an unknown period previous to that date, the country from the sea-coast to the Allegany, and from the most southern waters of James river to Patuxent river, (now in the State of Maryland,) was occupied by three principal native nations. Each of

these nations was a confederacy of larger or smaller tribes, and each tribe was subdivided into towns, families or clans, who lived together.* The three general names by which these communities have been ordinarily known are the Mannahoacks, the Monacans, and the Powhatans.

Of these, the two former might be called highland or mountain Indians. They all lived upon the banks of the various small streams which water the hilly country between the falls of the Atlantic rivers and the Alleghany ridge. The Mannahoacks consisted of eight tribes, five of which were located between the Potomac and Rappahannoc, and three between the last named river and the York. Of the five tribes of the Monacans, two were between the York and James, and three extended southward from the James to the boundaries of Carolina. The most powerful respectively of the eight and of the five—the Mannahoacks and the Monacans, properly so called—seem to have given their own names to the entire nation or confederacy of which they were members. The former tribe occupied chiefly what are now Stafford and Spotsylvania counties. The latter resided upon James river above the falls.

The Powhatan nation inhabited the lowland tract, extending laterally from the ocean to the falls of the rivers, and from Carolina on the south to the Patuxent on the north. This comprised a much larger number of tribes than either of the others. As many as ten of them (including the Tauxenents, whose chief residence was about Mount Vernon) were settled between the Potomac and Rappahannoc.† Five others extended between the Rappahannoc and York, eight between the York and James, and five between the James and the borders of Carolina. Beside these, the Accohannoeks and Accomacks, on what is called the eastern shore, (of Chesapeake bay,) have also been considered a part of this nation.

The territory occupied by the whole of this great confederacy, south of the Potomac, comprehended about 8,000 square miles. Smith tells us in his history that, within sixty miles of Jamestown, were 5,000 natives, of whom 1,500 were warriors. Mr. Jefferson has computed the whole number of Powhatan warriors at 2,400, which, according to the proportions between Smith's estimates (being three to ten), would give an entire population of 8,000, or one to each square mile.

This calculation is probably quite moderate enough. It would leave an average of less than one hundred warriors to each of the thirty tribes. But we find it recorded by an early writer, that three hundred appeared under an Indian chieftain in one body at one time, and seven hundred at another, all of whom were apparently of his own tribe. The Chickahominies alone had between three hundred and four hundred fighting men. The Nansamonds and Chesapeake

* Jefferson's Notes on Virginia. The author has apparently intended to use the word *family* in its most enlarged sense.

† Both these rivers have derived their names from the tribes originally settled on them. The former have been commonly called the Patowomekes.

showed on one occasion a force of four hundred. And when Smith ascended the Potomac in June, 1608, though he saw no inhabitants for the first thirty miles, he had scarcely entered "a little bayed creeke towards Onawmanient (now Nominy), when he found all the woods round about layd with ambuscadoes to the number of three or four thousand savages, so strangely paynted, grimmed and disguised, shouting, yelling and crying, as so many spirits from hell could not have showed more terrible."

It is well known that the valiant captain was wont to express his opinions in strong terms, but he has rarely been detected in any great inaccuracy. And the circumstances of this case are in his favor; for it has been truly remarked, that the Powhatan confederacy inhabited a country upon which nature had bestowed singular advantages. Unlike the natives of more northern regions, they suffered little from cold, and less from famine. Their settlements were mostly on the banks of James, Elizabeth, Nansamond, York, and Chickahominy rivers, all which abounded with the most delicious fish and fowl. In his Potomac expedition, Smith met with "that abundance of fish, lying so thicke with their heads above the water, as for want of nets (our barge driving amongst them) we attempted to catch them with a frying-pan." And though the captain naturally enough concluded, after some trials, that this was a poor instrument for his purpose, he persists in adding, that "neither better fish, more plentie, nor more varietie for small fish, had any of vs cuer seene in any place so swimming in the water—but they were not to be caught with frying-pans." He found the stingrays in such abundance among the reeds at the mouth of the Rappahannoc, that he amused himself by nailing them to the ground with his sword; "and thus," he observes, "we tooke more in owne houre than we could eate in a day."

Vast quantities of corn too, yearly rewarded even the simple agriculture of the Indians, bestowed as it was upon the best portions of a generous soil. "Great heapes" of it were seen at Kckoughtan, "and then they brought him venison, turkies, wild fowle, bread, and what else they had." In none of his captivities, or his visits among the natives, did the captain ever suffer from want of food, and he often brought off his boat and his men laden with plenty. The Nansamonds gave him 400 baskets-full at one time. The Chickahominies, though they complained extremely of their own wants, yet "fraughted" him with a hundred bushels. The woods furnished another inexhaustible supply both of fruits and game; so that, on the whole, it is very easy to believe that a considerably greater population than Mr. Jefferson's estimate supposes might have subsisted, without much difficulty, on the soil they are known to have occupied. "And now the winter (of 1607-8) approaching," we are informed in another passage, "the rivers became so covered with swans, geese, duckes and cranes, that we daily feasted with good bread, Virginia pease, putchamins,* and

* A species of indigenous plum, which is elsewhere described as growing to a considerable height, with fruit like a medlar, first green, then

pumpions, fish, fowle, and diverse sorts of wild beasts, so fat as we could eate them, so that none of our Tuftasiaty humorists desired to go for England." On one occasion, when Smith undertook an exploring tour into the interior late in the season, a violent storm obliged him and his men to keep Christmas among the savages. "And we were never more merry," he relates, "nor fed on more plenty of good oysters, fish, flesh, wild fowle, and good bread, nor ever had better fires in England." In a peaceful interval of a few months which occurred during the next season, the Indians are said to have brought into Jamestown more than a hundred deer and other beasts daily for several weeks.

It is evident, at least, that the Powhatan confederacy must have been among the most numerous on the continent. It was warlike, too, and though the situation of the Monacans and Mannahoacks among the hills of the back country protected them in some measure, yet nothing but a union of these two nations could assure them of security against their more powerful neighbors on the coast.

The Powhatans proper, who gave their own appellation to the confederacy of which they were leading members, were located in what is now Henrico county, on the banks of the James river, and at the distance of about two days' journey from the English settlement at its mouth. The principal chief, or emperor, as the old historians style him, of the thirty tribes of the nation, was found by the first colonists residing with these Indians, and is believed to have been one of their number by birth. His proper name was Wahunsonacook. He had that of Powhatan, by which he has been generally designated, from the town so called, which was the chief seat and metropolis of his hereditary dominions. This town is described as pleasantly situated on a hill. It consisted of twelve houses, in front of which were three islets in the river, not far from what in modern times has been called Mayo's plantation, and a little below the spot where Richmond now stands. It was considered by the English both the strongest and pleasantest place in the whole country, and was consequently named Nonsuch, it seems, about two years after the settlement at Jamestown, when it was purchased of the emperor by Smith. "The place is very pleasant," says the captain in his history, "and strong by nature, and about it are many corn-fields."

The occasion of the first acquaintance which the colonists had with Powhatan was as follows: The adventurous and ambitious spirit of Smith had prompted him to make several journeys and voyages along the Virginia coast, and into the interior of the country. Within a few months after the settlement of Jamestown, among other tribes he discovered the Chickahominies, and procured a large quantity of provision from them at a time when the colonists were in great need of it.

But with the idle and unruly in the colony, this good fortune served only to produce murmuring. They complained of his having done so

yellow, and red when ripe. "If it be not ripe, it will draw a man's mouth awry with much torment. If ripe, it is delicious as an apricot."

little, instead of applauding him for having done so much; and some even of the council undertook to say, that he ought to have followed up the Chickahominy river to its source.

Smith was not a man to submit tamely to reproach. He set off again, therefore, in the winter of 1607-8, taking with him a crew sufficient to manage a barge and a smaller boat proper for the navigation of the upper streams. He ascended the Chickahominy with the barge, as far as it could be forced up, by dint of great labor in cutting away trees and clearing a passage. Then leaving it in a broad bay or cove, out of reach of the savages on the banks, the captain, with two other whites and two friendly Indians, proceeded higher up in the smaller boat. Those who were left, meanwhile, in possession of the barge, were ordered on no account to go on shore until his return. The order was disobeyed, for he was scarcely out of sight and hearing, when the whole of the crew went ashore. They were very near forfeiting their lives for their rashness. The Indians, to the number of two or three hundred, lay wait for them among the woods on the bank of the river, under the direction of Opechancanough, Sachem of the Pamunkies, and reputed brother of Powhatan. One George Cassen was taken prisoner, and the savages soon compelled him to tell them which way Smith had gone. They then put him to death in a cruel manner, and continued the pursuit.

The captain, meanwhile, little dreaming of any accident, had gone twenty miles up the river, and was now among the marshes at its source. Here his pursuers came suddenly upon the two Englishmen, who had hauled up their boat and lain down to sleep by a fire on the dry land, (while Smith himself went out some distance to kill game with his musket for a supper.) The unfortunate wretches were shot full of arrows and despatched. The savages then pressed on after Smith, and at last overtook him. Finding himself beset by the multitude, he coolly bound to his arm, with his garters, the young Indian who had attended him as a guide, for a buckler, (what had become of the other does not appear,) and received the enemy's onset so briskly with his fire-arms, that he soon laid three of them dead on the spot, and wounded and galled many others so effectually, that none appeared anxious to approach him. He was himself wounded slightly in the thigh, and had many arrows sticking in his clothes, but he still kept the enemy at bay. His next movement was to endeavor to sheer off to his boat; but taking more notice of his foe than his path as he went, he suddenly slipped up to his middle in an oozy creek. Hampered as he was in this awkward position, not an Indian dared venture near him, until, finding himself almost dead with cold, he threw away his arms and surrendered. Then drawing him out, they carried him to the fire where his men had been slain, carefully chafed his benumbed limbs, and finally restored him to the use of them.

The incidents of the ensuing scene are a striking illustration both of the sagacity of the prisoner and the simplicity of his captors. He called for their chief—through the intervention of his Indian guide,

we suppose—and Opechancanough came forward. Smith presented him with a round ivory double compass-dial, which he carried at his side. The savages were confounded by the playing of the fly and needle, especially as the glass prevented them from touching what they could see so plainly. He then gave them a sort of astronomical lecture, demonstrating “by that Globe-like Jewell,” as he calls it, the roundness of the earth, the skies, the sphere of the sun, moon and stars; “and how the sunne did chase the night round about the world continually, the greatnesse of the land and sea, the diversitie of nations, varietie of complexions, and how we were to them antipodes, and many other such like matters,” his tawny auditors standing all the while motionless and dumb with amazement.

But within about an hour they returned to their original purpose of killing him, as they had killed three of his comrades. He was tied to a tree, and the savages drew up in a circle to shoot him. The arrow was already laid upon a hundred bows. But at this moment Opechancanough held up the compass. This was a signal of delay, if not of mercy, and they threw by their arms at once. With great exultation and parade they then conducted the captive to Orapakes, a hunting-residence of Powhatan, lying on the north side of Chickahominy swamp, and much frequented by that sachem and his family on account of the abundance of game it afforded. The order of procession was a proper Indian file. Opechancanough, marching in the centre, had the English swords and muskets carried before him as a trophy. Next followed Smith, led by three stout savages who held him fast by the arm, while on either side six more marched in file, with their arrows notched, as flank-guards.

On arriving at Orapakes, a village consisting of some thirty to forty mat-houses, the women and children flocked out to gaze at a being so different from any they had ever before seen. The warriors, on the other hand, immediately began a grand war-dance, the best description of which is in Smith's own language. “A good time they continued this exercise, and then cast themselves in a ring, dauncing in such severall postures, and singing and yelling out such hellish notes and screeches; being strangely paynted, every one his quiver of arrows, and at his backe a club; on his arme a fox or an otter's skinnie, or some such matter for a vambrace; their heads and shoulders paynted red, with oyle and pocones* mingled together, which scarlet-like color made an exceeding handsome shew; his bow in his hand, and the skinne of a bird with her wings abroad dyed, tyed on his head; a peece of copper, a white shell, a long feather, with a small rattle growing at the tayls of their snakes tyed, or some such like toy.” Thrice the performers stopped to take breath, and thrice they renewed the dance, Smith and the sachem meanwhile standing in the centre. The company then broke up, and the prisoner was conducted to a

* A small root which turned red by being dried and beat into powder. It was used also for swellings, aches, anointing the joints after fatigue and exposure, and painting garments. Beverly calls it *puccoon*.

long matted wigwam, where thirty or forty tall, stout savages remained about him as a guard. Ere long, more bread and venison was brought him than would have served twenty men. "I thinke," says the captain himself, "my stomach at that time was not very good." He ate something, however, and the remainder was put into baskets, and swung from the roof of the wigwam over his head.

About midnight these liberal provisioners set their fare before him again, never tasting a morsel themselves all the while. But in the morning, when they brought in a fresh reinforcement, they ate the fragments of former meals, and swung up the residue of the last one as before. So little reason had the captain to complain of famine, that he began seriously to believe they were fattening him for the slaughter. He suffered occasionally from the cold, and would have suffered more, but for an unexpected relief. An Indian named Mocasseter brought him his gounce, as Smith calls it—perhaps a fur mantle or a blanket—and gave it to him, professedly in requital of certain beads and toys which Smith had given him at Jamestown, immediately after his arrival in Virginia.*

Two days afterwards he was violently assaulted, and but for his guard would have been killed, by an old Indian whose son had been wounded in the skirmish which took place at his capture. They conducted him to the death-bed of the poor wretch, where he was found breathing his last. Smith told them he had a kind of water at Jamestown which might affect a cure, but they would not permit him to go for it, and the subject was soon forgotten. Within a few days they began to make great preparations for assaulting the English colony by surprise. They craved Smith's advice and assistance in that proceeding, offering him not only life and liberty for his services, but as much land for a settlement, and as many women for wives, as he wanted,—such an opinion had they formed of his knowledge and prowess. He did every thing in his power to discourage their design, by telling them of the mines, the cannon, and various other stratagems and engines of war used by the English. He could only succeed in prevailing upon several of them to carry a note for him to Jamestown, (under pretence of getting some toys,) in which he informed his countrymen of his own situation and the intention of the savages, and requested them to send him without fail by the bearers certain articles which he named. These were to be deposited at a particular spot in the woods near Jamestown. The messengers started off, we are told, in as severe weather as could be of frost and snow, and arrived at Jamestown. There, seeing men sally out from the town to meet them, as Smith had told them would be the case, they were frightened and ran off. But the note was left behind, and so coming again in the evening, they found the articles at the appointed place, and then

* A fine illustration of that principle of gratitude which is as proverbially characteristic of the Indians as their revenge, and for similar reasons. No favor is wasted upon them, and no injury or insult is forgiven. The anecdote following this in the text is an instance in point.

returned homeward in such haste as to reach Orapakes in three days after they had left it.

All thoughts of an attack upon the colony being now extinguished in the astonishment and terror excited by the feats of Smith, they proceeded to lead him about the country in show and triumph. First they carried him to the tribe living on the Youghtanund, since called the Pamunkey river; then to the Mattaponies, the Piankatunks, the Nantaughtacunds on the Rappahannoc, and the Nominies on Potomac river. Having completed this route, they conducted him, through several other nations, to Opechancanough's own habitation at Pamunkey, where, with frightful howlings and many strange ceremonies, they "conjured" him three days in order to ascertain, as they told him, whether he intended them well or ill. An idea may be formed of these proceedings, which took place under Opechancanough's inspection, from the exercises for one day by the captive himself.

Early in the morning, a great fire was made in a long house, and mats spread upon each side of it, on one of which the prisoner was seated. His body-guard then left the house, "and presently came skipping in a great grim fellow, all paynted over with coale, mingled with oyle; and many snakes and wesels skinnnes stuffed with moose, and all their tayles tyed together, so as they met on the croune of his head in a tassell; and round about the tassell was a coronet of feathers, the skinnnes hanging round about his head, backe and shoulders, and in a manner covered his face—with a hellish voyce and a rattle in his hand." This personage commenced his invocation with a great variety of gestures, postures, grimaces and exclamations; and concluded with drawing a circle of meal round the fire. Then rushed in three more performers of the same description, their bodies painted half red and half black, their eyes white and their faces streaked with red patches, apparently in imitation of English whiskers. These three having danced about for a considerable time, made way for three more, with red eyes, and white streaks upon black faces. At length all seated themselves opposite to the prisoner, three on the right hand of the first named functionary (who appeared to be the chief priest, and ringleader) and three on the left. Then a song was commenced, accompanied with a violent use of the rattles; upon which the chief priest laid down five wheat-corns, and began an oration, straining his arms and hands so that he perspired freely, and his veins swelled. At the conclusion, all gave a groan of assent, laid down three grains more, and renewed the song. This went on until the fire was twice encircled. Other ceremonies of the same character ensued, and last of all was brought on, towards evening, a plentiful feast of the best provisions they could furnish. The circle of meal was said to signify their country, the circles of corn the bounds of the sea, and so on. The world, according to their theory, was round and flat, like a trencher, and themselves located precisely in the midst.

After this, they showed Smith a bag of gunpowder, which had probably been taken from the boat, and which they were carefully preserving till the next spring, to plant with their corn—"because they

would be acquainted with the nature of that seed.” Opitchipan, another brother of Powhatan—of whom we have here the first mention—invited him to his house, and treated him sumptuously; but no Indian, on this or any other occasion, would eat with him. The fragments were put up in baskets; and upon his return to Opechancanough’s wigwam, the sachem’s wives and their children flocked about him for their portions, “as a due by custom, to be merry with such fragments.”

At last they carried him to Werowocomoco, where was Powhatan himself. This residence of his lay on the north side of York river, in Gloster county, nearly opposite the mouth of Green’s creek, and about twenty-five miles below the mouth of the river. It was at this time his favorite village, though afterwards not coveting the near neighborhood of the English, he retired to Orapakes. Powhatan, which gave him his name, was sold to the English in 1609.

On his arrival in the village, Smith was detained until the emperor (as we shall call him, for convenience,) and his train could prepare themselves to receive their illustrious captive in proper state; and meanwhile more than two hundred of these grim courtiers gathered about him to satisfy their curiosity with gazing. He was then introduced to the royal presence, the multitude hailing him with a tremendous shout, as he walked in. Powhatan—a majestic and finely formed savage, with a marked countenance, and an air of haughtiness sobered down into gravity by a life of sixty years—was seated before a fire, upon a seat something like a bedstead, and clothed in an ample robe of Rarowcun* skins, with all the tails hanging over him. On each side sat a young wench of sixteen or eighteen years old; and along each wall of the house, two rows of women in the rear and two rows of men in front. All had their heads and shoulders painted red. Many had their hair decked with the white down of birds. Some wore a great chain of white beads about their necks; but no one was without ornament of some kind.

Soon after Smith’s entrance, a female of rank, said to be the queen of Appamattuck, was directed to bring him water to wash his hands; and another brought a bunch of feathers, to answer the purpose of a towel. Having then feasted him (as he acknowledges) in the best barbarous manner they could, a long and solemn consultation was held to determine his fate. The decision was against him. The conclave resumed their silent gravity; two great stones were brought in before Powhatan, and Smith was dragged before them, and his head laid upon them, as a preparation for beating out his brains with clubs. The fatal weapons were already raised, and the savage multitude stood silently awaiting the prisoner’s last moment. But Smith was not destined thus to perish. Pocahontas, the beloved daughter of Powhatan, rushed forward, and earnestly entreated with tears that the victim might yet be spared. The royal savage rejected her request, and the executioners stood ready for the signal of death. She knelt down,

* A variation of Raccoon, perhaps.

put her arms about Smith, and laid her head over his, declaring she would perish with him or save him. The heart of the stern sachem was at length melted. The decree was reversed; and the prisoner was spared for the purpose—as the emperor explained it—of making hatchets for himself, and bells and beads for his daughter.*

This was apparently a mere pretext for concealing the emotions which he thought unworthy of his name as a warrior, and for preventing any jealousy on the part of his counsellors. And subsequent events would lead to the same conclusion. He detained his prisoner but two days. At the end of that time, he caused him to be conducted to a large house in the woods, and there left alone upon a mat by the fire. In a short time, a horrible noise was heard from behind a wide mat which divided the house: and then Powhatan, dressed in the most fantastic manner, with some two hundred followers as much begrimed and disguised as himself, came in and told Smith that now they were friends; “and presently he should go to Jamestown to send him two great guns and a grindstone, for which he would give him the country of Capahowsick, and forever esteem him as his own son.” He was accordingly sent off, with twelve guides, to Jamestown. The party quartered in the woods one night, and reached the fort the next morning betimes. The savages were handsomely entertained while they staid. Two demi-culverins and mill-stone were shown them, with other curiosities. They proposed to carry the former to Powhatan; but finding them somewhat too heavy, contented themselves with a variety of lighter presents. They were excessively frightened by a discharge of the culverins. Smith, who had political as well as personal motives in view, had loaded them with stones, and these he fired among the boughs of a tree covered with huge icicles. The effect may easily be imagined.

During the same winter, Smith visited Powhatan, in company with Captain Newport, a gentleman newly arrived from England, who had already sent many presents to the emperor. Attended by a guard of thirty or forty men, they sailed as far as Werowocomoco the first day. Here Newport's courage failed him. He was especially alarmed by the appearance of various bridges they were obliged to pass over in crossing the streams; for these were so loosely made of poles and bark, that he took them for traps set by the savages. But Smith, with twenty men, leaving the boat, undertook to go forward and accomplish the journey. He accordingly went on, and was soon met by two or three hundred Indians, who conducted them into the town. There Powhatan exerted himself to the utmost to give him a royal entertainment. The people shouted for joy to see Smith; orations were addressed to him, and a plentiful feast provided to refresh him after the weariness of his voyage. The emperor received him, reclining upon his bed of mats, his pillow of dressed skin lying beside him with its brilliant embroidery of shells and beads, and his dress consisting chiefly of a handsome fur robe “as large as an Irish man-

* A description of this scene is given in the frontispiece of this book.

tell." At his head and feet were two comely young women as before; and along the sides of the house sat twenty other females, each with her head and shoulders painted red, and a great chain of white beads about her neck. "Before these sat his chiefest men in like order in his arbor-like house, and more than fortie platters of fine bread stood as a guard in two pyles on each side the door. Foure or fiue hundred people made a guard behinde them for our passage; and Proclamation was made, none vpon paine of death to presume to doe vs any wrong or discourtesie. With many pretty discourses to renew their old acquaintance, this great king and our captaine spent the time, till the ebbe left our barge aground. Then renewing their feest with feates, dauncing and singing, and such like mirth, we quartered that night with Powhatan."

The next day, Newport, who had thought better of his fears, came ashore, and was welcomed in the same hospitable style. An English boy, named Savage, was given to Powhatan at his request; and he returned the favor by presenting Newport with an Indian named Nomontack, a trusty and shrewd servant of his own. One motive for this arrangement was probably the desire of gaining information respecting the English colony. During the three or four days more which were passed in feasting, dancing and trading, the old sachem manifested so much dignity and so much discretion, as to create a high admiration of his talents in the minds of his guests. In one instance, he came near offending them by the exercise of his shrewdness, although that may be fairly considered their fault rather than his.

Newport, it seems, had brought with him a variety of articles for a barter commerce—such as he supposed would command a high price in corn. And accordingly the Powhatans, generally of the lower class, traded eagerly with him and his men. These, however, were not profitable customers; they dealt upon a small scale; they had not much corn to spare. It was an object therefore to drive a trade with the emperor himself. But this he affected to decline and despise. "Captain Newport," said he, "it is not agreeable to my greatness to truck in this peddling manner for trifles. I am a great Werowance,* and I esteem you the same. Therefore lay me down all your commodities together; what I like I will take, and in return you shall have what I conceive to be a fair value." This proposal was interpreted to Newport by Smith, who informed him at the same time of the hazard he must incur in accepting it. But Newport was a vain man, and confidently expected either to dazzle the emperor with his ostentation, or overcome him with his bounty, so as to gain any request he might make. The event unluckily proved otherwise. Powhatan, after coolly selecting such of Newport's goods as he liked best, valued his own corn at such a rate, that Smith says it might as well have been purchased in old Spain; they received scarcely four bushels where they had counted upon twenty hogsheads.

* A Powhatan term of general signification, answering to the Northern Sachem, the Basheba of Maine, and the English Chief.

It was now Smith's turn to try his skill; and he made his experiment, more wisely than his comrade, not upon the sagacity of the emperor, but upon his simplicity. He took out various toys and gewgaws, as it were accidentally, and contrived, by glancing them dexterously in the light, to show them to great advantage. It was not long before Powhatan fixed his observing eye upon a string of brilliant blue beads. Presently he became importunate to obtain them. But Smith was very unwilling to part with these precious gems; they being, as he observed, composed of a most rare substance, of the color of the skies, and fit to be worn only by the greatest kings in the world. The savage grew more and more eager to own such jewels, so that finally a bargain was struck, to the perfect satisfaction of all parties, whereby Smith obtained between two and three hundred bushels of corn for a pound or two of blue beads. A similar negotiation was immediately after effected with Opechancanough at Pamunkey. He was furnished with a quantity of this invaluable jewelry at very nearly the same price; and thus the beads grew into such estimation among the Indians far and near, that none but the great werowances, and their wives and children, dared to be seen wearing them. They were imperial symbols of enormous value.

But it was not upon beads only that Powhatan set a high estimate. He perceived the vast advantage which the English possessed over his own men in their weapons; and he became exceedingly anxious to place himself upon equal terms on one side with the colonists, while he should domineer over the less fortunate foreign Indian tribes, as he liked, on the other. When Newport left the country for England, he sent him twenty fine turkeys, and requested in return the favor of as many swords, which that gentleman was inconsiderate enough to furnish him. He subsequently passed the same compliment to Smith; and when the latter gave him no swords in payment, he was highly offended, and is said to have ordered his people to take them wherever they could get them, by stratagem or by force. But Smith soon checked this project in his usual summary manner; and Powhatan, finding that game a desperate one, sent in Pocahontas with presents to excuse himself for the injury done "by some of his disorderly warriors," and to desire that those who were captive might be liberated for this time on their good behaviour. Smith punished them sufficiently, and granted the request of the emperor "for the sake of Pocahontas." The council were offended at what they considered his cruelty; but Powhatan affected at least to be satisfied.

We hear of the emperor again in September, (1608,) when Captain Newport arrived with a second supply for the colony, and a new commission for himself. By this he was authorised to make an exploring expedition, for gold, among the Monacans of the mountain country; and a barge was brought out from England in five pieces, to be carried over the falls, and thence convey the company to the South Sea. Smith opposed this sage proposal on the ground of the necessities of the colony; they were especially in want of provision to be laid in for the coming winter. But a large majority were against him. He was

even accused of jealousy towards Newport; and the latter defeated all his opposition, as he thought, by undertaking to procure a bark-load of corn from Powhatan, on his proposed route to the South Sea, at Werowocomoco. He required, however, that one hundred and twenty men should go with him; he put no confidence in the friendship of the emperor or his subjects.

Smith now came forward, and volunteered to carry the necessary messages to Powhatan himself, and to invite him to visit Jamestown, for the purpose of receiving the presents brought over for him by Newport. Among these, it appears, were a splendid basin and ewer, a bed, bedstead, clothes, and various other costly novelties; the only effect of which would be, as Smith alleged, to cause the emperor to over-rate the importance of his own favor, and to sell for gold and silver alone what he had heretofore sold readily for copper and blue beads. Another of the presents was a royal crown, sent out by his Britannic Majesty, King James I., probably under the expectation of wheedling Powhatan into submission to his own authority, and at all events with orders to consecrate the "divine right" of his royal ally in Virginia by the ceremonies of a solemn coronation.

Smith took with him four companions only, and went across the woods, by land, about twelve miles, to Werowocomoco. Powhatan was then absent, at the distance of twenty or thirty miles. Pocahontas immediately sent for him, and meanwhile she and her women entertained their visiter in a style too remarkable to be passed by without notice. A fire was made in a plain open field, and Smith was seated before it on a mat, with his men about him. Suddenly such a hideous noise was heard in the woods near by, that the strangers betook themselves hastily to their arms, and even seized upon two or three old Indians who were standing near, under the apprehension that Powhatan with all his forces was come upon them by surprise. But Pocahontas soon made her appearance; and a little explanation convinced the captain that, however she might succeed or fail, her only intention was to gratify and honor him. He mingled fearlessly therefore with the Indian men, women and children, already assembled as spectators, and the ceremonies went on.

"Then presently they were presented with this anticke. Thirtie young women came naked out of the woods, only covered behind and before with a few greene leaves; their bodies all paynted, some of one colour, and some of another, but all differing. Their leader had a fayre payre of Buck's horns on her head, and an otter's skinne at her girdle, another at her arme, a quiuer of arrows at her backe, a bow and arrowes in her hand. The next had in her hand a sword, another a club, another a pot-sticke, all horned alike; the rest euery one with their severall devices. These fiends, with most hellish shouts, and cries, rushing from among the trees, caste themselves in a ring about the fire, singing and dauncing with the most excellent ill varietie, oft falling into their infernall passions, and solemnly again to sing and daunce. Having spent neer an hour in this mascarado, as they entred, in like manner they departed."

“Having reaccommodated themselves, they solemnly invited him to their lodgings, where he was no sooner within the house but all these nymphs more tormented him than euer, with crowding, pressing and hanging about him, most tediously crying, Loue you not me? Loue you not me? This salutation ended, the feast was set, consisting of all the salvage dainties they could devise; some attending, others dauncing about them. This mirth being ended, with fire-brands instead of torches they conducted him to his lodging.

Thus did they show their feates of armes, and others art in dancing;
Some others vs'd there oaten pipe, and others' voyces chaunting.”

Powhatan arrived on the following day, and Smith delivered his message, desiring him to visit “his father,” Newport, at Jamestown, for the purpose of receiving the newly arrived presents, and also concerting a campaign in common against the Monacans. The subtle savage replied to this artful proposal with his accustomed intelligence and independence. “If your king has sent me presents,” said he with great composure, “I also am a king, and this is my land—here I will stay eight days to receive them. Your Father is to come to me, not I to him, nor yet to your fort. I will not bite at such a bait. As for the Monacans, I can avenge my own injuries. As for Atquanachuck, where you say your brother was slain, it is a contrary way from those parts you suppose it. And as for any salt water beyond the mountains, the relations you have had from my people are false.” Upon this he began to delineate the geography of these various regions with a stick upon the ground. After some farther discourse upon general and complimentary subjects, Smith returned with his answer. His servant, Namontack, who had been to England with Newport, was given back to him upon this occasion.

The presents were sent round to Werowocomoco, by water; and the two captains went by land, with a guard of fifty men. The parties here agreed upon the next day for the coronation; and at that time the presents were brought in, the bed and furniture set up, and the scarlet cloak and other apparel put on the emperor, though with much ado, and only in consequence of Namontack's earnest assurance that they would not injure him. As for kneeling to receive the crown, which was requested of him, he entirely exhausted the patience of his visitors by his resistance. They gained their point in the end by stratagem. One leaned hard upon his shoulders, so as to cause him to stoop a little, and three more stood ready to fix the royal gewgaw on his head; whereupon, at the discharge of a pistol, the guard were prepared with such a volley of musketry as a salute, that the emperor (now a crowned-head at least) started up, as Smith says, in a horrible fear, till he saw all was well. Soon recovering his composure, he generously gave his old shoes and mantle to Newport in acknowledgment of his courtesy. But perceiving that the main object of that gentleman was to discover the Monacans, he labored to divert his resolution, and absolutely refused to lend any of his own men excepting Namontack. Every thing was said and done civilly, however; and,

before leaving, Newport was presented with a heap of corn-ears to the amount of seven or eight bushels, in farther return for his politeness and his presents.

For some time after this, little was heard of Powhatan except occasionally through the medium of some of his tribes, who are said to have refused trading with the English in consequence of his orders to that effect. He had become jealous of them, it would seem; and Smith, on the other hand, reciprocated so much of his ill humor, that he at one time thought of falling upon him by surprise, and taking away all his stores. But appearances were still kept up on both sides; and in December, (1608) the emperor invited the captain to visit him—he wanted his assistance in building a house, and if he would bring with him a grindstone, fifty swords, a few muskets, a cock and a hen, with a quantity of beads and copper, he might depend upon getting a ship load of corn. Smith, always ready for an adventure, accepted the invitation, and set off with a pinnace and two barges, manned by forty-six volunteers. The expedition was considered so hazardous that many excused themselves from going, after having engaged to do so; though all knew that if any thing was to be had, Smith was not the man to return disappointed.

Commencing this voyage on the 29th of the month, with victualling for three or four days, he lodged the first night at Warrasqueake. The chief sachem at this place, being friendly, did all in his power to dissuade the captain from pursuing his journey. "Powhatan will use you kindly," said he, "but he has sent for you only to cut your throat. Trust him not, and give him no opportunity to seize upon your arms." The next night and several more were passed at Kekoughtan, where the English were detained by a severe storm, but found merry cheer and good fires. The colonists who were in the habit of travelling with Smith had learned hardihood. "They were not curious in any weather, (he informs us,) to lye three or foure nights together vnder the trees." They liked hunting too as they marched, and here was a fine opportunity; "an hundred fortie-eight fowles, the President, Anthony Bagnall, and Serieant Pising did kill in three shoots." It was the 12th of January when they reached Werowocomoco.

They went ashore, quartered without much ceremony at the first house they found, and sent to Powhatan for a supply of provisions. They were promptly furnished with plenty of bread, venison and turkeys. Their liberal host feasted them again the next day; but not without inquiring, at the close of the entertainment, when they proposed to go home, insinuating that the pleasure of their company was wholly unexpected, and that he and his people had very little corn—though for forty swords he thought forty baskets might be collected. In reply, Smith asked if he had forgotten his own invitation thus suddenly; and then produced the messengers who had carried it, and who happened to be near at hand. The emperor affected to regard the affair as a mere joke, and laughed heartily. Smith then proposed trade; but Powhatan would take nothing but guns and swords, and valued a basket of corn higher than a basket of copper. The captain

was nettled, and spoke his mind boldly and without reserve, giving the emperor to understand withal, that necessity might force him to use disagreeable expedients for relieving his own wants and the need of the colony.

Powhatan listened to this declaration with cool gravity, and replied with a corresponding frankness. "I will spare you what I can," said he, "and that within two days. But, Captain Smith, I have some doubts as to your object in this visit. I am informed that you wish to conquer more than to trade, and at all events you know my people must be afraid to come near you with their corn, so long as you go armed and with such a retinue. Lay aside your weapons, then. Here they are needless. We are all friends, all Powhatans." The information alluded to here was probably gathered from two or three Germans, who had deserted the colony and gone among the Indians.

A great contest of ingenuity now ensued between the Englishman and the savage—the latter apparently endeavoring to temporise only for the purpose of putting the former and his men off their guard. He especially insisted on the propriety of laying aside their arms. "Captain Smith," he continued, "I am old, and I know well the difference between peace and war. I wish to live quietly with you, and I wish the same for my successors. Now the rumors which reach me on all hands make me uneasy. What do you expect to gain by destroying us who provide you with food? And what can you get by war, if we escape you and hide our provisions in the woods? We are unarmed too, you see. Do you believe me such a fool as not to prefer eating good meat, sleeping quietly with my wives and children, laughing and making merry with you, having copper and hatchets and any thing else—as your friehd—to flying from you as your enemy, lying cold in the woods, eating acorns and roots, and being so hunted by you meanwhile, that if but a twig break, my men will cry out there comes Captain Smith. Let us be friends, then. Do not invade us thus with such an armed force. Lay aside these arms."

The captain answered this speech, and several others to the same effect, until, either seeing or supposing that the emperor's object was hostile, he gave secret orders for hauling his boat ashore through the ice, and landing those of his company who still remained aboard. He introduced two or three women to sustain a sharp conversation with the enemy, and suddenly availed himself of that opportunity to leave the house, with all his attendants and luggage. In a few minutes Smith found himself surrounded with Indians; and thereupon, we are told, "with his pistoll, sword and target, hee made such a passage among these naked Diuils, that at his first shoot those next him tumbled one over another." The rest fled in all directions.

Powhatan was not yet discouraged. His men again flocked about Smith with civil explanations of every thing which had happened; and he himself sent him a large and handsome bracelet by the hand of one of his chief orators, with a speech full of compliments and excuses. Baskets were furnished for carrying the corn which had been sold

aboard the boat; and the Indians even offered their services to guard the arms of the English, while they were taking care of the provisions. This favor was declined; but as the English were still under the necessity of waiting for the tide of the next morning, no pains were spared to entertain them with feasts and sports meanwhile. Smith supposes that the sachem was all this time preparing his forces for surprising them at supper. He probably conjectured right; and but for Pocahontas there is reason to believe that this game would actually have succeeded. The kind-hearted princess came to Smith's quarters in the woods, alone and in the evening, and earnestly advised him by all means to leave her father's territories as soon as possible. The latter was collecting all his power, she said, to make an assault upon him, unless those who were sent with his supper should themselves succeed in despatching him.

In less than an hour afterwards came eight or ten lusty fellows, with great platters of venison and other victuals, who were importunate that the English should extinguish their matches, the smoke of which they affected to think very disagreeable. The captain, without noticing this circumstance, made them taste every dish, and then sent some of them back to tell Powhatan that the English were ready to see him; as for themselves, he understood their villany, but they should go free. Other messengers came in soon after, at intervals, to learn how matters went on. The night was spent without sleep on either side. Each party watched the movements of the other with vigilant eyes, while both were subtle and civil enough still to affect friendship. At high water Smith went off with his company, leaving with the emperor, at his own request, an Englishman to kill game for him, and two or three of the Germans to assist him in building a house.

But the game was not yet over. He had no sooner set sail for Pamunkey, than the emperor despatched a deputation across the woods to Jamestown, to take advantage of his absence for buying up a quantity of ammunition and arms. On arriving, these messengers told Captain Winne, the temporary commander of the colony, "that their coming was for some extraordinary tooles and shift of apparel; by which colorable excuse they obtained sixe or seven more (of the colonists) to their confederacie, such expert thecues, that presently furnished them with a great many swords, pike-heads, peeces, shot, powder and such like." Indians enough were at hand to carry away the articles as soon as obtained; and the next day the deputation returned home unsuspected, after making an agreement for the services of such traitorous vagabonds as were willing to desert from the colony. One or two of those who had deserted already had provided Powhatan with as many as three hundred hatchets, fifty swords, eight "pieces," and eight pikes.

Meanwhile Smith had arrived at Pamunkey, and here Opechancanough was entertaining him with all manner of feasting and mirth. On the day agreed upon between the parties for commencing trade, the captain, with fifteen of his men, went up a quarter of a mile from the river to the sachem's house, the appointed rendezvous. He

found no person there, excepting a lame man and a boy. The other houses in the village were entirely abandoned. Presently, however, came the sachem, followed by many of his subjects, well armed with bows and arrows. Attempts were made to buy corn, but so unsuccessfully that Smith was provoked, and remonstrated as he had done with Powhatan. Upon this, the sachem sold what provision was at hand, and promised to give better satisfaction the next day.

Then, accordingly, Smith made his appearance again. He found four or five men at the house with great baskets, but whether with any thing in them does not appear. Opechancanough himself came in soon after, and commenced a cheerful conversation, enlarging particularly upon the pains he had taken to keep his promise. Just at this moment one of Smith's company brought him word that the house was beset. The woods and fields all around him were thronged with more than seven hundred savages, armed and painted for battle.

The English, of whom there were only fifteen on shore, were generally much alarmed at this news, and could easily perceive that Opechancanough enjoyed their surprise. But Smith was now in his element. "My worthy countrymen," said he to his trembling comrades, "Had I no more to fear from my friends, than from these enemies, I should be willing to meet twice as many—would you but second me. But what course shall be taken? If we begin with them, and seize the king, we shall have more than our hands full to keep him and defend ourselves. If we kill them all, we must starve for want of their provisions. As for their fury, that is the least subject of apprehension. You know I have heretofore managed two or three hundred of them alone. Now here are sixteen of us, to their seven hundred. If you dare stand but to fire your pieces, the very smoke will be enough for them. But at all events let us fight like men, and not die like sheep. First, however, let me propose some conditions to them, and so we shall have something to fight for." The occasion admitting of no argument, the company pledged themselves promptly to second him in whatever he attempted, or die.

The captain then advanced towards the sachem, and addressed him: "Opechancanough," said he, "I perceive you are plotting to murder me, but I fear you not. As yet, neither your men nor mine have done much harm. Now, therefore, take your arms—as you see here are mine—my body shall be as naked as yours—the island in the river is a fit place for a combat, and the conqueror of us two shall be master of all. If you have not men enough about you, take time to muster more—as many as you will—only let every one bring his basket of corn, and against that I will stake the value in copper."

The sachem replied very soothingly to his proposal. He was sorry to see any suspicion of unkindness; and begged that the captain would do him the honor to accept a handsome present, (by way of peace-offering,) which was ready for him at the door of the house. The object of this suggestion was sufficiently obvious; for besides the forty or fifty Indians constituting the sachem's body-guard within, "the bait," as Smith calls it, at the door, (meaning the present) was guarded

by about two hundred men, and thirty more were stationed behind a large tree which lay lengthwise athwart the passage-way, with their arrows ready notched. It was now Smith's turn to make a movement. He seized the sachem in the midst of his retinue, by his long locks, presenting a pistol ready-cocked at his bosom; and in this position led him out trembling with terror, among the multitude who surrounded the house. He immediately gave up his vambrace, bow and arrows, and his frightened subjects hastened to follow his example.

"I perceive, ye Pamunkies"—shouted the captain at this moment, still holding on by the sachem's hair—"I perceive how eager ye are to kill me. My own long-suffering is the cause of your insolence. Now shoot but one arrow to shed one drop of blood for one of these men, or steal but the least of these beads, and ye shall not hear the last of me so long as a Pamunkey remains alive who will not deny the name. I am not now in the mire of a swamp, ye perceive. Shoot then, if ye dare. But at all hazards ye shall load my boat with your corn, or I will load her with your carcasses. Still, unless you give me the first occasion, we may be friends, and your king may go free. I have no wish to harm him or you."

This speech had its effect. The savages laid aside their arms, and brought in their commodities for trade in such abundance, that the English at length became absolutely weary of receiving them. Once indeed, in the course of the day, some forty or fifty stout fellows made a violent rush into the house when Smith was asleep, and some two hundred more followed close after them; but by Smith's usual activity they were soon driven back, and then the sachem sent some of his ancients, or counsellors, to excuse the intrusion. The rest of the day passed in harmony, and towards night the captain began his return voyage down the river, leaving the sachem at liberty. Various attempts were made to surprise him on the route, and he was at one time near being poisoned to death in his food. On the other hand, Smith was determined not to go home without his revenge upon Powhatan. He returned by way of Werowocomoco for him; but he found, when he reached that village, that the traitorous Germans had caused the emperor to abandon his new house, and carry off all his family and provision. Those of the Powhatans who remained, treated the English so indifferently, that the latter had much ado to escape with their lives. They finally reached Jamestown after an absence of six weeks, with a cargo of four hundred and seventy-nine bushels of corn and two hundred pounds of deer-suet, that entire amount having been purchased for twenty-five pounds of copper and fifty pounds of iron and beads.

CHAPTER VI.

CONDUCT OF POWHATAN AFTER SMITH'S DEPARTURE FOR ENGLAND, AND CAUSES OF IT—MARRIAGE OF POCAHONTAS WITH JOHN ROLFE—DEATH AND CHARACTER OF POWHATAN.

From the date of the expedition of which the particulars have just been given, to the time of Smith's departure for England, a few months subsequent, the English and the Powhatans treated and traded with each other upon tolerably amicable terms. A principal cause of this harmony is to be looked for in several fortunate incidents which went to impress the savage simplicity of one party with an inordinate conception of the superiority of the other.

Soon after the return of the expedition, several articles were stolen at Jamestown by one of the Chickahominy Indians who traded there; and a pistol among the rest. The thief fled, but two of his brothers, suspected of being accessories in the case, were apprehended. One of them was discharged, to go in search of the offender; and the other was imprisoned, with the understanding that unless the former should be successful in his search within twelve hours, he was to be hanged. But for his comfort during that interval, Smith furnished him with victuals, and charcoal for a fire. In the evening, the man who had been discharged returned with the pistol; but the poor fellow in the dungeon was meanwhile very nearly smothered with the smoke of his coal. Those who came to release him took him up for dead. "The other most lamentably bewayled his death, and broke forth into such bitter agonies that the President (Smith), to quiet him, told him that if he would steale no more, he would make him (his brother) alive again; but he little thought he could be recovered. Yet we doing our best with aqua vita and vinegar, it pleased God to restore him againe to life, but so drunke and affrighted that he seemed lunaticke, the which as much tormented and grieved the other, as before to see him dead. Of this maladie, vpon promise of their good behaviour, the President promised to recover him; and so caused him to be layed by a fire to sleepe, who in the morning having well slept had recovered his perfect senses, and then being dressed of his burning, and each a piece of copper given them, they went away so well contented that this was spread among all the savages for a miracle, that Captain Smith could make a man alive that was dead."

Another of the incidents just alluded to is as follows. One of Powhatan's subjects, in his zeal to acquire knowledge and some other things, obtained possession of a large bag of gun-powder and the backe, as Smith calls it, of an armour. The ingenious artisan, on his return to Werowocomoco, determined to display these precious prizes to his wondering countrymen, and at the same time to exhibit his own extraordinary skill in the management of them. He therefore began drying the powder upon the armour, as he had seen the soldiers do at Jamestown. Unluckily he dried it too much. An explosion took

place, which blew up the proprietor, together with one or two of the spectators who were peeping over his shoulders. Several others were badly scorched, and all horribly frightened; and for some time after powder fell into a general disuse with the savages, much to the benefit of the English.

These and other similar accidents, we are told, so affrighted Powhatan and his people, that they came in from every quarter with profers of peace. Several stolen articles were returned, the loss of which had never before been discovered; and whenever an Indian was convicted of theft, wherever he might be found, he was promptly sent in to Jamestown for his punishment. Not long afterwards we find that "so affraide was al those kings and the better sort of the people to displease vs (the colonists), that some of the baser sort that we haue extreameley hurt and punished for their villanies, would hire vs we should not tell it to their kings or countrymen, who would also punish them, and yet returne them to James-Toune to content the President, for a testimony of their loues."

Still, the prowess and the name of Smith himself were the best preservatives of peace; and he had scarcely left the country for England when matters relapsed into their worst state. About thirty of the English were cut off by Powhatan's men at one time; and of a population of six hundred left in the colony at Smith's departure, there remained at the end of six months only sixty men, women and children. These were subsisted chiefly upon roots, herbs, acorns, walnuts, berries, and now and then a little fish. The skins of horses, and even considerable quantities of starch, were used for food. Others went so far as to disinter and devour the body of an Indian who had been slain and buried. One man killed his wife, "powdered her," and had eaten a part of her before it was known. The poor wretch was hanged for his horrible deed of despair.

Peace was finally effected with Powhatan through the intervention, or rather by the mere medium of Pocahontas, in the following manner. Early in 1613,* two ships arrived at Jamestown with supplies for the colony. These being insufficient, Captain Argall, who commanded one of them, was sent up the Potomac river to trade with the natives for corn. Here Argall formed a particular acquaintance with Japazaws, the chief sachem of the Potomacs or Patawomekes, and always a staunch friend of the English. He informed the captain, among other things, that Pocahontas was at this time in his territories, and not far distant, keeping herself in seclusion, and known only to a few trusty friends. What were the reasons which induced her thus to forsake her father's dominions for a foreigner's, does not appear. Stith supposes it was to withdraw herself from being a witness of the frequent butcheries of the English, whose folly and rashness, after Smith's departure, put it out of her power to save them. And very

* This date is mentioned by all the Virginian historians; but Prince, in his *Annals*, says that the voyage took place a year afterwards. Belknap (*Am. Biog.*) is of the same opinion.

probably, as a later historian suggests, she had already incurred the displeasure of the emperor by these repeated and futile, though highly honorable attempts.

But whatever her motives might be, Argall had no sooner received intelligence of her situation, than he resolved on obtaining possession of her person, as a means—which he had no doubt the colony would thank him for—of effecting a peace with Powhatan. Japazaws seems to have been a well-meaning and honest fellow in general, but the temptation of a large new copper kettle, which Argall held out before him as the promised recompense for his aid and abettance in the case, the consideration of the praiseworthy object proposed to be accomplished by the measure, and last though not least of all, the captain's pledge that Pocahontas should not be harmed while in his custody, were sufficient to overcome his scruples. The next thing in order was to induce the princess, as this amiable and talented Indian female has generally been styled, to go on board Argall's boat. To that end Japazaws, who had himself seen many of the English vessels before this, induced his wife to affect an extreme curiosity upon the subject, so intolerably importunate that he finally threatened to beat her. The good woman, on the other hand, actually accomplished a few tears. This happened in the presence of Pocahontas, and the scene was frequently repeated, until at last Japazaws, affecting to be subdued by the manifest affliction of his wife, reluctantly gave her permission to visit the vessel, provided that Pocahontas would have the politeness to go with her.

The princess, always complaisant, and unable to witness any longer the apparent distress of her kind friend and hostess, consented to go on board the ship. There they were civilly welcomed, and first entertained in the cabin. The captain then found an opportunity to decoy Pocahontas into the gun-room on pretence of conferring there with Japazaws, but really because the kind-hearted sachem, who had received ere this the brilliant wages of his sin, and began perhaps to relent, was unwilling to be known by the princess to have been concerned in the plot against her liberty. When Argall told her, in his presence, that she must go with him to the colony, and compound a peace between her father and the English, she wept indeed in the bitterness of her soul; as for Japazaws and his wife, they absolutely howled with inconsolable and inconceivable affliction. But the princess recovered her composure on finding herself treated with kindness; and while she turned her face towards the English colony, (which she had not seen since Smith's departure,) with something even like cheerfulness at the prospect of doing good, her distressed guardian and his pliant spouse, with their copper kettle filled with toys, trudged merrily back to their own wigwam.

On Argall's arrival at Jamestown, a message was immediately despatched to Powhatan, "that his daughter Pocahontas he loved so dearly he must ransom with our men, swords, pieces, tooles, &c. hee trecherously had stolen." This was not so complimentary or soothing as might have been imagined, it must be allowed (the courtesy of

Smith was no longer in the colony,) and this perhaps was the reason why, much as the unwelcome news of his daughter's captivity is said to have troubled him, he sent no answer to the message for the space of three months. Then, at the further persuasion of the council of Jamestown, he liberated and sent in seven of his English prisoners, with three rusty unserviceable muskets, an axe, a saw, and one canoe laden with corn. They were instructed to say, that if Pocahontas should be given up, he would make satisfaction for all the injuries he had done, conclude a perpetual peace, and send in a bonus of five hundred bushels of corn. To this the council replied that his daughter, though they would use her well, could not be restored to him until all the English arms and captives in his possession should be delivered back to the owners. They did not believe, what he or some of his men had asserted, that these arms had been lost, or that the whites who remained with him were free volunteers in his service.

This ungracious message was no more conciliating than the former; nor was any thing more seen or heard of the emperor until the spring of 1614, when a party of one hundred and fifty colonists, well armed, went up his own river Werowocomoco, taking Pocahontas with them. The Powhatans received them with scornful bravadoes, proudly demanding the purpose of this new invasion. The English answered that they had brought the emperor's daughter, and that they expected the proper ransom for her, either peaceably or by force. The Powhatans rejoined, that if they came to fight they were welcome, and should be treated as Captain Ratcliffe* had been. Upon this the English said they would have a more civil answer at least, and forthwith commenced making rapidly for the shore in their small boats, the Indians having about the same time begun to let fly their arrows among them. They effected a landing, and burned and destroyed every thing they could find. The next day they sailed farther up the river, and meeting with a fresh party of Powhatans, after some altercation and explanation, a truce was concluded, and messengers were promised to be sent off for the emperor. This was probably a mere feint. It was also stated, that the English captives or deserters had run off, for fear of being hanged by their countrymen. As for the swords and pieces, they were to be brought in the next day; but nothing was seen of them, and the English proceeded till they came to a residence of Powhatan (called Matchot), where were collected about four hundred of his warriors, well armed. These men challenged the English to land, and when they did so, walked boldly up and down among them, demanded a conference with their captain, and said that unless time should be allowed them to send and receive directions from Powhatan, they would fight for their own as well as they were able. Other bravadoes passed between the parties, but a truce was finally agreed upon until noon of the next day. Meanwhile, two of the brothers of Pocahontas, of whom this is the first

* Massacred with the thirty colonists mentioned previously in this chapter. He was otherwise called Sicklemore.

ment, came to see her. They were delighted to find her in good health, and promised to do every thing they could to effect her redemption. Two of the English also set off to visit Powhatan. They were not admitted to the emperor's presence, for what reason is not stated, but Opechancanough treated them in the most hospitable manner. On their return, the whole party descended the river to Jamestown.

One of the two messengers last named was John Rolfe, styled by an old historian* "an honest gentleman and of good behaviour," but more especially known by the event which we have now to notice—his marriage with Pocahontas—between whom and himself there had been an ardent attachment for some time. The idea of this connection pleased Powhatan so much, that within ten days after Rolfe's visit he sent in one of his near relatives named Opachiko, together with two of his sons, to see (as says the authority just cited) the manner of the marriage, and to do in that behalf what they were requested for the confirmation thereof as his deputies. The ceremony took place about the first of April, and from that time until the death of the emperor, which happened in 1618, the most friendly relations were uniformly preserved with himself and with his subjects.

There are too many memorable passages in the history of this celebrated chieftain, and too many remarkable traits in his character, to be passed over with a mere general notice. But, previous to any other comment, it may be proper to mention certain facts respecting him, which belong rather to the curious than to the characteristic class. In the case of all great men, as well as of many noted men who are not great, there is a good deal of information generally to be gathered, which may be interesting without being strictly important. Powhatan was both a great and a noted man, though a savage, and the rude circumstances under which he proved himself the one, and made himself the other, should only render him the more signally an object of popular admiration and of philosophical regard.

In person he is described, by one who saw him frequently, as a tall, well-proportioned man, with a severe aspect, his head slightly gray, his beard thin (as that of the Indians always is), and "of a very able and hardy body to endure any labor." As he appeared to be about sixty years of age when the English first saw him, in 1607, he was probably about seventy at his death. He troubled himself but little with public affairs during his last years, leaving the charge of them chiefly to Opechancanough as his viceroy, and taking his own pleasure in visiting the various parts of his dominions.

We have already had occasion to observe that he had as many as three or four places of residence. Werowocomoco was abandoned for Oropakes, with the view of keeping at an agreeable distance from the colonists. The latter became a favorite resort. There, at the distance of a mile from the village, he had a house in which were deposited his royalties and his revenue—skins, copper, beads, red

* Ralph Hamer, whose relation is incorporated with some of the oldest histories of other writers. He was subsequently one of the council.

paint, bows and arrows, targets and clubs. Some of these things were reserved for the time of his burial, others were the resources of war. The house itself was more than one hundred feet in length—one historian says fifty or sixty yards—and as it seems to have been frequented only by the Indian priests, probably a sacred character attached to it in the minds of the multitude, which was one of the means of its security. Four rudely-graven images of wood were stationed at the four corners, one representing a dragon, the second a bear, the third a panther, and the fourth a gigantic man,—all made evil-favoredly, as we are told, but according to the best workmanship of the natives.

The state which Powhatan adopted as emperor appears in some degree from the preceding details of his history. He is said to have kept about his person from forty to fifty of the tallest men in his dominions; which might be the case in war, and upon occasions of parade and ceremony, more regularly than in peaceable and ordinary times. Every night, four sentinels were stationed at the four corners of his dwelling; and at each half hour one of the body-guard made a signal to the four sentinels. Want of vigilance on their part was punished with the most exemplary strictness.

According to the universal custom of the North American natives, he kept as many wives as he thought proper; and is represented to have taken no little pleasure in their society. When the English saw him at home, reclining on his couch or platform, there was always one sitting at his head, and another at his feet; and when he sat, two of them seated themselves on either side of him. At his meals, one of them brought him water in a wooden platter to wash his hands, before and after eating; and another attended with a bunch of feathers for a towel. Some were the daughters, and had been the wives of distinguished rivals and enemies, conquered in battle. When he became weary of them, he transferred them as presents to his favorite warriors.

A general proof of the talents of Powhatan may be found in the station which he held, as well as the reputation he enjoyed far and wide among his countrymen. The Indian tribes are democracies. He who rules over them must acquire and sustain his influence by his absolute intellect and energy. Friends and family may assist, occasionally, in procuring rank; but they will not secure the permanent possession of it. Generally, therefore, the head sachem may be looked upon as comparatively a model of those qualities which his countrymen esteem suitable to that dignity. He must not only be a warrior, brave, hardy, patient, and indefatigable; but he must show talents for controlling the fortunes and commanding the respect of the community which he governs.

But in this case there is better evidence; and especially in the ultimate extent of Powhatan's government as compared with his hereditary dominions. These included but six tribes of the thirty which were finally subject to him, and all which must have become attached to his rule, in consequence of the character maintained and the

measures adopted by himself. Among others were the Chickahominies, a very warlike and proud people, numbering from two hundred to five hundred warriors, while the Powhatans proper, (the original nucleus, so to speak, of the emperor's dominion,) numbered less than a hundred. The fear which these savages entertained of him appears on many occasions, and particularly when they embraced an opportunity, in 1611, of exchanging his yoke for that of the English. They were so desirous of this change—or in other words, of procuring what they considered the protection of the new master against the power of the old—that they offered to adopt a national name indicating their subjection. A peace was accordingly concluded on condition—

I. That they should be forever called Tassautessus (Englishmen,) and be true subjects to King James and his deputies.

II. They were neither to kill nor detain any of the colonists, or their cattle, but to return them on all occasions.

III. They should stand ready to furnish three hundred warriors for the colony's service, against the Spaniards or any other enemy.

IV. They were not to enter the English settlements, but send word they were new Englishmen, (an obscure provision, meant to prevent confounding them with hostile tribes.)

V. Every fighting man, at the beginning of harvest, was to pay two bushels of corn as a tribute, receiving in return the same number of hatchets.

VI. The eight chief men were to see all this performed, on forfeit of being punished themselves. Their salary was to be a red coat, a copper chain, the picture of King James, and the honor of being accounted his noblemen.

This treaty was concluded with a general assent, manifested by acclamation; and then one of the old men began a speech, addressing himself first to those of his own age, then to the young, and lastly to the women and children, a multitude of whom were present. He gave them to understand how strictly these conditions must be observed, and how safe they should then be, on the other hand, "from the furie o' Powhatan or any enemie whatsoever,"* besides being furnished with arms to resist them. The name of the emperor, it will be observed, is not inserted in the articles of peace; there was supposed to be a hazard, probably, of its coming to his ears; and he had then himself just concluded an amicable treaty. "But all this," adds our historian, "was rather for feare Powhatan and we being so linked together, would bring them again to his subjection: the which to preuent, they did rather chuse to be protected by vs, than tormented by him, whon. they held a tyrant."

We have seen that of the whole Indian population between the sea-coast and the Alleghany, from east to west, and between the borders of Carolina and the river Patuxent in Maryland, from south to north, all who were not subject to Powhatan's dominions were leagued against him. The former class comprised the lowland tribes, and the latter

* Authorities referred to in Smith's History, Vol. II.

the mountaineers. In the language of Stith, the Monacans and the Mannahoacks formed a confederacy against the power and tyranny of Powhatan. Another writer says, that he also fought against the famous Massawomekes; a powerful and populous nation, thought to be situated upon a great salt-water, "which by all probability is either some part of Canada, some great lake, or some inlet of some sea that falleth into the South Sea." This is not a very definite description, even for Smith to give; but the Massawomekes are generally understood to have been no other, we believe, than the celebrated Five Nations of New York. At all events, they were exceedingly troublesome to the northernmost tribes of Powhatan—which might be a principal reason why they submitted the more willingly to him. And thus, while the greater part of his own empire was a conquered one, he was environed by foreign enemies in every direction, including the civilised colony on the sea coast.

As to his particular system of war and conquest, we are not minutely informed. Like Indian warfare in other sections and times, it is said to have consisted, in a great degree, of stratagem and surprisal rather than force. In 1608, a rebellion, which arose among the Payuntatanks, was suppressed in the following manner. They being near neighbors, a number of his own tribe was sent into their villages, who under some disguise or false pretence obtained lodgings over night. The several houses were meanwhile beset with ambuscades; and at an appointed signal, the two parties, within and without, commenced an attack at the same moment. Twenty-four Payuntatanks were slain, and their scalps carried to Powhatan, who kept them some time suspended on a line between two trees, as a trophy. The women and children, as also the werowance or sachem, were made prisoners, and afterwards slaves or servants.

Powhatan's warriors were regularly and thoroughly disciplined. At one of his first interviews with the English, a martial parade formed part of the entertainment. Two or three hundred Indians having painted and disguised themselves in the fiercest manner possible, were divided into two companies, one of which was temporarily styled Powhatans, and the other Monacans. Each company had its captain. They stationed themselves at about musket-shot from each other. Fifteen men abreast formed the front line of both, and the remainder ranked themselves in the rear, with a distance of four or five yards from rank to rank; and not in file, but in the opening between the files, so that the rear could shoot as conveniently as the front. A parley now took place, and a formal agreement was made that, whoever should conquer, such warriors as survived their defeat should have two days allowed them for their own submission, while their wives and children should at once become prize to the victor.

The parties advanced against each other, a sort of sergeant commanding each flank, and a lieutenant the rear; and the entire company came on leaping and singing to warlike music, but every man in his place. On the first flight of arrows, they raised upon both sides a terrific clamor of shouts and screeches. "When they had spent

their arrows, (writes the describer of this scene,) they joined together prettily, charging and retiring, every rank seconding the other. As they got advantage, they caught their enemies by the hair of the head, and down he came that was taken. His enemy with his wooden sword seemed to beat out his brains, and still they crept to the rear to maintain the skirmish." The Monacan party at length decreasing, the Powhatans charged them in the form of a half moon. The former retreat, to avoid being enclosed, and draw their pursuers upon an ambuscade of fresh men. The Powhatans retire in their turn, and the Monacans take this opportunity of resuming their first ground. "All their actions, voices and gestures, both in charging and retiring, were so strained to the height of their qualitie and nature, that the strangeness thereof made it seem very delightful." The warlike music spoken of above was a large deep platter of wood, covered with skin drawn so tight as to answer the purpose of a drum. They also used rattles made of small gourds or pompion-shells; and all these—it may well be supposed—mingled with their voices, sometimes twenty or thirty together, "made such a terrible noise, as would rather affright than delight any man."

It was probably by no little drilling of this description that Powhatan made soldiers of his subjects; and it naturally enough mortified him, after taking so much trouble with so much success, to see them defeated so readily as they were by the English. The chief cause, too, of this superiority, was a matter of wonder. No Indian had ever before seen any thing which resembled, in form or effect, the fire-arms of their strange enemy. For some time, therefore, their fear was attended with a superstition, against which no courage could prevail. But Powhatan was not long in determining at all events to put himself on equal terms with the colonists, whatever might be the hazard; and from that moment he spared no efforts to effect his purpose. On Newport's departure for England, he bargained away from him twenty swords for twenty turkeys. He attempted the same trade with Smith; and when the latter shrewdly declined it, his eagerness became such, we are told, "that at last by ambuscadoes at our very gates they (the Powhatans) would take them per force, surprise vs at worke, or any way." Some of these troublesome fellows being seized and threatened, they confessed that the emperor had ordered them to get possession of the English arms, or at least some of them, cost what it might.

He availed himself, with no great ingenuity, of a disposition among some of the colonists to trade privately in these contraband articles; and in that way obtained large quantities of shot, powder and pike-heads. So, upon Smith's departure for the settlement, after his famous visit, in December, 1608, he artfully requested the captain "to leaue him Edward Brynton to kille him foule, and the Dutchmen to finish his house." This house, we have seen, was abandoned; and as for fowl, the idea of employing an Englishman to hunt for his Powhatans was absurd. He had no objection, however, to Brynton's gun or his martial services. The Germans he was probably sure of already. They proved traitors to the colony, and soon after we find

them diligently engaged in arming and instructing the savages. One of them subsequently stated, that the emperor kept them at work for him in duress. He himself sent answer to Smith's demand for them, that they were at liberty to go if they chose—but as for carrying them fifty miles on his back, he was not able. The adroitness with which he obtained arms at Jamestown, during Smith's absence, has already been the subject of comment.

The implicit obedience which he exacted of his own subjects, notwithstanding the apparently precarious tenure by which he held his command, is a striking indication of the extent of his mere personal influence. "When he listeth," says an old writer, "his will is a law, and must be obeyed: not onely as a King, but as halfe a God, they esteeme him. What he commandeth they dare not disobey in the least thing. At his feete they present whatsoever he commandeth, and at the least froune of his browe, their greatest spirits will tremble with feare." This subordination was sustained by measures which, for severity and courage, would do no discredit to the most absolute despot of the Eastern world. On one occasion, certain offenders were burned to death in the midst of an immense heap of glowing coals, collected from many fires made for the purpose. A more merciful punishment was by braining the criminal with a club, as Smith was to have been sacrificed. The most horrible was fastening the poor wretch to a tree, breaking his joints one by one, and then whittling down his body with reeds and shells. Thrashing with cudgels was no trifle. Smith says he saw a man subjected to this discipline under the hands of two of his practised countrymen, till he fell prostrate and senseless; but he uttered no cry or complaint.

The extraordinary native shrewdness of Powhatan was abundantly manifested in the amusing advantages he obtained over Newport; his long and artful conversations with Smith, some of them sustained under the most embarrassing circumstances, merely to procure time; the promptness with which he rejected and defeated the proposal to make common cause against the Monacans—a bait, as he expressed it, too foolish to be taken; and, in fine, upon every occasion when the English undertook to negotiate or to argue with him. He availed himself most essentially of the aid of the German deserters heretofore mentioned, but he had too much sagacity to trust them after they deserted himself; and so, when two of them fled to him a second time, with proposals for delivering his great rival, Captain Smith, into his hands, he only observed, that men who betrayed the captain would betray the emperor, and forthwith ordered the scoundrels to be brained on the spot.

Powhatan, like many others of his race, has been regarded with prejudice for the very reasons which entitle him to respect. He was a troublesome enemy to the colonists. His hostile influence extended for hundreds of miles around them; cutting off commerce with the natives in the first place, and making inveterate enemies of them in the next. Powhatan, we are told, "still as he found means, cut off their boats, and denied them trade;" and again, "as for corne, contribution

and provision from the salvages, we had nothing but mortall wounds, with clubs and arrowes." Here, too, we find the emperor availing himself of the disasters and despair of the colony, to procure swords, muskets and ammunition—so reckless had the colonists become through famine.

Still, it does not appear that Powhatan adopted any policy but such as he believed indispensable to the welfare, not to say the existence, of his sovereign dominions. His warfare was an Indian warfare, indeed. But setting aside those circumstances of education and of situation which rendered this a matter both of pride and necessity, it may be safely said, that he but followed the example of those who should have known better. Not only did he act generally in self-defence, against what he deemed the usurpation of a foreign and unknown people, who had settled without permission upon his shores; but he was galled and provoked by peculiar provocations in numerous instances. The mere liberty of taking possession of a part of his territory might have been overlooked. Probably it was so. In the earliest days of the settlement, when nothing could be easier for Powhatan than to extinguish it at a single assault, it is acknowledged that his people often visited the English and treated them with kindness. Not long afterwards, indeed, they committed some trespasses, but meanwhile a party of the English had invaded the interior of the country. Considering the dissolute and unprincipled character of a large part of them, it is not improbable that still greater freedom was exercised with the Indians; such of course as the historians would be likely neither to record nor to know. And yet Smith has told enough—of himself—to make this point clear. In his very first expedition after corn, seeing, he says, "that by trade and courtesie nothing was to be had, he made bold to try such conclusions as necessitie inforced." He let fly a volley of musketry, ran his boats ashore, skirmished with the natives, and forcibly obtained a supply of provisions. And thus—adds the scrupulous captain—

"Thus God vnboundlesse by his power
Made them so kinde would vs devour."

It was nothing to the emperor, or to his subjects, that Smith went beyond his authority in these matters. "The patient councill"—he writes in another connection—"that nothing would moue to warre with the saluages, would gladly have wrangled with Captaine Smithe for his crueltie." He adds, that his proceedings—his conclusions, is his own language—had inspired the natives with such fear, that his very name was a terror. No wonder that he sometimes had peace and war twice in a day. No wonder that scarcely a week passed without some villany or other. Again, when the Chickahominies refused to trade, the president, "perceiving (supposing) it was Powhatan's policy to starve him," landed his company forthwith, and made such a show of anger and ammunition that the poor savages presently brought in all their provisions.

So we are summarily informed in Mr. Hamer's relation, that about

Christmas (1611), "in regard of the injurie done vs by them of Apamatuk, Sir Thomas Dale, without the losse of any except some few salvages," took possession of the territory and provision of the tribe, made a settlement upon the former without ceremony, and called it New Bermudas! One more illustration must suffice. It is a passage of Smith's history relating to a detachment of vagabonds, under the command of one West, who left Jamestown, and located themselves not far from Powhatan's residence at the falls of the river. "But the worst was, that the poore salvages that daily brought in their contributions to the president, that disorderly company so tormented these poore soules, by steeling their corne, robbing their gardens, beating them, breaking their houses, and keeping some prisoners, that they daily complained to Captaine Smith he had brought them for protectors worse enemies than the Monacans themselves, which though till then for his love they had endured; they desired pardon if hereafter they defended themselves—since he would not correct them as they had long expected he would." A most reasonable determination, civilly and candidly expressed.

But, whatever may be said of the motives or method of the warfare of Powhatan, it must be acknowledged that his character appears to no disadvantage in peace. We cannot but admire the Roman dignity with which he rejected all offers of compromise, so long as the English seemed disposed to take advantage of their own wrong in the violent seizure of Pocahontas. They knew that this was his favorite child, and they presumed on the strength of his attachment. But, much as her situation troubled him, he would not sacrifice his honor so far as to negotiate for her restoration on derogatory terms. He was afflicted, but he was still more incensed. When, however, he ascertained, by sending his sons to visit her, that she was well treated, and in good health, (though, we are somewhere told, "they had heard to the contrarie,") he began to think better of the offers of peace. Then came Rolfe "to acquaint him with the business," and kindly he was entertained, though not admitted to the presence of Powhatan. The young gentleman explained himself, however, to the emperor's brother; and the latter promised to intercede for him, as did also the two sons. Their explanations proved successful. The emperor was not only convinced that his daughter was entertained civilly by the English, but he was pleased with the honorable intentions, and touched by the passionate and tender affection of Rolfe. No sooner, therefore, did the time appointed for the marriage come to his knowledge—and no doubt Rolfe had already had the politic courtesy to apply for his consent—than he despatched three members of his own family to confirm the ceremony. "And ever since," adds the historian, "we have had friendly trade and commerce, as well with Powhatan himselfe, as all his subjects;"—so jealous were he and they of injustice, and so susceptible were they, at the same time, of mild and magnanimous impressions.

We find characteristic anecdotes, to the same effect, in the curious account Mr. Hamer has left on record, of a visit which he paid the

emperor in 1614, soon after the conclusion of peace. After some conversation upon business matters, the visiter was invited to Powhatan's own residence, where was a guard of two hundred warriors, which (as Mr. Hamer supposes) always attended his person. Having offered that gentleman a pipe of tobacco, he immediately inquired after the health of Sir Thomas Dale, at that time president, and then of his own daughter and her husband; wishing to know especially how these two liked each other. Hamer answered, that Sir Thomas was perfectly well; and as for Pocahontas, she was so contented, that she never would return to her father's court again if she could. Powhatan laughed heartily at this reply, and soon after asked the particular cause of Mr. Hamer's present visit. On being told it was private, he ordered his attendants to leave the house, excepting only the two females—said to have been Indian queens—who always sat by him, and then bade Mr. Hamer proceed with his message.

The latter began with saying, that he was the bearer of sundry presents from Sir Thomas Dale, which were delivered accordingly, much to the emperor's satisfaction. He then added, that Sir Thomas, hearing of the fame of the emperor's youngest daughter, was desirous of obtaining her hand in marriage. He conceived there could not be a finer bond of union between the two people, than such a connection; and besides her sister Pocahontas was exceedingly anxious to see her at Jamestown. He hoped that Powhatan would at least oblige himself so much, as to suffer her to visit the colony when he should return.

Powhatan more than once came very near interrupting the delivery of this message. But he controlled himself, and replied with great gravity, to the effect that he gladly accepted the president's salutation of love and peace, which he certainly should cherish so long as he lived; that he received with many thanks the presents sent him as pledges thereof; but that, as for his daughter, he had sold her, only a few days before, to a great werowance, living at the distance of three days' journey, for three bushels of Rawrenoke (Roanoke.) Hamer took the liberty to rejoin, that a prince of his greatness might no doubt recall his daughter, if he would—especially as she was only twelve years of age—and that in such a case he should receive for her from the president three times the worth of the Roanoke, in beads, copper and hatchets.

To this Powhatan readily rejoined, that he loved his daughter as his life, and though he had many children, he delighted in her most of all. He could not live without seeing her, and that would be impossible if she went among the colonists, for he had resolved upon no account to put himself in their power, or to visit them. He therefore desired Mr. Hamer to say no more upon the subject, but to tell the president in his name, 1, That he desired no other assurance of the president's friendship than his word, which was already pledged. He had himself, on the other hand, already given such assurance in the person of Pocahontas. One was sufficient, he thought, at one time; when she died he would substitute another in her stead. But meanwhile he should consider it no brotherly part to bereave him of

two children at once. 2, Though he gave no pledge, the president ought not to distrust him or his people. There had been already lives enough lost on both sides, and by his fault there should never be any more. He had grown old, and desired to die peaceably. He should hardly fight even for just cause; the country was wide enough, and he would rather retreat. "Thus much," he concluded, "I hope will satisfy my brother. And so here, as you are weary and sleepy, we will end." He then ordered a supper and good lodgings for his guest, and the latter took his leave for the night.

Early the next morning Powhatan himself visited Mr. Hamer at his lodging-place, and invited him to return to his own wigwam. There he entertained him in his handsomest manner. The time passed pleasantly, and Mr. Hamer began to feel at home. By and by came in an Englishman, one who had been surprised in a skirmish three years before at Fort Henry, and detained ever since. He was so completely savage in his complexion and dress, that Hamer only recognised him by his voice. He now asked that gentleman to obtain leave for him to return with him to the colony, and the request was accordingly made, and even pressed. The emperor was vexed at length. "Mr. Hamer," said he, "you have one of my daughters, and I am content. But you cannot see one of your men with me, but you must have him away or break friendship. But take him if you will. In that case, however, you must go home without guides (which were generally offered the English on these occasions), and if any evil befalls you, thank yourselves."

Hamer replied that he would do so, but he would not answer for the consequences if any accident should happen. The emperor was incensed at this, and left him, but he appeared again at supper time, feasted his guest with his best fare, and conversed cheerfully. About midnight he roused Hamer from a nap to tell him he had concluded to let Parker (the captive) go with him in the morning. But he must remind Sir Thomas to send him, in consideration thereof, ten large pieces of copper, a shaving-knife, a grindstone, a net, and sundry fish-hooks and other small matters. For fear Hamer should forget these particulars, he made him write a list of them in what the historians call a table-book, which he produced. "However he got it,"* says the narrator, "it was a faire one, and I desired he would give it me." Powhatan evaded this modest request by saying that he kept it to show to strangers; but when his guest left him in the morning he furnished him and his attendants with ample provision for his journey, gave each of them a buck's skin, "as well dressed as could be," and sent two more to his son-in-law and daughter.

There is much matter for reflection in this simple narrative. The sagacity of Powhatan in discerning the true object of the visit is worthy of the fearless dignity with which he exposed it. He gave little heed, it would seem, to the pretext of marriage, and considering

* Probably of some English captive. Smith wrote his famous letter to Jamestown, during his first captivity, on what he calls the leaf of a table-book.

only the age of his daughter, especially as compared with the president's, there was reason enough why he should. His conjectures were undoubtedly correct, and he had some right to be offended at the jealousy which was still harbored by the colonists. Stith expressly states, that the policy of Sir Thomas was merely to obtain an additional pledge for the preservation of peace.

The affection which Powhatan here manifests for his children, his hospitality even to one who took liberties upon the strength of it, his liberality, the resolution with which he maintained peace while he still evidently distrusted the English honor, his ready evasions and intelligent reasoning, his sensibility to insult, which he nevertheless thought it beneath him to resent, are all easily to be perceived in this instance, and are well worthy to be regarded among other evidences of his temper and genius.

His self-command and his chivalrous courtesy on every former occasion would have done no dishonor, in another country and time, to the lion-hearted monarch of England himself. In this respect he was well matched with Smith, and it is not the least interesting point in the common history of the two, to observe the singular union of suavity and energy with which both effected their purposes. Immediately after delivering the celebrated reply which he sent to Newport's proposal by Smith, the historian adds that "many other discourses they had, (yet both content to give each other content in complimentall courtesies), and so Captain Smith returned with his answer." In the same style, when Newport came himself, perceiving his purpose was to discover and invade the Monacans, we are told that he "refused to lend him either men or guides more than Namontack, and so, after some complimentary kindnesse on both sides," he presented the disappointed captain with seven or eight bushels of corn, and wished him a pleasant journey to Jamestown. He would not suffer so brave a man as Smith to be even beheaded, without having first ordered two of his queens to serve him with water and a bunch of feathers, and then feasted him in what the victim himself considered his best barbarous manner. It is very evident there was neither fear nor hypocrisy in any of these cases.

None of the noble traits we have mentioned lose any of their charm from being connected, as they are, with the utmost simplicity of barbarism. The reader of these times, therefore, may be allowed to smile at the pertinacity with which this mighty warrior and renowned monarch insisted upon Parker's being ransomed in fish-hooks, and the solemn gravity with which he divested himself of his mantle and old shoes for the gratification and reward of Newport. The presents sent to him by Sir Thomas Dale were two pieces of copper, five strings of white and blue beads, five wooden combs, ten fish-hooks, and a pair of knives, not to mention the promise of a grindstone, whenever he should send for it—clearly a much better bargain for his daughter, had he wished to dispose of her, than the two bushels of Roanoke. The werowances and queens of conquered nations waited upon him at his meals, as humbly as certain kings of the middle ages are said

to have waited upon the Pope; but, unlike his holiness, Powhatan could make his own robes, shoes, bows, arrows, and pots, besides planting his corn for exercise, and hunting deer for amusement. The Indians generally subsisted on fish in the spring, and lived light for some months after; but "Powhatan, their great king, and some others that are provident, roast their fish and flesh vpon hurdles, and keepe it till scarce times."*

In fine, it would seem that no candid person can read the history of this famous Indian, with an attentive consideration of the circumstances under which he was placed, without forming a high estimate of his character as a warrior, a statesman, and a patriot. His deficiencies were those of education and not of genius. His faults were those of the people whom he governed, and of the period in which he lived. His great talents, on the other hand, were his own, and these are acknowledged even by those historians who still regard him with prejudice. Stith calls him a prince of excellent sense and parts, and a great master of all the savage arts of government and policy. He adds that he was penetrating, crafty, insidious and cruel. "But as to the great and moral arts of policy," he concludes, "such as truth, faith, uprightness, and magnanimity, they seemed to have been but little heeded or regarded by him." Burk's opinion appears to us more correct. In the cant of civilisation, (says that excellent historian,) he will doubtless be branded with the epithets of tyrant and barbarian; but his title to greatness, though his opportunities were fewer, is to the full as fair as that of Tamerlane or Kowli Khan, and several others whom history has immortalised, while the proofs of his tyranny are by no means so clear. Still it might have been as reasonable to say that there are no such proofs in being. The kind of martial law which the emperor sometimes exercised over his own subjects was not only a matter of custom, founded on the necessity which must always exist among ignorant men, but it was a matter of license, which had grown into constitutional law by common consent. It has been justly observed, that there is no possibility of a true despotism under an Indian government. It is reason that governs, nominally at least, and the authority is only the more effectual as the obedience is more voluntary.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FAMILY OF POWHATAN—SEQUEL OF THE HISTORY OF POCAHONTAS—HER CIVILISATION AND INSTRUCTION IN CHRISTIANITY—HER VISIT TO ENGLAND IN 1616—HER DEATH AND CHARACTER—HER DESCENDANTS.

The family of Powhatan was numerous and influential. Two sons and two daughters have already been mentioned. There were also three brothers younger than himself, and upon them successively,

* Smith's account of the Natural Inhabitants of Virginia.

according to their several ages, custom seems to have required that the government should devolve after his own death. The eldest, Opitchipan,* accordingly succeeded him, in form at least. But this prince was an inactive and unambitious man, owing in some degree perhaps to his being decrepid, and he was soon thrown into the shade by the superior energy and talent of Opechancanough, who before many years engrossed in fact the whole power of the government. Of the younger brother, Kekataugh, scarcely any thing is known. He probably died before any opportunity occurred of signalling himself in a public station. The sequel of the history of Opechancanough is well worthy of being dwelt upon at some length; but previously, the order of time requires us to devote a share of attention to the fortunes of his celebrated niece, Pocahontas.

This beautiful and amiable woman, whom John Smith, in the excess of his admiration, styles "the Numpareil of Virginia," has been distinguished in modern times, chiefly by that single extraordinary act of courage and humanity to which the gallant historian was indebted for the preservation of his life. But this was by no means the only evidence of these noble qualities which history has preserved. Her name indeed is scarcely once mentioned by the most ancient chronicles of the colony, except in terms of high eulogy, and generally in connection also with some substantial facts, going strongly to justify the universal partiality with which her memory is regarded to these times.

In the earliest and most gloomy days of the settlement, immediately after Smith's return from his captivity, the liberal and thoughtful kindness of Pocahontas went very far to cheer the desponding hearts of the colonists, as well as to relieve their actual necessities. She came into Jamestown with her attendants once in every four or five days for a long time, and brought with her supplies of provisions, by which many lives are stated to have been saved. This will appear more fully from an ancient document which we shall hereafter transcribe at length.

When Smith was absent upon one of his Indian expeditions, emergencies occurred at Jamestown which rendered his presence extremely desirable. But not a man could be found who dared venture to carry a message to him from the council. He was known to be environed by enemies, and the hostility and power of Powhatan were at that period subjects of the most exaggerated apprehension. One Richard Wyffin at last undertook the hazardous enterprise. Encountering many dangers and difficulties, he reached the residence of Powhatan a day or two after Smith had left it for Pamunkey. He found that great preparations for war were going on among the Powhatans, and he soon became himself the object of suspicion. His life undoubtedly

* By various writers called Itopatin, Itoyatin, Oetan, Opitchipan, Toyatan—a characteristic instance of the uncertainty which attends the orthography of Indian proper names. One cause is the custom of changing the name upon great occasions. Opitchipan himself, after his accession, was called Sasawpen; and Opechancanough, Mangopeemen.

would have paid the forfeit of his rashness, had not Pocahontas, who knew his perilous situation even better than himself, concealed him, and thwarted and embarrassed the search of the savages who pursued him, so that "by her means and extraordinary bribes, and much trouble in three days' travell," as history says, "at length he found vs in the midst of these turmoyles," (at Jamestown.)

Her conduct was the same after Smith's departure for England. Of the thirty men who accompanied Ratcliffe when he was massacred by the Indians, only one escaped to the colony, and one was rescued by Pocahontas. This was a boy named Henry Spilman, who subsequently was restored to his friends,* and from the knowledge of Indian languages which he obtained during his residence with the Patowomekes, proved highly serviceable as an interpreter. Smith himself was more than once under obligations to the princess for his personal safety. We have alluded to that occasion when he quartered over night near the residence of her father. "Pocahontas, his dearest jewell and daughter, in that darke night came through the irksome woods, and told our captain great cheare should be sent vs by and by, but Powhatan and all the power he could make would after come kill vs all, if they that brought it could not kill us with our own weapons when we were at supper. Therefore if we would liue, she wished vs presently to be gone. Such things as she delighted in he would haue giuen her, but with the tears running down her cheekes, she said she durst not be seen to have any, for if Powhatan should know it she were but dead, and so she ran away by herself as she came." What an affecting instance of the most delicate tenderness mingled with the loftiest-courage.

It would have been strange indeed if Smith, with all his passionate chivalry, had been insensible of these repeated kindnesses. Even Powhatan had too good an opinion of him to suppose so, for he had the sagacity to rely upon his gratitude for political purposes. When some of the emperor's subjects were taken prisoners by Smith, (although peace was nominally existing,) and forced to confess that Powhatan had employed them to work mischief against the colony, the latter "sent messengers, and his dearest daughter Pocahontas," with presents, to make apologies for the past and promises for the future. Smith, on the other hand, (who understood as well as any one the part of a gentleman,) after giving the prisoners such correction as he deemed necessary, treated them well for a day or two, and then delivered them to Pocahontas, "for whose sake only he sayned to haue saued their liues, and gaue them libertie." The emperor was paid for this ingenuity in his own coin, when the colonists, in 1613, took the princess herself captive, relying on the well-known strength of his attachment to her as the surest means of procuring peace.

Her subsequent history may be soon told. Rolfe had become ardently enamoured of her beauty, and he used the fortunate occasion

* He was destined, however, to die at last by the hands of the savages in 1623.

of her stay in the colony, perhaps was active in bringing it on, to procure the intercession of the president in his behalf. Pocahontas cherished similar feelings towards himself, and when her brothers came to visit her she made one of them her confidant. Rolfe gained information of her sentiments, and thus was emboldened to prosecute his suit with a spirit worthy of the success which it met with. The parties married. In the course of a year or two the young bride became quite an adept in the English language and manners, and was well instructed in the doctrines of Christianity. She was entitled by her new acquaintances the Lady Rebecca.

In 1616, she and her husband accompanied Sir Thomas Dale to England. King James (that anointed pedant, as Stith calls him,) is said to have been offended with Rolfe for his presumption in marrying the daughter of a king, a crowned head, too, it will be recollected. He might have thought, perhaps, following up his own principles, that the offspring of the marriage would be fairly entitled to succeed Powhatan in his dominion. But the affair passed off with some little murmuring, and Pocahontas herself was received at court by both the king and queen with the most flattering marks of attention. Lord de la War and his lady, and many other courtiers of rank, followed the royal example. The princess was gratified by the kindness shown to her; and those who entertained her, on the other hand, were unanimously of opinion, as Smith expresses himself, that they had seen many English ladies worse-favored, proportioned and behaved.

The captain was at this time in England, and although upon the eve of leaving that country on a voyage to New England, he delayed his departure for the purpose of using every possible means in his power of introducing the princess to advantage. A memorial, which he draughted with his own hand and sent in to the queen, is supposed to have had no little influence at court. It is well worth transcribing, both as a curiosity of style, and as a document of authentic history. It reads thus:

“To the most high and vertuous princess, Queen Anne of Great Britain.

“Most admired Queene,

“The loue I bear my God, my king and countrie, hath so oft emboldened mee in the worst of extreme danger, that now honestie doth constraine mee to presume thus farre beyond myselfe, to present your Maiestie this short discourse. If ingratitude be a deadly poyson to all honest vertues, I must be guiltie of that crime if I should omit any meanes to be thankful. So it is,

“That some ten yeeres agoe, being in Virginia, and taken prisoner by the power of Powhatan, their chief kinge, I received from this great saluage exceeding great courtesie, especially from his sonne Nantaguans, the most manliest, comeliest, boldest spirit I euer saw in a salvage; and his sister Pocahontas, the king's most deare and well-beloved daughter, being but a child of twelue or thirteene yeeres of age, whose compassionate, pitifull heart, of desperate estate, gaue mee

much cause to respect her; I being the first Christian this proud king and his grim attendants euer saw, and thus inthrall'd in their barbarous power, I cannot say I felt the least occasion of want that was in the power of those my mortal foes. to preuent, notwithstanding al their threats.

"After some sixe weeks fatt'g among these salvage courtiers, at the minute of my execution, she hazarded the beating out of her own braines to save mine, but not only that, but so prevaile'd with her father that I was safely conducted to Iames-town, where I found about eight and thirtie miserable poore and sick creatures, to keep possession of al those large territories of Virginia; such was the weaknesse of this poore commonwealth, as had the salvages not fed us, we directly had starued.

"And this reliefe, most gracious queene, was commonly brought vs by this Lady Pocahontas. Notwithstanding al these passages, when inconstant fortune turned our peace to warre, this tender virgin would still not spare to dare to visit us, and by her our jarres have been oft appeased, and our wants still supplied. Were it the policie of her father thus to imploy her, or the ordinance of God thus to make her his instrument, or her extraordinarie affection to our nation, I know not. But of this I am sure, when her father, with the utmost of his policie and power, sought to surprise me, hauing but eightene with me, the dark night could not affright her from comming through the irksome woods, and with watered eies gave me intilligence, with her best aduice to escape his furie, which had hee knownc, he had surely slaine her.

"Iames-toune, with her wild traine, she as freely frequented as her father's habitation, and during the time of two or three yeeres, she next, under God, was still the instrument to preserve this colonie from death, famine, and utter confusion, which if in those times had once been dissolued, Virginia might haue line as it was at our first arrivall to this day.

"Since then, this businesse hauing beene turned and varied by many accidents from that I left it at, it is most certaine, after a long and troublesome warre after my departure, betwixt her father and our colonie, at which time shee was not heard off, about two yeeres after she herself was taken prisoner. Being so detained neere two yeeres longer, the colonie by that means was relieued, peace concluded, and at last reiecting her barbarous condition, shee was married to an English gentleman, with whom at this present she is in England, the first Christian euer of that nation, the first Virginian euer spake English, or had a childe in marriage by an Englishman. A matter surely, if my meaning bee truly considered and well vnderstood, worthy a prince's understanding.

"Thus, most gracious lady, I have related to your maiestie what at your best leasure our approued histories will account you at large, and done in the time of your maiestie's life; and howeuer this might bee presented you from a more worthy pen, it cannot from a more honest heart. As yet I neuer begged any thing of the state, or any,

and it is my want of abilitie and her exceeding desert, your birth, meanes and authoritie, her birth, vertue, want and simplicitie, doth make mee thus bold humbly to beseech your maiestie to take this knowledge of her, though it bee from one so unworthy to be the reporter as my selfe, her husband's estate not being able to make her fit to attend your maiestie. The most and least I can doe is to tell you this, because none so oft hath tried it as myself, and the rather being of so great a spirit, however her stature.

"If shee should not be well receiued, seeing this kingdom may rightly haue a kingdom by her meanes, her present loue to vs and Christianitie might turne to such scorne and furie, as to diuert al this good to the worst of euill; where [whereas] finding so great a queene should doe her some honor more than she can imagine, for being so kind to your seruants and subjects, would so rauish her with content, as endeare her dearest blood to effect that your maiestie and al the king's honest subjects most earnestly desire. And so I humbly kisse your gracious hands."

The final interview between the gallant and generous writer of this memorial, and the princess who was the subject of it, is an occasion too interesting to be passed over without notice. She had been told that Smith, whom she had not seen for many years, was dead, but why this information was given her does not appear. Perhaps it was to make his appearance the more gratifying. Possibly Master Rolfe, in the heat of his passion during the critical period of courtship, had deemed it advisable and justifiable to answer to this effect the anxious inquiries she would naturally make after Smith, especially during her confinement at Jamestown. But whatever the reason was, the shock of the first meeting had nearly overwhelmed her. She was staying at Brentford, after her visit to London, having retired thither to avoid the noise and smoke of the metropolis, which she was far from enjoying. Smith was announced, and soon after made his appearance. She saluted him—modestly, he says himself, and coolly, according to some other writers—and then turning away from him, she covered her face, and seemed to be too much discomposed for conversation.

Undoubtedly she was deeply affected with a multitude of conflicting emotions, not the least of which was a just indignation on account of the imposition which the English had practised upon her. For two or three hours she was left to her own meditations. At the end of that time, after much entreaty, she was prevailed upon to converse, and this point once gained, the politeness and kindness of her visitant, and her own sweetness of disposition, soon renewed her usual vivacity.

In the course of her remarks she called Smith her father. That appellation, as bestowed by a king's daughter, was too much for the captain's modesty, and he informed her to that effect. But she could not understand his reasoning upon the subject. "Ah!" she said, after recounting some of the ancient courtesies which had passed between them, "you did promise Powhatan that what was yours should be his, and he the like to you. You called him father, being in his land

a stranger, and by the same reason so must I doe you." Smith still expressed himself unworthy of that distinction, and she went on:—"Were you not afraid to come into my father's countrie, and caused fear in him and all his people but mee, and fear you I should here call you father? I tell you then I will; and you must call me childe, and then I will bee foreuer and euer your countrywoman." She assured Smith that she had been made to believe he was dead, and that Powhatan himself had shared in that delusion. To ascertain the fact, however, to a certainty, that crafty barbarian had directed an Indian who attended her to England to make special inquiries. This was Tomocomo, one of the emperor's chief counsellors, and the husband of his daughter Matachanna, perhaps the same who had been demanded in marriage by Sir Thomas Dale in 1614.

It is the last and saddest office of history to record the death of this incomparable woman, in about the two-and-twentieth year of her age. This event took place at Gravesend, where she was preparing to embark for Virginia with her husband and the child mentioned in Smith's memorial. They were to have gone out with Captain Argall, who sailed early in 1617, and the treasurer and council of the colony had made suitable accommodations for them on board the admiral-ship. But, in the language of Smith, it pleased God to take this young lady to his mercy. He adds, that she made not more sorrow for her unexpected death, than joy to the beholders to hear and see her make so religious and godly an end. Stith also records that she died as she had long lived, a most sincere and pious Christian. The expression of a later historian is, that her death was a happy mixture of Indian fortitude and Christian submission, affecting all those who saw her by the lively and edifying picture of piety and virtue which marked her latter moments.*

The same philosophic writer, in his general observations upon the character of Pocahontas, has justly remarked that, considering all concurrent circumstances, it is not surpassed by any in the whole range of history; and that for those qualities more especially which do honor to our nature—a humane and feeling heart, an ardor and unshaken constancy in her attachments—she stands almost without a rival. She gave evidence, indeed, of possessing in a high degree every attribute of mind and heart which should be and has been the ornament and pride of civilised woman in all countries and times. Her unwearied kindness to the English was entirely disinterested; she knew that it must be so when she encountered danger and weariness and every kind of opposition and difficulty, to bestow it seasonably on the objects of her noble benevolence. It was delicate, too, in the mode of bestowment. No favor was expected in return for it, and yet no sense of obligation was permitted to mar the pleasure which it gave. She asked nothing of Smith in recompense for whatever she had done, but the boon of being looked upon as his child. Of her character as a princess, evidence enough has already been furnished. Her

* Burk's Virginia, Vol. I.

dignity, her energy, her independence, and the dauntless courage which never deserted her for a moment, were worthy of Powhatan's daughter.

Indeed, it has been truly said, that, well-authenticated as is the history of Pocahontas, there is ground for apprehension that posterity will be disposed to regard her story as a romance. "It is not even improbable," says Burk, "that considering every thing relating to herself and Smith as a mere fiction, they may vent their spleen against the historian for impairing the interest of his plot by marrying the princess of Powhatan to a Mr. Rolfe, of whom nothing had been previously said, in defiance of all the expectations raised by the foregoing parts of the fable."

Young Rolfe, her only offspring, was left at Plymouth, England, under the care of Sir Lewis Steukley, who undertook to direct his education, his tender years making it inexpedient to remove him to Virginia. As that gentleman was soon after completely beggared and disgraced by the part which he took in the proceedings against Sir Walter Raleigh, the tuition of Rolfe passed into the hands of his uncle, Henry Rolfe, of London. He became in after years a man of eminence and fortune in Virginia, and inherited a considerable tract of land which had belonged to Powhatan. At his death he left an only daughter, who was married to Col. Robert Bolling. By him she had an only son, who was father to Col. John Bolling, (well known to many now living), and several daughters, married to Col. Richard Randolph, Col. John Fleming, Dr. William Gay, Mr. Thomas Eldridge, and Mr. James Murray. This genealogy is taken from Stith, and he shows with sufficient minuteness that this remnant of the imperial family of Virginia, which long survived in a single person, had branched out into a very numerous progeny, even as early as 1747. The Hon. John Randolph of Roanoke is, if we mistake not, a lineal descendant of the princess in the sixth degree.

NOTE.—Mr. Seba Smith has lately published a metrical romance, entitled *Powhatan*, which abounds in excellent and beautiful poetry. We will extract a part of the fourth canto, descriptive of the incident of Pocahontas saving Captain Smith from a violent death, by throwing herself beside him and putting her arm around his head, beseeching her father by her looks to spare him; it is a faithful and eloquent description:—

Though many honored brave Sir John
 For his spirit bold and high,
 The solemn council now decide
 That brave Sir John must die.
 For this alone, they deemed, would serve
 To appease great Okee's wrath;
 And safety to the monarch's realm
 Required the strange chief's death.
 So great a foe and terrible
 Their tribes had never known:
 Hence 'twas decreed, that in his fall
 Great Powhatan alone
 Was worthy to inflict the blow
 This mighty chief to slay;

And all demanded that the deed
Be done without delay.

The monarch sitteth on his throne,
In his dignity arrayed;
Mysterious power is in his eye,
That maketh man afraid;
The women of his court stand up
With awe behind the throne,
But his daughters in their beauty sit
On either hand alone;
While all around the spacious hall
Long rows of warriors stand,
With nodding war-plume on each head,
And each with weapon in his hand;
And scalps and trophies line the walls,
That fifty wars supplied,
And richest robes and shining belts
Appear on every side.
And all is placed in fit array
To take the captive's eye,
When he should come within the hall
To be condemned and die,—
For 'twas not meet to take the life
Of so great and strange a man,
Till he had seen the greatness too
Of great King Powhatan.

Now through the festal crowds abroad
Heralds aloud make known
That soon the great Sir John must die,
Before the monarch's throne.
Hushed is the song and ceased the dance,
And darkening throngs draw near,
In awful silence round the hall,
And bend a listening ear
To catch the floating sounds that come,
Perchance the fatal blow,
Perchance the death-song of Sir John,
Or his dying shriek of wo.
A private door to that great hall
Is opened slow and wide,
And a guard of forty men march in
With looks of lofty pride;
For in their midst that captive walks
With tightly pinion'd arm,
Whose very name had power to shake
The boldest with alarm.
The captive's step is firm and free,
His bearing grave and high,
And calm and quiet dignity
Is beaming from his eye.
One universal shout arose
When first Sir John appeared.
And all the gathering throng without
In answer loudly cheer'd.
And then the monarch wav'd his hand,
And all was still again;
And round the hall the prisoner march'd,
Led by the warrior train;
And thrice they went the circuit round,
That all might see the face

That bore such pale and spirit marks
Of a strange and mighty race.

In the centre of the hall is placed
A square and massive stone,
And beds of twigs and forest leaves
Are thickly round it strown;
And there a heavy war-club stands,
With knots all covered o'er;
It bears the marks of many wars,
Hard, smooth, and stain'd with gore.
It was the monarch's favorite club,
For times of peril kept,
'Twas near him when upon the throne,
And near him when he slept.
No other hands had ever dared
That ponderous club to wield,
And never could a foe escape
When that club swept the field.
Now slowly to this fatal spot
They lead Sir John with care,
And bind his feet about with withes,
And lay him prostrate there;
And look and listen eagerly
For him to groan or weep;
But he lays his head down tranquilly,
As a child that goes to sleep.
The monarch, with a stately step,
Descendeth from the throne,
And all give back before the light
From his fiery eye that shone.
He raiseth that huge war-club high,
The warriors hold their breath,
And look to see that mighty arm
Hurl down the blow of death,—
A sudden shriek bursts through the air,
A wild and piercing cry,
And swift as light a form is seen
Across the hall to fly.
The startled monarch stays his hand,
For now, beneath his blow,
He sees his lovely Metoka
By the captive kneeling low.
Her gentle arm is round his head,
Her tearful eyes upturn'd,
And there the pure and hallow'd light
Of angel mercy burn'd.
Compassion lit its gentle fires
In the breast of Powhatan;
The warrior to the father yields,
The monarch to the man.
Slowly his war-club sinks to earth,
And slowly from his eye
Recedes the fierce, vindictive fire
That burn'd before so high.
His nerves relax, he looks around
Upon his warrior men,
Perchance their unsubdued revenge
His soul might fire again,—
But no; the soft contagion spreads,
And all have felt its power,
And hearts are touch'd and passions hush'd,
For mercy ruled the hour.

The monarch gently raised his child,
 And brushed her tears away;
 And called Pamunkey to his side,
 And bade without delay
 To free the captive from his bonds,
 And show him honors due,
 And lead him to the festive hall
 Their banquet to renew.

The day is past, and past the night,
 And now again the morning light,
 With golden pinions all unfurl'd,
 Comes forth to wake a sleeping world;
 And brave Sir John, with footsteps free,
 And a trusty guard of warriors three,
 Through the deep woods is on his way
 To greet his friends at Paspahy.

CHAPTER VIII.

SEQUEL OF THE HISTORY OF OPECHANCANOUGH—THE GREAT MASSACRE OF
 1622—MASSACRE OF 1641—CAPTURE OF OPECHANCANOUGH BY THE ENGLISH
 —HIS DEATH AND CHARACTER.

Captain Argall brought out from England, among other things, a variety of presents for Opechancanough, who seems now to have been, notwithstanding that Powhatan was still living, the chief object of the colony's apprehension and regard. He lamented, as the Indians did universally, the untimely fate of their favorite princess; but he also expressed himself satisfied with the care which had been taken of her son. Argall sent messengers to him immediately on his arrival at Jamestown; and the chieftain paid him a visit, and received his presents. Tomocomo, who returned with Argall, had conceived a dislike for Sir Thomas Dale, and he railed violently against him in particular, as he did against the English in general; but Opechancanough either was or affected to be convinced that his anger and his accusations were equally groundless. On the death of Powhatan, in 1618, both himself and his royal brother Opitchipan renewed the ancient league of the emperor with the English; under the protection of which, we are told, every man peaceably followed his building and planting, without any remarkable accidents or interruption.

A transaction, which occurred in 1616, furnishes the best comment we can give upon the character of Opechancanough. It appears, that President Yearly at that time undertook to relieve the necessities of the colony by collecting tribute of the Chickahominies. But, for some reason or other, that warlike people refused to pay it; and even sent him an answer to his demand, which he construed into an affront. He therefore called upon them, soon after, with a company of one hundred soldiers, well armed. Some threatening and bravado ensued on both sides, and a regular battle was the speedy consequence. The Indians were defeated, and as Yearly was returning to Jamestown

with his spoil, Opechancanough met him, and artfully effected an agreement with him, that he (Yeadly) would make no peace with the Chickahominies without his consent. He then went to that tribe, and pretended that he had, with great pains and solicitation, procured a peace for them. To requite this immense service, as it was now considered, they cheerfully proclaimed him king of their nation, and flocked from all quarters with presents of beads and copper. From this time he was content to be entitled the King of Chickahominy; and thus was subjected to him, with their own free consent, a brave and resolute people, who had successfully resisted, for many years, the power of every savage and civilised foe.

The English historians generally agree in representing Opechancanough as an inveterate enemy of the English from first to last. Such may have been the case; and he might have had what appeared to him reason and occasion enough for his hostility. The character of many of the colonists was but too well calculated to thwart the best intentions on the part of the government, however peaceable and just might be their theory of Indian intercourse. The discontent of Tomocomo might have its effect, too, and especially among the mass of his countrymen. The pledge of harmony which had existed in the person of Pocahontas was forgotten. But above all, Opechancanough was too shrewd a man not to perceive, in the alarming disproportion which was daily showing itself between the power of the English and the Indians of Virginia—independently of particular provocations—a sure indication of the necessity of a new system of defence.

Subsequent events confirm this conjecture. No better preparation for a war could have been made on the chieftain's part, than he effected in the submission of the Chickahominies. It is not unlikely that he himself instigated, through his satellites, the very insolence whereby they drew upon themselves that severe chastisement from the colony, which increased his own influence over them as much as it aggravated their hostility to the English. We find that, in 1618, they committed several outrages of a most flagrant character; and although Opechancanough, who was applied to for satisfaction, promised to send in the heads of the offenders, this was never done, and it may be questioned, whether he was not privy to, or perhaps the chief author and contriver of the whole affair. At all events, historians represent that his regal authority over the tribe was thereby "firmly riveted and established."

Still, not only had the artful chieftain given no open cause of offence or evidence of hostility, but he absolutely succeeded, as we have seen, in completely quieting the suspicions of the colonists. In 1620, indeed, we find it recorded in the journal of Mr. Rolfe, that "now Opechancanough will not come at vs, that causes vs suspect his former promises." But this little uneasiness was wholly done away, on the arrival of Sir Francis Wyatt, the successor of Yeadly, in 1621. That gentleman immediately sent messengers to Opechancanough and Opitchipan, who both expressed great satisfaction at the accession of the new president, and cheerfully renewed their former leagues with

the colony. The former also declared himself pleased with the idea of the English inhabiting the country. He proposed, by way of amalgamating the two nations, that some of the white families should settle among his people, while some of his should settle at Jamestown. A former promise was confirmed, of sending a guide with the English to certain mines represented to be situated above the falls. Nay, so far was the deception carried, that "Mr. Thorpe (the chief messenger) thought he perceived more motions of religion in Opechancanough than could easily be imagined in so great ignorance and blindness. He acknowledged his own religion not to be the right way, and desired to be instructed in the Christian faith. He confessed that God loved the English better than them; and he thought the cause of God's anger was their custom of conjuring their children, and making them black boys."*

It must have been about this time that Opechancanough took the trouble to send some of his men to a sachem on the eastern shore, for a quantity of poison, peculiar to that region, and which he wished to use in his operations against the English. This may have been the true object of the embassy; and it may also have been but a cover for sounding the disposition of the eastern tribes towards the colony. Accordingly, it is recorded in the "Observations of Master John Pory, secretarie of Virginia, in his Travels," that Namenacus, the sachem of Pawtuxent, made an application to the colony, in 1621, for the privilege of trading with them. The request was so far attended to, that

* Allusion seems to be made here to a custom which is sufficiently singular to deserve some description. Smith calls it a yearly sacrifice of children. A ceremony of the kind which was performed near Jamestown may best be described in his own words. "Fifteene of the properest young boyes, betweene ten and fifteene years of age, they paynted white. Hauling brought them forth, the people spent the forenoone in dauncing and singing about them with rattles. In the afternoone they put those children to the roote of a tree. By them all the men stood in a guard, each hauing a bastinado in his hand, made of reeds bound together. This made a lane betweene them all along, through which there were appointed five young men to fetch these children. So every one of the five went through the guard to fetch a childe, each after other by turnes, the guard fiercely beating them with their bastinados, and they patiently enduring and receiuing all, defending the children with their naked bodies from the vnumercifull blowes, that pay them soundly, tho' the children escape. All this while, the women weepe and cry out very passionately, prouiding mats, skinnies, mosse and dry wood, as things fitting their children's funerals. After the children were thus passed the guard, the guard tore downe the trees, branches and boughs, with such violence that they rent the body, and made wreaths for their heads, or bedecked their hayre with the leaues. What els was done with the children was not scene, but they were all cast on a heape in a valley as dead, where they made a great feast for all the company. The werowance being demanded the meaning of the sacrifice, answered, that the children were not all dead, but that the *Okee*. or Divill did sucke the bloode from their left breast, who chanced to be his by lot, till they were dead; but the rest were kept in the wilderness by the young men till nine months were expired, during which time they must not converse with any, and of these were made their Priests and Coniurers." Master Pory says, in his Observations, that the Accomacks were a civil and tractable people: "nor doe they vse that deuilish custome in making Black Boyes."

the English promised to visit him within six weeks. Now it seems that their commerce with the Indians at this period was mostly carried on by the aid of one Thomas Savage, an interpreter, and the same man whom Smith had left with Powhatan fourteen years before. The visit took place according to promise, and it was then ascertained that Opechancanough had employed one of his Indians to kill Savage. The pretence was, "because he brought the trade from him to the easterne shore." The truth probably was, that the chieftain was jealous of the English influence among the tribes of that region.

But the storm which had been gathering ever since the death of the emperor was at length ready to burst upon the devoted colony. Opechancanough had completed every preparation which the nature of things permitted on his part, and nothing remained but to strike the great blow which he intended should utterly extinguish the English settlements forever. The twenty-second day of March, 1622—an era but too memorable in Virginian history—was selected for the time, and a certain hour agreed upon to ensure the simultaneous assault in every direction. The various tribes engaged in the conspiracy were drawn together, and stationed in the vicinity of the several places of massacre, with a celerity and precision unparalleled in the annals of the continent. Although some of the detachments had to march from great distances, and through a continued forest, guided only by the stars and moon, no single instance of disorder or mistake is known to have happened. One by one they followed each other in profound silence, treading as nearly as possible in each other's steps, and adjusting the long grass and branches which they displaced. They halted at short distances from the settlements, and waited in death-like stillness for the signal of attack.

That was to be given by their fellow-savages, who had chosen the same morning for visiting the different plantations, in considerable numbers, for the purpose of ascertaining their strength and precise situation, and at the same time preventing any suspicion of the general design. This, it should be observed, had recently become too habitual a practice with the Indians, to excite suspicion of itself. The savages were well known to be in no condition for a war, and had shown no disposition for one. The English, therefore, while they supplied them generally with whatever they asked for, upon fair terms, neglected to prepare themselves for defence. They were so secure, that a sword or a firelock was rarely to be met with in a private dwelling. Most of their plantations were seated in a scattered and straggling manner, as a water-privilege or a choice vein of rich land invited them; and indeed it was generally thought, the further from neighbors the better. The Indians were daily received into their houses, fed at their tables, and lodged in their bed-chambers; and boats were even lent them previous to the twenty-second, as they passed backwards and forwards for the very purpose of completing the plan of extirpation.

The hour being come, the savages, knowing exactly in what spot every Englishman was to be found, rose upon them at once. The

work of death was commenced, and they spared neither sex nor age, man, woman nor child. Some entered the houses under the color of trade. Others drew the owners abroad upon various pretences; while the rest fell suddenly on such as were occupied in their several labors. So quick was the execution, that few perceived the weapon or blow which despatched them. And thus, in one hour and almost at the same instant, fell three hundred and forty-seven men, women and children; most of them by their own arms, and all (as Stith observes) by the hands of a naked and timid people, who durst not stand the presenting of a staff in the manner of a firelock, in the hands of a woman.

Those who had sufficient warning to make resistance saved their lives. Nathaniel Causic, an old soldier of Captain Smith's, though cruelly wounded, cleaved down one of his assailants with an axe; upon which the whole party who had surrounded him fled, and he escaped. At another place, two men held possession of a house against sixty Indians. At Warrasqueake, a Mr. Baldwin, whose wife was so badly wounded that she lay for dead, by repeatedly discharging his musket drove off the enemy, and saved both her and himself. Ralph Hamer, the historian, defended himself in his house, successfully, with spades, axes and brickbats. One small family, living near Martin's Hundred, where as many as seventy-three of the English were slain, not only escaped the massacre, but never heard any thing of it until two or three days afterwards. Jamestown and some of the neighboring places were saved by the disclosure of a Christian Indian named Chanco, who was confidentially informed of the design by his brother, on the morning of the 22d.

Such was the evidence which Opechancanough gave of his deep-rooted hatred of the English. And yet, such was his profound dissimulation, that so late as the middle of March, he treated a messenger sent to him from the president with the utmost civility, assuring him he held the peace so firm, that the sky would fall sooner than it should be violated on his part. Mr. Thorpe, an excellent man, who had taken a peculiar interest in Christianising the Indians, supposed that he had gained the especial favor of Opechancanough by building him a very neat house after the English fashion; in which he took such pleasure, as to lock and unlock his door a hundred times a day. He seemed also to be pleased with the discourse and company of Mr. Thorpe, and expressed a desire to requite some of his kindness. Nevertheless, the body of this unfortunate man was found among the slain. Only two days before the massacre, the Indians guided a party of the English through the woods, and sent home one who had lived among them to learn their language. On the very morning of the fatal day, as also the evening before, they came, as at other times, unarmed into the houses of the English, with deer, turkeys, fish, fruits and other things to sell; and in some places sat down to breakfast with the same persons whom they rose up to tomahawk.

The particular occasion—as the historians consider it—of the conspiracy, is too characteristic to be omitted. There was a noted Indian,

named Nemattanow, who was wont, out of vanity or some unaccountable humor, to dress himself up with feathers, in a most barbarously fantastic manner. This habit obtained for him among the English the name of Jack-of-the-feather. He was renowned among his countrymen both for courage and cunning, and was esteemed the greatest war-captain of those times. But, what was most remarkable, although he had been in many skirmishes and engagements with the English, he had always escaped without a wound. From this accident, seconded by his own ambition and craft, he obtained at length the reputation of being invulnerable and immortal.

Early in 1622, Nemattanow came to the house of one Morgan, who kept and sold a variety of well-selected commodities for the use of the Indians. Smitten with a strong desire to obtain some of them, Nemattanow persuaded Morgan to accompany him to Pamunkey, on the assurance of an advantageous traffic at that place. On the way, he is supposed to have murdered the trader. Within two or three days, he returned again to the house of his victim, where were only two stout young men, servants of Morgan, at home. They, observing that he wore their master's cap on his head, inquired after him; and Jack told them frankly he was dead.

Confirmed in their previous suspicions by this declaration, they seized him, and endeavored to carry him before Mr. Thorpe, who lived at a neighboring settlement. But their prisoner troubled them so much by his resistance, and withal provoked them so intolerably by his bravadoes, that they finally shot him down, and put him into a boat, in order to convey him the remaining seven or eight miles of the way. But the Indian soon grew faint; and finding himself surprised by the pangs of death, he requested his captors to stop. In his last moments he most earnestly besought of them two great favors; first, never to make it known that he was killed by a bullet; and secondly, to bury him among the English, that the certain knowledge and monument of his mortality might still be concealed from the sight of his countrymen. So strong was the ruling passion in death.

Opechancanough was so far from being a particular friend of Nemattanow, that he had given the president to understand, by a messenger, some time before the transaction just related, that he should consider it a favor in him, if he would take measures to have Jack despatched. The popularity of the war-captain was the only reason why he forbore to take such measures himself. Nevertheless, with a consummate wiliness he availed himself of this same popularity, on the death of his rival—as Jack seems to have been—the better to inflame and exasperate the Indians against the whites. He affected to be excessively grieved at his death, and for some time was unusually loud in his declarations of resentment and his threats of revenge. A messenger came from the president, to ascertain what was intended by these demonstrations of hostility, and again all was quiet as before; nothing could induce the sachem to violate the vast regard which he had always entertained for the English. About the same time he gave them liberty, by negotiation, to seat themselves any where on the shores

of the rivers, within his dominions, where the natives had no villages. The treaty he had already made for the discovery of mines, as well as for mutual friendship and defence, was at his request engraven on a brass plate, and fastened to one of the largest oaks growing upon his territories, that it might be had always in remembrance.

For several years after the massacre, a war was waged between the colonists and the savages, so inveterate and ferocious as to transmit a mutual abhorrence and prejudice to the posterity of both. The former obtained at this period the name of the Long-Knives, by which they were distinguished to a very late day, in the hieroglyphic language of the natives. Every precaution and preparation was taken and made upon both sides, in view of a desperate conflict. Orders were issued by the government, from time to time, directing a general vigilance and caution against the enemy who now engrossed all thought; and especially prohibiting the waste of arms and ammunition. The remnants of the settlements were drawn together into a narrower compass. Of eighty plantations, all were abandoned but six, which lay contiguous at the lower part of James river; and three or four others, of which the owners or overseers, refusing to obey public orders, intrenched themselves, and mounted cannon for their own separate defence.

A considerable space of territory between the Virginians and the savage tribes was wasted with fire, for the sole purpose of laying bare the stealthy approaches of the enemy, who, under cover of the long grass and underwood, and the gigantic shield of the oak and cypress, had heretofore been able to advance unperceived, and rise up in attack almost from under the very feet of the English. But even a boundary of fire could not always restrain the fury, nor elude the skill of the Indians. Wisely content with short and sudden incursions, for plunder and revenge rather than conquest, they frequently succeeded in carrying off the corn and cattle of the colonists, and sometimes their persons into captivity. They were themselves, on the other hand, hunted like beasts of prey. No prisoners were made; no quarter was given.

From the time of the massacre, Opechancanough seems no longer to have taken the least trouble to conceal his hostility. He returned a haughty answer to the first demand made upon him for the redemption of the English captives; and trampled under foot the picture of the English monarch, which was sent to him as a compliment. Late in 1622, when Captain Croshaw was trading on the Potomac, with the only tribe which was now willing to carry on commerce, he had scarcely landed from his vessel, when a messenger arrived from Opechancanough to Japazaws, (king of the Patowomekes,) bearing two baskets of beads as a royal present, and soliciting the king to murder his new visitants on the spot. He was assured, that whether he did his part or not, before the end of two moons, there should not be an Englishman left in the whole country. Japazaws first disclosed the message to his guest; and then, after thinking and talking of it two days, made answer that the English were his friends, and Opitchipan

(the Powhatan emperor) his brother; and therefore there should be no more blood shed between them by his means. The beads were returned by the messenger.

After this, the colonists had their season of success; and more Indians are said to have been slain during the autumn and winter of 1622—3, than had ever before fallen by the hands of the English, since the settlement of Jamestown. But the course adopted by the civilised party sufficiently indicates the desperate state of their affairs. They availed themselves of a stratagem worse than barbarous in its principle, however circumstances might be supposed in this case to justify it. A peace was offered to the enemy and accepted; but just as the corn, which the latter were induced to plant, was beginning to grow ripe, the English fell upon them in all directions at a given hour of an appointed day, killed many, and destroyed a vast quantity of provisions. Several of the greatest war-captains were among the slain; and for some time Opechancanough himself was reported to be one. This rumor alone, so long as believed, was equal to a victory; "for against him," says the historian, "was this stratagem chiefly laid."

Such language furnishes evidence enough of the apprehension which his movements and reputation had excited. But he gave more substantial reasons for the respect which he still wrested from his enemy, by his prowess. A battle took place at his own village of Pamunkey, in 1625, in which the main body of the savages numbered eight hundred bowmen, independently of detachments from remote tribes; and though the English, led on by Governor Wyatt in person, succeeded in driving the enemy from the field, they were unable to pursue them as far as Mataponi. That town was their principal depot and rallying point, and the acknowledged inability to reach it, though but four miles distant, proves that the battle was by no means decisive. It appears from this affair, too, that all the efforts of the English, during an inveterate war of three years, had not driven the tribes even from the neighborhood of their own settlements. What was more discouraging, Opechancanough was not to be deceived a second time by the arts of diplomacy. In 1628, the governor's proclamation, which announced the appointment of commissioners to negotiate with the enemy, declared expressly an intention to repeat the stratagem of 1622; but the plan failed of success, and the Pamunkies and Chickahominies—most immediately under the influence of Opechancanough—were more troublesome at this period than ever before.

Four years afterwards, the same tribes made an irruption so furious and alarming, that every twentieth man was despatched, under the command of the governor, to parley with them—a term in the records which shows forcibly, as Burk observes, the respect this brave people had inspired. But Opechancanough was still implacable; and when, in the course of 1632, a peace was at last formally concluded, so little dependence was placed on that circumstance, that even while the commissioners on both sides were adjusting the preliminaries, a proclama-

tion was issued, forbidding the colonists either to parley or trade with the Indians.

This truce or treaty was understood to be on both sides a temporary expedient; but the chieftain was the first to take advantage of it. During nine years he remained quietly making his preparations for the conflict which his sagacity told him must some day or other be renewed. The hour at length arrived. The colony was involved in dissensions. Insurrections had taken place. The governor was unpopular, and the people were unprepared and heedless. Opechancanough lost not a moment in concerting measures for effecting at a single blow the bloody, but in his bosom noble design, which had already engrossed the solicitude and labor of so large a part of his life.

He was now advanced in years, but his orders were conveyed with electric rapidity to the remotest tribes of the great confederacy associated under his influence. With the five nearest his own location, and most completely under his control, he resolved to make the principal onset in person. The more distant stations were assigned to the leading chiefs of the several nations; and thus the system of a war that raged from the mouth of the Chesapeake to the heads of all the great rivers, which flow into it, was so simple as to render confusion impossible. The whole force was let loose upon the entire line of the English settlements at nearly the same instant of time. Five hundred persons perished in the massacre. Many others were carried into captivity. The habitations, corn, household utensils, instruments of farming, every thing essential to comfort, and almost every thing necessary to life, was consumed by fire. But for circumstances in the situation of the settlements, over which Opechancanough had no control, and which he could not guard against, the fate of Virginia had been decided by this single blow.

As it was, every other labor and thought were suspended in the terrors of an Indian war. The loom was abandoned. The plough was left in its furrow. All who were able to bear arms were embodied as a militia for the defence of the colony; and a chosen body, comprising every twentieth man, marched into the enemy's country under Governor Berkeley's personal command. The operations of the war, which raged thenceforth without any intermission until the death of Opechancanough—and that alone was expected to end it—are detailed by no historian. The early Virginian records which remain in manuscript are altogether silent respecting this period, and the meagre relation of Beverley is the only chronicle which has survived the ravages of time. This circumstance of itself sufficiently indicates the confusion and dismay of the era.

Opechancanough, whose last scene now rapidly approaches, had become so decrepid by age, as to be unable to walk, though his spirit, rising above the ruins of his body, directed, from the litter upon which his Indians carried him, the onset and the retreat of his warriors. The wreck of his constitution was at length completed by the extreme fatigues encountered in this difficult and laborious service. His flesh became macerated; his sinews lost their elasticity; and his eyelids

were so heavy that he could not see, unless they were lifted up by his faithful attendants. In this forlorn condition he was closely pursued by Berkeley with a squadron of horse, and at length surprised and taken. He entered Jamestown for the first time in his life, as the most conspicuous figure in the conqueror's triumph.

To the honor of the English, they treated their distinguished captive with the tenderness which his infirmities demanded, and the respect which his appearance and talents inspired. They saw the object of their terror bending under the load of years, and shattered by the hardships of war; and they generously resolved to bury the remembrance of their injuries in his present melancholy reverse of fortune. His own deportment was suitable to his former glory, and the principles of an Indian hero. He disdained to utter complaint or to manifest uneasiness. He believed that tortures were preparing for him; but instead of any consequent reduction in his haughtiness, his language and demeanor bespoke the most absolute defiance and contempt.

But generally he shrouded himself in reserve; and as if desirous of showing his enemies that there was nothing in their presence even to rouse his curiosity, and much less to excite his apprehensions, he but rarely permitted his eyelids to be lifted up. He continued in this state several days, attended by his affectionate Indian servants, who had begged permission to wait upon him. But his long life of near an hundred years* was drawing to its close. He was basely shot through the back by one of the soldiers appointed to guard him, from no other provocation than the recollection of his ancient hostility.

To the last moment his courage remained unbroken. The nearer death approached, the more care he seemed to use in concealing his dejection, and preserving the dignity and serenity of his aspect. Only a few minutes before he expired, he heard an unusual bustle in the room where he was confined. Having ordered his attendants to raise his eyelids, he discovered a number of persons crowding round him, for the purpose of gratifying an unseasonable curiosity. The dying chief felt the indignity, but disdaining to notice the intruders, he raised himself as well as he could, and with a voice and air of authority, demanded that the governor should be immediately brought in. When the latter made his appearance, the chieftain scornfully told him, that "had it been his fortune to have taken Sir William Berkeley prisoner, he should not have exposed him as a show to his people."

Such was the death of Opechancanough. His character is too well explained by his life to require any additional comment. His own countrymen were more extensively and more completely under his influence than they had been under that of Powhatan himself. This is the more remarkable, from the fact that Opitchipan, whose age and family at least entitled him to some deference, retained the nominal

* So write some historians; but as he is understood to have been younger than Powhatan, the estimate is possibly too large by ten or twenty years. It is said that Berkeley had proposed taking him to England, as a living argument to counteract the representations made in that country as to the unhealthiness of the Virginian climate.

authority of emperor so long as he lived. Beverley says, that Opechancanough was not esteemed by the Indians to be in any way related to Powhatan; and that they represented him as the prince of a foreign nation residing at a great distance somewhere in the Southwest. He might be an emigrant or an exile from the empire of Mexico, or from some of the tribes between that region and Virginia. The same historian describes him as a man of large stature, noble presence and extraordinary parts. Stith calls him a politic and haughty prince. Burk entitles him the Hannibal of Virginia.

He was perhaps the most inveterate and troublesome enemy which any of the American colonies have ever met with among his race. The general causes which made him so, independently of his inherent talents and principles, are to be looked for in the situation of the tribes under his command, and especially in the relations existing between them and the colonists. He saw that either the white or red man must sooner or later establish an exclusive superiority; and he very reasonably decided upon doing all in his power to determine the issue in favor of his country and himself. But more particular provocations were not wanting. Even after the peace of 1636, great as the anxiety was for its preservation, "the subtle Indians," says Beverley, "resented the encroachments on them by Hervey's grants." A late historian expresses himself in warmer terms. It was not enough, he writes, that they had abandoned to their invaders the delightful regions on the sea-shore where their fathers had been placed by the bounty of Heaven—where their days had rolled on in an enchanting round of innocence and gaiety—where they had possessed abundance without labor, and independence without government. The little that remained to them was attempted to be wrested from them by the insatiable avarice and rapacity of their enemies.

CHAPTER IX.

[The following brief biographical sketch of Captain John Smith is quoted in Burk's *Virginia*, as from "a late American biographer," probably Belknap.]

He was born at Willoughby, in Lincolnshire, England, in the year one thousand five hundred and seventy-nine. From the first dawn of reason he discovered a roving and romantic genius, and delighted in extravagant and daring actions among his school-fellows. When about thirteen years of age, he sold his books and satchel, and his puerile trinkets, to raise money, with a view to convey himself privately to sea; but the death of his father put a stop for the present to this attempt, and threw him into the hands of guardians, who endeavored to check the ardor of his genius, by confining him to a counting-house. Being put apprentice to a merchant at Lynn, at the age of fifteen, he at first conceived hopes that his master would send him to sea in his service; but this hope failing, he quitted his master,

and with only ten shillings in his pocket, entered into the train of a young nobleman who was travelling to France.

At Orleans he was discharged from his attendance on Lord Bertie, and had money given him to return to England.

With this money he visited Paris, and proceeded to the Low Countries, where he enlisted as a soldier and learned the rudiments of war,—a science peculiarly agreeable to his ardent and active genius. Meeting with a Scots gentleman abroad, he was persuaded to pass into Scotland, with the promise of being strongly recommended to King James. But being baffled in this expectation, he returned to his native town, and finding no company there which suited his taste, he built a booth in the wood, and betook himself to the study of military history and tactics, diverting himself at intervals with his horse and lance; in which exercises he at length found a companion, an Italian gentleman, rider to the Earl of Lincoln, who drew him from his sylvan retreat to Tattersal.

Having recovered a part of the estate which his father had left him, he put himself into a better condition than before, and set off again on his travels in the winter of the year one thousand five hundred and ninety-six, being then only seventeen years of age. His first stage was Flanders, where, meeting with a Frenchman who pretended to be heir to a noble family, he, with his three attendants, prevailed upon Smith to go with them to France. In a dark night they arrived at St. Valory, in Picardy, and by the connivance of the shipmaster, the Frenchmen were carried ashore with the trunks of our young traveller, whilst he was left on board till the return of the boat. In the mean time they had conveyed the baggage out of his reach, and were not to be found. A sailor on board, who knew the villains, generously undertook to conduct him to Mortain, where they lived, and supplied his wants till their arrival at the place. Here he found their friends, from whom he could get no recompense, but the report of his sufferings induced several persons of distinction to invite him to their houses.

Eager to pursue his travels, and not caring to receive favors which he was unable to requite, he left his new friends, and went from port to port in search of a ship of war. In one of these rambles near Dinan, it was his chance to meet one of the villains who had robbed him. Without speaking a word they both drew, and Smith, having wounded and disarmed his antagonist, obliged him to confess his guilt before a number of persons who had assembled on the occasion. Satisfied with his victory, he retired to the seat of an acquaintance, the Earl of Ployer, who had been brought up in England, and having received supplies from him, he travelled along the French coast to Bayonne, and from thence crossed over to Marseilles, visiting and observing every thing in his way which had any reference to military or naval architecture.

At Marseilles he embarked for Italy, in company with a rabble of pilgrims. The ship was forced by a tempest into the harbor of Toulon, afterwards obliged by a contrary wind to anchor under the little

island of St. Mary, off Nice, in Savoy. The bigotry of the pilgrims made them ascribe their ill-fortune to the presence of a heretic on board. They devoutly cursed Smith and his queen, Elizabeth, and in a fit of pious rage threw him into the sea. He swam to the island, and the next day was taken on board a ship of St. Malo, which had also put in there for shelter. The master of the ship, who was well known to his noble friend the Earl of Plover, entertained him kindly, and carried him to Alexandria in Egypt; from thence he coasted the Levant, and on his return had the high satisfaction of an engagement with a Venetian ship, which they took and rifled of her rich cargo.

Smith was set on shore at Antibes, with a box of one thousand chequins, (about two thousand dollars), by the help of which he made the tour of Italy, crossed the Adriatic, and travelled into Stiria, to the seat of Ferdinand, Archduke of Austria. Here he met with an English and Irish Jesuit, who introduced him to Lord Eberspaught, Baron Kisel, and other officers of distinction; and here he found full scope for his genius,—for the emperor being then at war with the Turks, he entered into his army as a volunteer.

He communicated to Eberspaught a method of conversing at a distance by signals made with torches, which, being alternately shown and hidden a certain number of times, designated every letter of the alphabet.

He had soon after an opportunity of making the experiment. Eberspaught, being besieged by the Turks in the strong town of Olimpack, was cut off from all intelligence and hope of succor from his friends. Smith proposed his method of communication to Baron Kisel, who approved it, and allowed him to put it in practice. He was conveyed by a guard to a hill within view of the town, and sufficiently remote from the Turkish camp. At the display of the signal, Eberspaught knew and answered it, and Smith conveyed to him this intelligence: "Thursday night I will charge on the east; at the alarm, sally thou." The answer was, "I will."

Just before this attack, by Smith's advice, a great number of false fires were made in another quarter, which divided the attention of the enemy, and gave advantage to the assailants, who, being assisted by a sally from the town, killed many of the Turks, drove others into the river, and threw succors into the place, which obliged the enemy next day to raise the siege. This well-conducted exploit produced to our young adventurer the command of a company, consisting of two hundred and fifty horsemen, in the regiment of Count Meldrich, a nobleman of Transylvania.

The regiment in which he served being engaged in several hazardous enterprises, Smith was foremost in all dangers, and distinguished himself by his ingenuity and by his valor, and when Meldrich left the imperial army and passed into the service of his native prince, Smith followed him.

At the siege of Regal, the Ottomans derided the slow approaches of the Transylvanian army, and sent a challenge, purporting that the

Lord Turbisha, to divert the ladies, would fight any single captain of the Christian troops.

The honor of accepting this challenge, being determined by lot, fell on Captain Smith, who, meeting his antagonist on horseback, within view of the ladies on the battlements, at the sound of music began the encounter, and in a short time killed him, and bore away his head in triumph to his general, the Lord Moyzes.

The death of the chief so irritated his friend Crualgo, that he sent a particular challenge to the conqueror, who, meeting him with the same ceremonies, after a smart combat, took off his head also.

Smith then in his turn sent a message into the town, informing the ladies that if they wished for more diversion, they should be welcome to his head in case their third champion could take it.

The challenge was accepted by Bonamalgro, who unhorsed Smith, and was near gaining the victory; but remounting in a critical moment, he gave the Turk a stroke with his falchion which brought him to the ground, and his head was added to the number.

For these singular exploits he was honored with a military procession, consisting of six thousand men, three led horses, and the Turks' heads on the points of their lances. With this ceremony Smith was conducted to the pavilion of his general, who, after embracing him, presented him with a horse richly furnished, a scymetar and belt worth three hundred ducats, and a commission to be major in his regiment.

The Prince of Transylvania, after the capture of the place, made him a present of his picture set in gold, and a pension of three hundred ducats per annum, and moreover granted him a coat of arms, bearing three Turks' heads in a shield.

The patent was admitted and received in the college of heralds in England, by Sir Henry Segar, garter king at arms. Smith was always proud of this distinguished honor, and these arms are accordingly blazoned in the frontispiece to his history, with this motto, "*Vincere est vivere.*"

After this, the Transylvanian army was defeated by a body of Turks and Tartars near Rotention, and many brave men were slain, among whom were nine English and Scots officers, who, after the fashion of that day, had entered into this service from a religious zeal to drive the Turks out of Christendom.

Smith was wounded in this battle, and lay among the dead. His habit discovered him to the victors as a person of consequence; they used him well till his wounds were healed, and then sold him to the Basha Bogul, who sent him as a present to his mistress, Tragabigzanda, at Constantinople, accompanied with a message as full of vanity as void of truth, that he had conquered a Bohemian nobleman and presented him to her as a slave.

The present proved more acceptable to the lady than her lord intended. She could speak Italian, and Smith in that language not only informed her of his country and quality, but conversed with her in so pleasing a manner as to gain her affections. The connection

proved so tender, that to secure him for herself, and to prevent his being ill-used, she sent him to her brother, the bashaw of Nalbraitz, in the country of the Cambrian Tartars on the borders of the sea of Azoph. Her pretence was, that he should there learn the manners and language, as well as religion of the Tartars.

By the terms in which she wrote to her brother, he suspected her design, and resolved to disappoint her. Within an hour after Smith's arrival he was stripped, his head and beard were shaven, an iron collar was put about his neck, he was clothed with a coat of hair-cloth, and driven to labor among the Christian slaves.

He had now no hope of redemption, but from the love of his mistress, who was at a great distance, and not likely to be informed of his misfortunes. The hopeless condition of his fellow slaves could not alleviate his despondency.

In the depth of his distress an opportunity presented for an escape, which to a person of a less courageous and adventurous spirit would have been an aggravation of misery. He was employed in threshing at a grange in a large field, about a league from the house of his tyrant, who in his daily visits treated him with abusive language, accompanied with blows and kicks.

This was more than Smith could bear; wherefore watching an opportunity, when no other person was present, he levelled a stroke at him with his threshing instrument, which despatched him.

Then hiding his body in the straw, and shutting the door, he filled a bag with grain, mounted the bashaw's horse, and betaking himself to the desert, wandered for two or three days ignorant of the way, and so fortunate as not to meet with a single person who might give information of his flight.

At length he came to a post erected in a cross road, by the marks on which he found his way to Muscovy, and in sixteen days he arrived at Exapolis, on the river Don, where was a Russian garrison, the commander of which, understanding that he was a Christian, received him courteously, took off his iron collar, and gave him letters to the other governors in that region.

Thus he travelled through part of Russia and Poland, till he got back to his friends in Transylvania, receiving presents in his way from many persons of distinction, among whom he particularly mentions a charitable lady, Callamata, being always proud of his connection with that sex, and fond of acknowledging their favors. At Leipsic he met with his colonel, Count Meldrich, and Sigismund, prince of Transylvania, who gave him one thousand five hundred ducats to repair his losses.

With this money he was enabled to travel through Germany, France, and Spain, and having visited the kingdom of Morocco, he returned by sea to England, having in his passage enjoyed the pleasure of another naval engagement.

At his arrival in his native country, he had a thousand ducats in his purse, which, with the interest he had remaining in England, he devoted to seek adventures and make discoveries in North America.

Reader, if thou hast perused the preceding sketch of the life of Captain Smith, pause one moment and reflect that all that is here recorded he performed, passed through, and suffered, before he came to the wild shores of the new world. And that here he entered upon a new field of enterprise, and of suffering, and of daring, not less remarkable than the scenes which had already given such wonderful interest to his eventful life. Follow him to the wilderness of Virginia, and witness the toils and struggles he went through to plant the first European settlement in these States. Behold him the guardian spirit of the little colony, in repeated instances and in various ways protecting it by his single arm from utter destruction. When the colony was sinking under famine, the energy and activity of Smith always brought them food; when beset by the subtle and ferocious tribes around them, the courage and skill of Smith never failed to prove a safe and sufficient shield for their protection. When traitors among them sought to rob and abandon the colony, they were detected by his penetration and punished by his power. It mattered not what nominal rank he held in the colony, whether vested with office or filling only the humble post of a private individual, it was to him that all eyes were turned in times of difficulty and danger, and it was his name alone that struck terror to the hearts of the hostile savages.

With a dozen men in an open boat, he performs a voyage of a thousand miles, surveying the shores of the great Chesapeake Bay, and exploring its noble tributary streams, with thousands of the wild sons of the forest ready to meet him at every turn. When, in the cabin of the powerful chief Opechancanough, five hundred warriors, armed with bow and club, surrounded him with a determination to seize him and put him to death, who but Captain John Smith would have extricated himself from his perilous situation? Nothing daunted, he seized the giant chieftain by the hair of his head with one hand, held a pistol to his breast with the other, and led him out trembling among his people, and made them throw down their arms.

In short, for romantic adventure, "hair-breadth escapes," the sublimity of courage, high and honorable feeling, and true worth of character, the history of the world may be challenged to produce a parallel to Captain John Smith, the founder of Virginia.

CHAPTER X.

SUMMARY ACCOUNT OF THE FIVE NATIONS—ANECDOTES OF THE ONANDAGA CHIEF, GARANGULA—HISTORY OF THE FIVE NATIONS CONTINUED TO THE TIME OF ADARIO—ADVENTURES OF BLACK-KETTLE.

Having concluded our notices of the most eminent Indians of New England, it now becomes proper, following merely the progress of history, to turn our attention to another section of country, and to a

period of time which has not yet furnished us any considerable share of its abundant material. We refer to the Middle States, and particularly to a large portion of the State of New York, which, with other neighboring territory, was formerly occupied by that famous confederacy commonly called, by the English, the Five Nations. Owing to circumstances not necessary here to be detailed, these tribes—and, as an almost necessary consequence, all the distinguished individuals they produced—came forward in their intercourse with the foreign colonies around them, to fill the prominent station before filled by the Indians of New England, much as the latter had, in their turn, succeeded the red man of the south. *

The Five Nations were the Mohawks, the Oneidas, the Cayugas, the Onondagas and the Senecas. The Virginian Indians gave them the name of Massawomekes; the Dutch called them Maquas, or Makakuase; and the French, Iroquois. Their appellation at home was the Mingoës, and sometimes the Aganuschion, or United People.

When the French settled in Canada, in 1603, they found the Iroquois living where Montreal now stands. They were at war with the Adirondacks—a powerful tribe residing three hundred miles above Trois Rivières—in consequence of the latter having treacherously murdered some of their young men. Previous to this date, their habits had been more agricultural than warlike; but they soon perceived the necessity of adopting a different system. The Adirondacks drove them from their own country, and they retreated to the borders of the lakes, where they have ever since lived. This misfortune it was—ostensibly at least a misfortune—which gave the earliest impulse to the subsequent glorious career of these Romans of the West.

Fortunately for them, their sachems were men of a genius and spirit which adversity served only to stimulate and renew. They, finding their countrymen discouraged by the discomfiture suffered on the banks of the St. Lawrence, induced them to turn their arms against a less formidable nation, called the Satanas, then dwelling with themselves near the lakes. That people they subdued, and expelled from their territory. Encouraged by success, and strengthened by discipline, they next ventured to defend themselves against the inroads of their old conquerors on the north; and at length the Adirondacks were even driven back, in their turn, as far as the neighborhood of what is now Quebec.

But a new emergency arose. The French made common cause with the nation just named against their enemies, and brought to the contest the important aids of civilised science and art. The Five Nations had now to set wisdom and wariness, as well as courage and discipline, against an alliance so powerful. Their captains came forward again, and taught them the policy of fighting in small parties, and of making amends for inferior force, by surprisal and stratagem. The result was that the Adirondacks were nearly exterminated, while the Iroquois, proudly exalting themselves on their overthrow, grew rapidly to be the leading tribe of the whole north, and finally of the whole continent.

The efforts necessary to attain that ascendant may be fairly estimated from the character of the first vanquisher and the first victim. The Adirondacks fought long and desperately. In the end they adopted their adversaries' plan of sending out small parties, and of relying especially on their captains. Five of these men, alone, are said, by their astonishing energy and bravery, to have well nigh turned the balance of the war.

One of the number was Piskaret, in his own day the most celebrated chieftain of the north. He and his four comrades solemnly devoted themselves to the purpose of redeeming the sullied glory of the nation, at a period when the prospect of conquest, and perhaps of defence, had already become desperate. They set out for Trois Rivières in one canoe; each of them being provided with three muskets, which they loaded severally with two bullets, connected by a small chain ten inches in length. In Sorel River, they met with five boats of the Iroquois, each having on board ten men. As the parties rapidly came together, the Adirondacks pretended to give themselves up for lost, and began howling the death-song. This was continued till their enemy was just at hand. They then suddenly ceased singing, and fired simultaneously on the five canoes. The charge was repeated with the arms which lay ready loaded, and the slight birches of the Iroquois were torn asunder, and the frightened occupants tumbled overboard as fast as possible. Piskaret and his comrades, after knocking as many of them on the head as they pleased, reserved the remainder to feed their revenge, which was soon afterwards done by burning them alive in the most cruel tortures.

This exploit, creditable as it might be to the actors in the eyes of their countrymen, served only to sharpen the fierce eagerness for blood which still raged in the bosom of Piskaret. His next enterprise was far more hazardous than the former: and so much more so, indeed, even in prospect, that not a single warrior would bear him company. He set out alone, therefore, for the country of the Five Nations, (with which he was well acquainted,) about that period of the spring when the snow was beginning to melt. Accustomed, as an Indian must be, to all emergencies of travelling as well as warfare, he took the precaution of putting the hinder part of his snow-shoes forward, so that if his footsteps should happen to be observed by his vigilant enemy, it might be supposed he was gone the contrary way. For further security he went along the ridges and high grounds, where the snow was melted, that his track might be lost.

On coming near one of the villages of the Five Nations, he concealed himself until night, and then entered a cabin while the inmates were fast asleep, murdered the whole family, and carried the scalps to his lurking-place. The next day, the people sought for the murderer, but in vain. He came out again at midnight, and repeated his deed of blood. The third night, a watch was kept in every house, and Piskaret was compelled to exercise more caution. But his purpose was not abandoned. He bundled up the scalps he had already taken, to carry home with him as a proof of his victory,

and then stole warily from house to house, until he at last discovered an Indian nodding at his post. This man he despatched at a blow, but that blow alarmed the neighborhood, and he was forced immediately to fly for his life. Being, however, the fleetest Indian then alive, he was under no apprehension of danger from the chase. He suffered his pursuers to approach him from time to time, and then suddenly darted away from them, hoping in this manner to discourage as well as escape them. When the evening came on, he hid himself, and his enemies stopped to rest. Feeling no danger from a single enemy, and he a fugitive, they even indulged themselves in sleep. Piskaret, who watched every movement, turned about, knocked every man of them on the head, added their scalps to his bundle, and leisurely resumed his way home.

To return to the Five Nations. The career of victory, which began with the fall of the Adirondacks, was destined to be extended beyond all precedent in the history of the Indian tribes. They exterminated the Eries or Erigas, once living on the south side of the lake of their own name. They nearly destroyed the powerful Anderstez, and the Chouanons or Showanons. They drove back the Hurons and Ottawas among the Sioux of the Upper Mississippi, where they separated themselves into bands, "proclaiming, wherever they went, the terror of the Iroquois." The Illinois on the west also were subdued, with the Miamies and the Shawanese. The Niperceneans of the St. Lawrence fled to Hudson's Bay, to avoid their fury. "The borders of the Outaouis," says an historian, "which were long thickly peopled, became almost deserted." The Mohawk was a name of terror to the farthest tribes of New-England; and though but one of that formidable people should appear for a moment on the hills of the Connecticut or Massachusetts, the villages below would be in an uproar of confusion and fear. Finally they conquered the tribe of Virginia, west of the Alleghanies; and warred against the Catawbias, Cherokees, and most of the nations of the South.

The result of this series of conquests was, that the Five Nations finally became entitled, or at least laid claim, to all the territory not sold to the English, from the mouth of Sorel River, on the south side of lakes Erie and Ontario, on both sides of the Ohio, until it falls into the Mississippi; and on the north side of these lakes, the whole track between the Outawas river and lake Huron. The historian, Douglas, estimates their territory at about 1200 miles in length, from north to south, and from 700 to 800 miles in breadth.

The most moderate account of their population we have seen was published by an Agent of Virginia; who held a conference at Albany with their chiefs, in 1677. The warriors were then numbered as follows:

| | | |
|------------|-----------|------|
| Mohawks, | - - - - - | 300 |
| Oneidas, | - - - - - | 200 |
| Onondagas, | - - - - - | 350 |
| Cayugas, | - - - - - | 300 |
| Senecas, | - - - - - | 1000 |
| Total, | | 2150 |

This would make the whole population about 7000. Even so late as the Revolutionary war, the British had in their service, according to the calculation of their own agents,

| | | | | | | | | |
|------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|-----|
| Mohawks, | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | 300 |
| Oneidas, | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | 150 |
| Onondagas, | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | 300 |
| Cayugas, | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | 230 |
| Senecas, | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | 400 |

To which must be added 200 Tuscaroras—a tribe expelled from North Carolina in 1712, and received by the Five Nations, to constitute a sixth member of the Confederacy. We must also add 220 warriors who adhered to the United States. The whole number actually engaged in the contest would then amount to 1800.

The Five Nations entered into a treaty of peace with the Dutch soon after their settlement in New York. They treated with the English subsequently on the same terms; and this memorable engagement remained inviolate for more than a century, during all the revolutions and machinations of the French and English governments, on either side. With the former of these people they were often at war.

About the year 1684, the French availed themselves of a peace with the Five Nations, to build forts at several important places on the northern waters, and to make many arrangements for extending their dominion and commerce among the numerous tribes of the north and west. Their only opposition came from the Confederates. The Senecas, who were the most numerous and the nearest, were particularly troublesome in cutting off supplies of ammunition, sent by the French among their tribes who hunted for them. At length, M. De la Barre, the Governor of Canada, complained of these injuries to the English, who were known to have great influence over their Indian allies. Meanwhile he took vigorous measures for frightening the Five Nations into friendship. He ordered his vessels on the lakes to be repaired, and collected at Cadaraqui fort all the forces of Canada. But the nature of the soil at this station, where he was detained six weeks in the heat of summer, occasioned sickness and embarrassment in his army, and he found the prospect utterly hopeless of effecting any thing, unless it might be by treaty. He sent messengers, therefore, to some of the Five Nations, to induce a negotiation.

These movements the English Commander at Albany, Colonel Dungan, exerted himself to counteract. The Mohawks and Senecas promised him they would not go near the French. But the remaining three tribes would not even hear the messages he sent them, except in presence of the priests and other deputies who had already brought an invitation from the French Governor to meet him in Council, at Kaihohage.* “Should we not go to him after all this entreaty,” said they in answer to the English, “when he is come so far, and so near to us? Certainly. If we do not, we shall deserve no favor. You say

* On Lake Ontario, and called by the French La-Famine.

we are subjects to the King of England and the Duke of York. We say we are brethren, and take care of ourselves.”*

The event justified this independence. The most distinguished of the confederate chieftains was Garangula, the pride of the Onondaga tribe. He was now advanced in years, but had lost nothing of his energies. Taking thirty warriors with him, he went with La Maine, the French Deputy, to meet the Canadian Governor at Kaihohage. At the end of two days after reaching that place, a council was held. The French officers formed a semi-circle on one side, which the Indians completed on the other; and the Governor then addressed himself to Garangula.

“The King, my master,” he began, “being informed that the Five Nations had often infringed the peace, has ordered me to come hither with a guard, and to send Ohguesse (La Maine) to the Onondagas, to bring the chief sachem to my camp.” He then went on to require Garangula—as a condition precedent to the treaty which might be granted him—to promise, in the name of the Five Nations, that entire reparation should be given the French for the past, and entire security for the future. In case of refusal, they were threatened with war. Again, they were charged with violence committed upon the French traders, and upon Indian nations under French protection; and with having introduced the English to trade in the neighborhood of the lakes. This also was cause of war. Finally, said the Governor, with no very scrupulous regard to truth, upon one point at least, “I shall be extremely grieved if my words do not produce the effect I anticipate from them; for then I shall be obliged to join with the Governor of New York, who is commanded by his master to assist me, and burn the castles of the Five Nations, and destroy you.”

This crafty speech was designed to strike a terror into the Indians; and Garangula was undoubtedly surprised by a style of expression which contrasted so strongly with the smooth and soft words of La Maine and the priests. But fear never entered his bosom; and he had the additional advantage of good information respecting the true state of the French army. He knew that the Governor’s insolence proceeded in fact from his impotence; bravado was his last resort. During the speech, however, he manifested no emotion of any kind, but kept his eyes composedly fixed on the end of his own pipe. But the moment the Governor had ceased, he rose up, walked five or six times about the council-circle, and then returned to his place, where he spoke standing, while La Barre remained in his elbow-chair.

“Yonondio!” he began—addressing the Governor by the title always given to that Canadian officer by the Five Nations—“Yonondio!—I honor you, and the warriors that are with me all likewise honor you. Your interpreter has finished your speech; I now begin mine. My words make haste to reach your ears. Harken to them.

“Yonondio!—You must have believed, when you left Quebec, that the sun had burnt up all the forests which render our country inac-

* Colden’s History of the Five Nations.

cessible to the French, or that the lakes had so far overflowed the banks, that they had surrounded our castles, and that it was impossible for us to get out of them. Yes, surely you must have dreamed so, and the curiosity of seeing so great a wonder has brought you so far. Now you are undeceived. I and the warriors here present are come to assure you, that the Senecas, Cayugas, Onondagas, Oneidas and Mohawks are yet alive. I thank you, in their name, for bringing back into their country the calumet, which your predecessor received from their hands. It was happy for you that you left under ground that murdering hatchet, so often dyed in the blood of the French.

“Hear, Yonondio!—I do not sleep. I have my eyes open. The sun, which enlightens me, discovers to me a great captain at the head of a company of soldiers, who speaks as if he were dreaming. He says, that he only came to the lake to smoke the great calumet with the Onondagas. But Garangula says that he sees the contrary; that it was to knock them on the head, if sickness had not weakened the arms of the French. I see Yonondio raving in a camp of sick men, whose lives the Great Spirit has saved by inflicting this sickness on them.

“Hear, Yonondio!—Our women would have taken their clubs, our children and old men had carried their bows and arrows into the heart of your camp, if our warriors had not disarmed them, and kept them back, when your messenger came to our castles. It is done, and I have said it.

“Hear, Yonondio!—We plundered none of the French, but those that carried guns, powder and balls to the Twightwies and Chictaghicks, because those arms might have cost us our lives. Herein we follow the example of the Jesuits, who break all the kegs of rum brought to our castles, lest the drunken Indians should knock them on the head. Our warriors have not beaver enough to pay for all the arms they have taken, and our old men are not afraid of the war. This belt preserves my words.

“We carried the English into our lakes, to trade there with the Utawawas and Quatoghies, as the Adirondacks brought the French to our castles, to carry on a trade, which the English say is theirs. We are born free. We neither depend on Yonondio nor Corlear.* We may go where we please, and carry with us whom we please, and buy and sell what we please. If your allies be your slaves, use them as such, command them to receive no other but your people. This belt preserves my words.

“We knock the Twightwies and Chictaghicks on the head, because they had cut down the trees of peace, which were the limits of our country. They have hunted beaver on our lands. They have acted contrary to the customs of all Indians, for they left none of the beavers alive,—they killed both male and female. They brought the Satanas into their country, to take part with them, after they had concerted ill designs against us. We have done less than either the English or

* The name they gave the Governors of New York.

French, that have usurped the lands of so many Indian nations, and chased them from their own country. This belt preserves my words.

"Hear, Yonondio!—What I say is the voice of all the Five Nations. Hear what they answer. Open your ears to what they speak. The Senecas, Cayugas, Onondagas, Oneidas and Mohawks say, that when they buried the hatchet at Cadarackui, in the presence of your predecessor, in the middle of the fort, they planted the tree of peace in the same place, to be there carefully preserved; that in the place of a retreat for soldiers, that fort might be a rendezvous for merchants; that in place of arms and ammunition of war, beavers and merchandize should only enter there.

"Hear, Yonondio!—Take care for the future that so great a number of soldiers as appear there do not choke the tree of peace planted in so small a fort. It will be a great loss, if, after it had so easily taken root, you should stop its growth, and prevent its covering your country and ours with its branches. I assure you, in the name of the Five Nations, that our warriors shall dance to the calumet of peace under its leaves. They shall remain quiet on their mats, and shall never dig up the hatchet, till their brother Yonondio, or Corlear, shall either jointly or separately endeavor to attack the country, which the Great Spirit has given to our ancestors. This belt preserves my words, and this other the authority which the Five Nations have given me."

Here the orator paused for a moment, and then addressed himself to Monsieur La Mainé, who stood near him, acting as interpreter. "Take courage, Ohguesse!" said he, "You have spirit—speak! Explain my words. Forget nothing. Tell all that your brethren and friends say to Yonondio, your Governor, by the mouth of Garangula, who loves you, and desires you to accept of this present of beaver, and take part with me in my feast, to which I invite you. This present of beaver is sent to Yonondio, on the part of the Five Nations."

When this harangue was explained to the Governor, he quietly left the council, and withdrew to his tent, disappointed and much incensed. Garangula, on the other hand, feasted the French officers, and then went home. Nothing more was heard of the treaty; and the French troops, who had been ordered out, soon after made the best of their way to their own habitations.

The genuineness of the speech we have given above, seems to be past dispute. It was recorded on the spot by that enlightened historian, Baron La Hontan, from whom Colden and other subsequent writers have borrowed it. Considering the circumstances under which it was delivered, and especially the surprise practised by the Governor, it may certainly be regarded as an evidence of astonishing sagacity, spirit, and self-possession. Its proud courtesy, so different from the Frenchman's boisterous parade of idle threats, only adds to the sting of its sarcasm, as the imagery gives weight to the argument. An illustrious statesman and scholar has placed it in the same rank with the celebrated speech of Logan.* But the fame of Garangula must,

* Discourse of Governor Clinton.

at all events, rest upon this effort, for history makes no mention of him subsequent to the council of Kaihohage.

About three years after that transaction, another personage distinguished himself as much as the Onondaga Chief, though in a very different manner. This was Adario, chief sachem of the Dinondadies, a tribe generally found among those in the French interest, and opposed both to the Five Nations and the English. The former Government had consequently treated them with favor. But, notwithstanding these circumstances, they had laterally shown a strong disposition to trade with the English—and especially upon one occasion, when the latter, guided by the Five Nations, had opened a commerce on the frontiers of Canada. That affair, as Adario now observed, made them obnoxious to their ancient ally, the French; and he therefore resolved, by some notable exploit, to redeem the character of his nation.

Full of this purpose, he marched from Michilimackinac, at the head of a hundred men; and to act with the greater security, he took Cadaraqui fort in his way for intelligence. The commandant there informed him that the Governor was now in expectation of concluding a peace with the Five Nations, and of receiving a visit from their ambassadors in eight or ten days, at Montreal. He desired him to return home, without attempting any thing which might obstruct so good a design.

But Adario had another project in view. The commandant's information convinced him of the danger there was that his own nation, in the new arrangement, might be sacrificed to the French interest. Deliberating on the means proper to prevent such a result, he took leave of the officer, but not to return home. Knowing the route by which the Iroquois must necessarily come, he lay wait for them, with his company, at one of the falls of Cadaraqui river. Here he had patiently waited four or five days, when the deputies made their appearance, guarded by forty young soldiers. These were suddenly set upon by the ambuscade, and all who were not killed were taken prisoners. When the latter were secured, Adario artfully told them, that, having been informed of their approach by the Governor of Canada, he had secured this pass with the almost certain prospect of intercepting them.

The deputies were of course very much surprised at the Governor's conduct; and they finally expressed themselves with such freedom, as to declare the whole object of their journey. Adario was, in his turn, apparently amazed and enraged. He swore revenge upon the Governor, for having, as he said, made a tool of him, to commit his abominable treachery. Then, looking steadfastly on the prisoners, he said to them, "Go, my brothers!—I untie your bands. I send you home again, though our nations be at war. The French Governor has made me commit so black an action, that I shall never be easy after it, till the Five Nations shall have had full revenge." The deputies, furnished with ammunition and arms for their journey, and completely satisfied of the truth of Adario's declarations, returned to

their own country, after having assured him that he and his nation might make their peace when they pleased.

This master-stroke of policy was seconded by an incident which occurred soon afterwards, and which the same cunning and vigilant spirit profited by to promote his design. In the surprisal of the deputies, Adario had lost one man, and had filled his place with a Satana prisoner, who had been before adopted into the Five Nations. This man he soon afterwards delivered to the French at Michilimackinac, probably at their request; and they, for the purpose of keeping up the enmity between the Dinondadies and Five Nations, ordered him to be shot. Adario called one of the latter people, who had long been a prisoner, to be an eye-witness of his countryman's death. He then bade him make his escape to his own country, and there to give an account of the ferocious barbarity from which he had been unable to save a captive belonging to himself.

The Five Nations had already been upon the brink of war, in consequence of the representations of the deputies. Their rage was now beyond all bounds. The Governor, having obtained some information of the state of things, sent messengers to disavow and expose the conduct of Adario; but they would listen to no messages; their souls thirsted for revenge. The war was undertaken immediately, and never was one more disastrous to Canada. Twelve hundred of the Iroquois invaded the province, while the French were still uncertain whether hostilities would commence. In July, 1688, they landed at La Chine, on the south side of the island of Montreal; and, keeping the Governor himself, with his troops, confined within the walls of the town, they sacked all the plantations, and indiscriminately massacred men, women and children. More than one thousand of the French were killed, and many were carried off captive, who afterwards shared the same fate. The Indian army lost but three men during the whole expedition.

The most distinguished of the Iroquois warriors, about this time, was one whom the English called Black-Kettle. Colden speaks of him as a "famous hero;" but few of his exploits have come down to these times. It is only known that he commanded large parties of his countrymen, who were exceedingly troublesome to the French. In 1691, he made an irruption into the country round Montreal, at the head of several hundred men. He overran Canada, (say the French annalists,) as a torrent does the low lands, when it overflows its banks, and there is no withstanding it. The troops at the stations received orders to stand upon the defensive; and it was not until the enemy were returning home victorious, after having desolated all Canada, that a force of four hundred soldiers was mustered to pursue them. Black-Kettle is said to have had but half that number with him at this juncture, but he gave battle, and fought desperately. After losing twenty men slain, with some prisoners, he broke through the French ranks and marched off, leaving a considerable number of the enemy wounded and killed.

CHAPTER XI.

THE FIVE NATIONS CONTINUED—REMARKS ON THEIR ORATORY—CIRCUMSTANCES FAVORABLE TO IT—ACCOUNT OF A COUNCIL OF THE CONFEDERATES AT ONONDAGA IN 1690.

Enough perhaps has already appeared respecting the Five Nations to justify the observation of an eminent writer,* that they were no less celebrated for eloquence than for military skill and political wisdom. The same obvious circumstances prompted them to excellence in all these departments, but in the former their relations with each other and with other tribes, together with the great influence which their reputation and power attached to the efforts of their orators abroad, gave them peculiar inducements, facilities, and almost faculties, for success. Among the confederates, as among the Indians of all the east and south, a high respect was cherished for the warrior's virtues, but eloquence was a certain road to popular favor. Its services were daily required in consultations at home and communications abroad. The council-room was frequented like the Roman forum and senate-house of the Greeks. Old and young went there together,—the one for discipline and distinction, and the other “to observe the passing scenes, and to receive the lessons of wisdom.”

The kind of oratory for which Garangula and other public speakers of his confederacy were distinguished, it cannot be expected of us to analyse with much precision. Indian oratory is generally pointed, direct, undisguised, unpolished, but forcible in expression and delivery, brilliant in flashes of imagery, and naturally animated with graphic touches of humor, pathos, or sententious declaration of high-toned principle,—according in some measure to the occasion, but more immediately to the momentary impulse of the speaker as supported by his prevalent talent. If the orators of the Five Nations differed much from this description, it was in qualities which they owed, independently of genius, to their extraordinary opportunities of practice, and to the interest taken in their efforts by the people who heard, employed and obeyed them.

“The speakers whom I have heard,” says Mr. Colden, “had all a great fluency of words, and much more grace in their manner than any man could expect among a people entirely ignorant of the liberal arts and sciences.” He adds, that he had understood them to be (not knowing their language himself) very nice in the turn of their expressions, though it seems but few of them were such masters of the art as never to offend their Indian auditories by an impolite expression. Their greatest speakers attained to a sort of urbanitas or atticism.†

For the purpose of better illustrating some points which are barely alluded to in these observations, as well as to introduce several new characters not easily appreciated without the context of circumstances in which they appeared, we shall furnish a somewhat detailed account

* Governor Clinton.

† History of the Five Nations.

of a general council of the confederates, holden at Onondaga in January, 1690. The object of it was to take order upon a message sent them from the Count de Frontenac, Governor of Canada, the purport of which will appear in the proceedings. It may be premised, that the Onondaga council-house was commonly preferred on these occasions, on account of the central position occupied by that tribe in regard to the other four.* The English authorities at Albany were formally invited to attend, but they contented themselves with sending their public interpreter to take note of what passed, together with three Indians instructed in their name to dissuade the Five Nations from entertaining thoughts of peace, or even consenting to a cessation of arms.

The council opened on the 22d of the month, eighty sachems being present. In the first place Sadekanatie, an Onondaga, rising in his place, addressed himself to one of the English messengers from Albany. He informed him that four deputies were present from the Canadian governor, viz: three Indians who had formerly been carried prisoners to France, and a sachem of the Praying Indians in the French interest who lived near Montreal; and that Governor Frontenac had notified them of his appointment, and of his having brought over with him from France Tawerahet and twelve other Indians formerly carried prisoners to that country. Then taking in his hand the wampum-belt† sent by the count, and holding it by the middle, he added:

“What I have said relates only to one half of the belt. The other half is to let us know that he intends to kindle his fires again at Cadaraqui next spring. He therefore invites his children, and the Onondaga Captain, Decanesora, in particular, to treat there with him about the old chain.”

Adarahta was chief sachem of the Praying Indians, a community principally made up of members of several tribes, including the Five Nations, who had been induced by the French to settle themselves upon their territory, and were serviceable to them in various capacities. “I advise you,” said Adarahta, holding three belts in his hand, “to meet the Governor of Canada as he desires. Agree to this if you would live.” He then gave a belt of wampum. “Tawerahet,” he proceeded, “sends you this other belt to inform you of the miseries which he and the rest of his countrymen have suffered in captivity, and to advise you to hearken to Yonondio if you desire to live. This third belt is from Thurensersa, Ohguesse, and Ertel,‡ who say by it to their brethren, ‘We have interceded for you with your order, and

* It is impossible to say how much influence this circumstance might have on the ambition of the Onondaga orators. It will be observed that the tribe enjoyed rather more than its equal share of rhetorical distinction.

† The practice of confirming stipulations and making proposals by belts, so commonly adopted among the Indians, cannot be understood in any way better than by observing the various instances mentioned in the text.

‡ Indian names, meaning Day-dawn, Partridge, and Rose, given to Frenchmen well known to the Five Nations. The policy of sending such messages is sufficiently obvious.

therefore advise you to meet him at Cadaraqui in the spring.' It will be well for you."

A Mohawk chief, one of those instructed by the Albany magistrates to represent their wishes at the council, now delivered the message they had given him. He had treasured it up word for word. The interpreter, who had the same message in writing, followed him while he spoke, and found him correct to a syllable.

Cannehoot, a Seneca sachem, next proceeded to give the council a particular account of a treaty made during the summer previous, between his own tribe and some Wagunha messengers, one of the Canadian nations, on the river Uttawas. The latter had acted on the behalf of seven other tribes, and he wished the other four members of his own confederacy to ratify what had been done by the Senecas. The articles proposed by the Wagunhas were as follows:—

1. "We are come to join two bodies into one,"—delivering up at the same time two prisoners.
2. "We are come to learn wisdom of the Senecas, and of the other Five Nations, and of your brethren of New York,"—giving a belt.
3. "We by this belt wipe away the tears from the eyes of your friends, whose relations have been killed in the war. We likewise wipe the paint from your soldiers' faces,"*—giving a second belt.
4. "We throw aside the axe which Yonondio put into our hands by this third belt.
5. "Let the sun, as long as he shall endure, always shine upon us in friendship,"—giving a red marble sun as large as a plate.
6. "Let the rain of heaven wash away all hatred, that we may again smoke together in peace,"—giving a large pipe of red marble.
7. "Yonondio is drunk,—we wash our hands clean from his actions,"—giving a fourth belt.
8. "Now we are clean washed by the water of heaven, neither of us must defile ourselves by hearkening to Yonondio.
9. "We have twelve of your nation prisoners; they shall be brought home in the spring,"—giving a belt to confirm the promise.
10. "We will bring your prisoners home when the strawberries shall be in blossom, at which time we intend to visit Corlear, (the Governor of New York,) and see the place where the wampum is made."

When Cannehoot had done, the Wagunha presents were hung up in the council-house in sight of the whole assembly. They were afterwards distributed among the several Five Nations, and their acceptance was a ratification of the treaty. A large belt was also given to the Albany messengers as their share. A wampum belt sent from Albany was in the same manner hung up and afterwards divided. The New England colonies, called by the confederates Kinsion, sent the wooden model of a fish as a token of their adhering to

* The Indians universally paint their faces on going to war, to make their appearance more terrific to the enemy. To wipe off the paint was to make peace.

the general covenant. This was handed round among the sachems, and then laid aside to be preserved.

At the end of these ceremonies, Sadekanatie rose again. "Brothers," he said, "we must stick to our brother Quider, and regard Yonondio as our enemy; he is a cheat." By Quider he meant Peter, referring to Peter Schuyler, Mayor of Albany, a gentleman much esteemed by the five tribes, but whose name, having no labials in their language, they were unable to pronounce.

After some further proceedings the English interpreter was desired to deliver his message from Albany. He told them that a new governor had arrived in the province, with a large number of fresh troops; that England was at war with France, and that the people of New England were fitting out an expedition against Canada. He advised them not to treat with the French, but at all events only at Albany. That people, he said, would keep no agreement made any where else.

The sachems now held a consultation together for some time, the result of which was thus declared by a speaker chosen for the purpose, and who is supposed to have been Sadekanatie. The different passages were addressed respectively to the deputies of the parties referred to.

"Brothers! Our fire burns at Albany. We will not send Decanesora to Cadaraqui. We adhere to our old chain with Corlear. We will prosecute the war with Yonondio. We will follow your advice in drawing off our men from Cadaraqui. Brothers! We are glad to hear the news you tell us, but tell us no lies!

"Brother Kinshon! We hear you design to send soldiers to the eastward against the Indians there.* But we advise you, now so many are united against the French, to fall immediately on them. Strike at the root,—when the trunk shall be cut down the branches will fall of course.

"Corlear and Kinshon,—Courage! Courage! In the spring to Quebec! Take that place,—you will have your feet on the necks of the French and all their friends in America."

Another consultation terminated in the adoption of the following answer to be sent to the Canadians.

1. "Yonondio! You have notified your return to us, and that you have brought back thirteen of our people who were carried to France. We are glad of it. You desire us to meet you at Cadaraqui next spring, to treat of the old chain. But, Yonondio, how can we trust you who have acted deccitfully so often? Witness what was done at Cadaraqui, the usage our messengers met with at Uttawas, and what was done to the Senecas at the same place." Here a belt was given, indicating a willingness still to treat.

2. "Thurensera, Oghuesse and Ertel! Have you observed friendship with us? If you have not, how came you to advise us to renew friendship with Yonondio?" A belt also was attached to this answer.

* New Hampshire and Maine tribes, at war with the colonies, and known to be instigated and assisted by the French.

3. "Tawerahet! The whole council is glad to hear of your return with the other twelve. Yonondio! You must send home Tawerahet and the others this present winter, before spring. We will save all the French we have prisoners till that time.

4. "Yonondio! You desire to speak with us at Cadaraqui,—don't you know that your fire there is extinguished? It is extinguished with blood. You must send home the prisoners in the first place.

5. "We let you know that we have made peace with the Wagonhas.

6. "You are not to think that we have laid down the axe because we return an answer. We intend no such thing. Our far-fighters shall continue the war till our countrymen return.

7. "When our brother Tawerahet is returned, then we will speak to you of peace."

Such was the result of the great exertions made at this time by the Canadian government to overawe the Five Nations, and to draw them away from the English alliance. The whole proceeding, though indeed it furnishes no extraordinary specimens of their eloquence, illustrates in the plainest manner the very favorable circumstances under which their orators came forward, and the inducements they had to devote their genius to the council-house, even in preference to war.

Sadekanatie, who acted a prominent part in the Onondaga council, and was himself of that tribe, appeared to great advantage upon several other occasions. The favorite orator of the confederates, however, during most of the period in which he flourished, was Decanesora, whose name has already been mentioned. That sachem was for many years almost invariably employed as the speaker in their negotiations with both French and English. He was one of the deputies who fell into the hands of Adario; and we have seen that in the message of Count Frontenac to the Onondaga council, he invited "his children and Decanesora, the Onondaga captain, in particular," to treat with him at Cadaraqui. The confederates, on the other hand, signify their disposition to continue the war, by saying "we will not send Decanesora."

Mr. Colde, who knew this orator well, and heard him speak frequently, gives him credit for a perfect fluency, and for "a graceful elocution that would have pleased in any part of the world." He was tall, and his person well made, and his features are said to have borne a resemblance to the busts of Cicero. It is much to be regretted in his case, as in many others, that but very slight indications of his eloquence are preserved to these times. Such as are preserved probably do him very imperfect justice. Some of them, however, at least indicate the sagacity, the courtesy, the undaunted courage, and the high-minded sense of honor, which, among the countrymen of Decanesora as among those of Quintillian, were no less recommendations of the orator than they were virtues of the man.

In the winter of 1693-4, after a long series of hostilities between the confederates and the French,—attended on both sides with alter-

nate suffering and injury, until both were heartily weary of the war,—certain artful proposals, artfully set forth by Jesuit messengers, were at length so well received by all the confederates excepting the Mohawks, that a council was summoned at Onondaga to act upon them. The English were civilly invited to attend, and although both they and the Mohawks neglected to do so, no measures were adopted in council except with the understanding that they should not be final without being first submitted to the examination of both these parties. With this view several sachems were sent to Albany, and of these Decanesora was the principal and the speaker. The account which he gave to Major Schuyler and the Albany magistrates, of the negotiation now pending, including its origin, is a fine specimen, as Mr. Colden observes, of his art, not only in smoothing over an affair undertaken against the English interest and advice, but also in introducing and enforcing his own views of the sovereign dignity of the Five Nations.

“Brother Cayenguirago,”* he began, “we are come to acquaint you that our children, the Oneidas, having of themselves sent a messenger to Canada, he has brought back with him a belt of peace from the governor.

“As soon as Tariha (the messenger) arrived at Canada, he was asked where the six hundred men were that were to attack Canada, as they had been informed by Cariokese, a Mohawk deserter. He assured them there was no such design.

“He was carried to Quebec, where he delivered his belt, with the following proposition: ‘Yonondio, if you would have peace, go to Albany and ask it there, for the Five Nations will do nothing without Cayenguirago.’ The Governor of Canada was angry at this, and said he had nothing to do with the Governor of New York; he would treat only with the Five Nations; the peace between the Christians must be made on the other side the great lake. He added, he was sorry to see the Five Nations so far degenerated as to take a sixth nation into their chain to rule over them. ‘If you had desired me to come and treat in any of your castles, I would have done it; but to tell me I must go to Albany, is to desire of me what I can by no means do. You have done very ill to suffer the people of New York to govern you so far that you dare do nothing without their consent. I advise you to send two of each nation to me, and let Decanesora be one of them. I have orders from the king my master to grant you peace, if you come in your proper persons to ask it.’ The Governor of Canada afterwards said,

“‘Children of the Five Nations, I have compassion for your little children, therefore come speedily and speak of peace to me, otherwise I’ll stop my ears for the future: by all means let Decanesora come, for if the Mohawks come alone I will not hear them,—some of all the

* An Indian appellation signifying a swift arrow, given to Governor Fletcher in consequence of the prompt succor he had once rendered the Five Nations in an emergency occasioned by a French invasion. Schuyler is addressed as representing the governor.

Five Nations must come. Now, Tariha, return home, and tell the Five Nations that I will wait for their coming till the trees bud, and the bark can be parted from the trees. I design for France in the spring, and I leave a gentleman to command here, to whom I have given orders to raise soldiers if you do not come in that time, and then what will become of you? I am truly grieved to see the Five Nations so debauched and deceived by Cayenguirago, who is lately come to New York, and by Quider. Formerly the chief men of the Five Nations used to converse with me, but this Governor of New York has so deluded you that you hearken to none but him; but take care of what will follow if you hearken to none but him."

Here the orator took occasion to explain, very shrewdly, why the deputation to which he belonged had been delayed so long, with some other matters of the same kind. He then reported the following resolutions, agreed upon by the council to be sent to the Governor of Canada. They were probably his own composition, the council having been called and the whole transaction in a great measure managed by himself.

1. "Yonondio! You have sent for me often, and as often asked why I am afraid to come? The great kettle of war that you have hung over the fire is the reason of it." Here Decanesora said he was to lay down a belt, and ask the governor's consent to the other two which he held in his hand.

2. "We now not only throw down the kettle, and thereby throw the boiling water out of it, but likewise break it to pieces, that it may never be hung up again—by this second belt.

3. "Hearken, Yonondio! You are sent from the French king, your master. So is Cayenguirago from the great King and Queen of England. What I am now about to speak to you is by inspiration from the Great Spirit. You say that you will have nothing to do with our brethren of Cayenguirago. But I must tell you that we are inseparable. We can have no peace with you so long as you are at war with them,"—which, added Decanesora, is to be confirmed by the third belt.

The noble fidelity to engagements, here set forth as a sacred principle, was far from being the result of either fear or mere affection; and this Schuyler himself had the opportunity of testing before the deputation left Albany.

7. "The Governor of Canada's words, and the resolutions of the Five Nations," said the orator, in conclusion, "are now before you. Consult, therefore, what is to be done. If it be necessary for the brethren to go to our castle to advise us further, be not unwilling." Here he laid down a large belt, eleven rows deep, and seven fathoms of wampum. This signified an amicable disposition; but when on the ensuing day Major Schuyler replied that he would consent to no treaty with the French, and proposed that the deputation, and Decanesora in particular, should visit him again at the end of seventy days, the rejoinder was, after consultation, that *they* should visit him. "But as for myself, said the old sachem, "I cannot dispose of myself with-

out their directions. If they order me, I shall willingly return. We did not expect to hear such positive prohibition of keeping any correspondence with the French. If any mischief happen within the seventy days, let us not blame one another. Consider again what is most for the public good, and let it be spoken before we part."

This was confirmed with a large belt of fourteen deep. Major Schuyler afterwards asked, a second time, whether they would wholly suspend correspondence with the French for the term last mentioned. "I have no authority," said the orator, "to answer this question. I shall lay the belt down in every one of the castles, and say that by it all correspondence is desired to stop with the French. I cannot promise that this will be complied with."

The conference did not end here. On the 6th day Schuyler called the deputation together for the purpose of making a new and vigorous effort. How much influence his assertions or argument alone might have had, cannot be determined, for a fortunate incident occurred which materially altered the aspect of affairs, being just in season to enable him to carry his point for the time. The stipulation attached to Decanesora's final consent does him high honor. "You have at last shut up the way to Canada," he said, "but we have one thing to ask, after mature deliberation, which we expect will not be refused us." The major observed that every thing should be granted which he thought essential to the character or the security of the nation. He then proceeded to request that an English messenger might be permitted to accompany one to be sent by himself to the Praying Indians in Canada. The objects were, first, to inform those Indians of what he had ascertained to be the true character of the Jesuit who had been among the Five Nations; secondly, to notify them of the meeting appointed at Albany, and of the consequent inability of the deputies to visit them at the same time, as had been proposed; and thirdly, to agree upon a continued cessation of arms until they might be able to visit them. Decanesora further desired, that if Schuyler should not send a messenger, he would at all events put these propositions in writing, as a token of his assent to them.

After all, events took place, owing in no small degree, as we shall find, to the English themselves, which determined the chieftains to visit the Canadian governor in the spring. Some explanation of these events is furnished by the following speech of Sadekanatie. He, with his fellow deputies, visited Governor Fletcher at Albany, in May, 1694, and in the course of the conference which ensued, delivered his sentiments in the following manly and forcible style:—

"Brother Cayenguirago! Some of our sachems agreed last winter that we should keep no correspondence with the French. We confess we have broken that promise. We have received a messenger from Canada. We have sent our deputies to Canada in return, (Decanesora being one.) The belt is not yet arrived by which we are to acknowledge our fault in the matter. The reason of our doing it is truly this,—we are afraid of the enemy.

"When a messenger came last year from Canada to Onondaga,

our brother Cayenguirago discharged our meeting in general council at Onondaga to consult on that message, and ordered us to hold our general council here at Albany on that affair. The privilege of meeting in general council when we please is a privilege we always have enjoyed; no former governor of the name of Corlear ever obstructed this privilege. We planted a tree of peace in this place with them. Its roots and branches extend as far as Virginia and New England, and we have reposed with pleasure under its shade. Brother, let us keep to that first tree, and let us be united and unanimous; such prohibition of our assemblies will be of ill consequence, and occasion differences between us.

“We acknowledge, I say, our sending agents to Canada for peace. We were encouraged in doing this by the knowledge we have of the Governor of Canada. He is an old man, and was formerly governor of that place. He was always esteemed a wise, peaceable man, and therefore we trust our message will have a good issue. We did not take it amiss that you sent to the Dewagunhas, nor that Arnout was sent to the Satanas, both of them our enemies; and for the same reason our brother Cayenguirago ought not to be displeased with our sending to the French for peace.

“We, Onondagas, acknowledge ourselves to have been the chief promoters of this message. We have sent in all nine sachems with nine belts. It is true we are now under much uneasiness in having trusted so many sachems in the French hands, being almost half the number we have in our nation, but we were in haste to prevent the designs the French had against our country and yours by the great warlike preparations they were making in Canada.”

He concluded with specifying the instructions their deputies had received, and presented a belt in confirmation of all he had said. Colonel Fletcher replied, that he would not discuss any other subject until he was satisfied what reason there was for charging him with having forbidden the council, and made peace with the Indian tribes, as alleged by the orator. This appears to have been a mistake, and accordingly, on the ensuing day, it was frankly acknowledged to be such, and that in terms which left no occasion to doubt the speaker's sincerity. “We assure you,” he said, “we will never separate from you. We still have one head, one blood, one soul, one heart with you.” This was said in reference to the alleged prohibition of the council. “As to the Dewagunhas and Shawanons,” added the speaker, “we are confident Cayenguirago will not admit them into his government till they have made peace with us. That we shall willingly grant. When our enemies are humbled and beg peace, why should they not have it? Let them come and live with us. It will strengthen our country.”* He then proceeded thus:—

“Brother Cayenguirago! When the Christians first arrived in this

* A Roman principle, recognised in the practice as well as theory of the Five Nations. Colden says, “they encourage the people of other nations (including captives) to incorporate with them.” Thus, for example, the sixth nation was added to the confederacy in 1712.

country, we received them kindly. When they were but a small people, we entered into a league with them to guard them from all enemies whatsoever. We were so fond of their society, that we tied the great canoe which brought them, not with a rope made of bark to a tree, but with a strong iron chain fastened to a great mountain. Now, before the Christians arrived, the general council of the Five Nations was held at Onondaga, where there has been from the beginning a continual fire kept burning; it is built of two great logs whose flame never extinguishes. As soon as the hatchet-makers (their general name for Christians) arrived, the general council at Onondaga planted this tree at Albany, whose roots and branches have since spread as far as New England, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia, and under the shade of this tree all these English colonies have frequently been sheltered."

Here the orator gave seven fathoms of wampum to renew the chain, and promised, as he declared his expectation of receiving, mutual assistance in case of an attack from any enemy.

"The only reason, to be plain with you," he continued, "of our sending to make peace with the French, is the low condition to which we are reduced, while none of our neighbors send us the least assistance, so that the whole burthen of the war lies on us alone. Our brethren of New England, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia, of their own accord thrust their arms into our chain, but since the war began we have received no assistance from them. We alone cannot continue the war against the French, by reason of the recruits they daily receive from the other side the great lake.

"Brother Cayenguirago! Speak from your heart. Are you resolved to prosecute the war vigorously against the French, and are your neighbors of Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, and New England resolved to assist us? If it be so, notwithstanding any treaty hitherto entered into, we will prosecute the war as hotly as ever. But if our neighbors will not assist, we must make peace, and we submit it to your consideration, by giving this great belt fifteen deep.

"Brother Cayenguirago! I have truly told you the reasons which have induced us to offer peace to the French; we shall likewise, from the bottom of our hearts, inform you of the design we have in this treaty. When the Governor of Canada shall have accepted the nine belts, of which I have just now told you, then we shall have something more to say by two large belts, which lie still hid in our bosoms. We shall lay down the first one and say, 'we have a brother Cayenguirago, with whose people we have been united in one chain from the beginning. They must be included in this treaty; we cannot see them involved in bloody war while we sit in easy peace.' If the Governor of Canada answer that he has made a separate peace with us, and that he cannot make any peace with Cayenguirago because the war is from over the great lake, then we shall lay down the second great broad belt, and tell the Governor of Canada, 'if you will not include Cayenguirago's people, the treaty will become thereby void

as if it had never been made,' and if he persists, we will absolutely leave him."

While the conference was going on at Albany, Decanesora and his fellow deputies arrived at the castle of the Praying Indians, near the falls above Montreal. Thence they were conducted, by the superior of the Jesuits, to Quebec. They had their audience of the Governor of Canada with great solemnity, in the presence of all the ecclesiastics and officers of distinction, and of the most considerable Indians then in the place. Every day, while they remained, they were entertained at the governor's table, or at those of the principal citizens. On the other side, it is said of the veteran Decanesora, that shrewdly accommodating his coat to his company, he made himself still more personable than usual, by the aid of a splendid arrangement which might have done credit to a modern ambassador. He was clothed in scarlet, trimmed with gold; and his reverend locks were covered with a laced beaver-hat, which had been given him by Colonel Fletcher a few months before. Neither ceremony nor decoration, however, nor even good dinners, mitigated the old orator's firmness.

"Father!"*—he said to the governor, after mentioning the objects of the deputation—"If we do not conclude a peace now, it will be your fault. We have already taken the hatchet out of the hands of the River Indians (Hudson's river) whom we incited to the war. But we must tell you, that you are a bad man. You are inconstant. You are not to be trusted. We have had war together a long time. Still, though you occasioned the war, we never hated the house of Oghuesse (the Montreal gentleman.) Let him undertake the toilsome journey to Onondaga. If he will come, he shall be welcomed.

"Father!"—he continued—"We are now speaking of peace, and therefore I must speak a word to the Praying Indians, and first to those of Cahnawaga (chiefly Mohawks.) You know our customs and manners. Therefore make Yonondio acquainted with them. Assist in the good work of peace. As for you," (addressing a party of Praying Indians, most of whom had once been Onondagas,) "you are worse than the French themselves. You deserted from us, and sided with our enemies to destroy us. Make some amends now by forwarding peace." He then resumed his address to the governor.

"You have almost eaten us up. Our best men are killed in this bloody war. But we forget what is past. Before this we once threw the hatchet into the river of Kaihohage,† but you fished it up, and treacherously surprised our people at Cadaraqui. After that you sent to us to have our prisoners restored. Then the hatchet was thrown up to the sky, but you kept a string fastened to the helve, and pulled it down, and fell upon our people again. This we revenged to some

* "A term used in mere courtesy, and because the governor chose to call the Indians his children." So a sachem explained it to one of the New York Governors, that it "signified nothing."

† Near Oswego, on Lake Ontario, where the treaty with M. De la Barre was negotiated.

purpose, by the destruction of your people and houses in the island of Montreal.

"Now we are come to cover the blood from our sight, which has been shed by both sides during this long war.

"Yonondio!—We have been at war a long time. We now give you a medicine to drive away all ill thoughts from your heart, to purge it and make it clean, and restore it to its former state.

"Yonondio!—We will not permit any settlement at Cadaraqui. You have had your fire there thrice extinguished. We will not consent to your building that fort; but the passage through the river shall be free and clear. We make the sun clean, and drive away all clouds and darkness, that we may see the light without interruption.

"Yonondio!—We have taken many prisoners from one another, during the war. The prisoners we took have been delivered, according to our custom, to the families that have lost any in the war. They no longer belong to the public. They may give them back if they please. Your people may do the same. We have brought back two prisoners, and restore them to you."*

In the course of his reply to this speech, the governor observed that he should not make peace with Cayenguirago. But Decanesora, nobly and fearlessly true to every engagement as to his own honor, promptly declared that he never would agree to a peace for the confederates, except on condition of a truce for the English. "All the country," said he, "will look upon me as a traitor; I can treat with you no longer." And undoubtedly, anxious as he was to effect the object of his embassy, he would have returned home disappointed, had not the governor, after a discussion of three days, finally yielded, by agreeing to undertake no enterprise against New York during the summer. Another difficulty arose upon the governor's insisting on having hostages left with him, which the sachem would not consent to. The matter was adjusted by the voluntary proposal of two Indians in his company to remain.

After the return of the deputation to the country of the Five Nations, a conference was held at Albany between a new disputation on their part, and the Governor of New York. The latter, well knowing how much the neighboring colonies were interested in the result of the French negotiation, invited several of them to send representatives, which they accordingly did. Among those present were the Governor of New Jersey, and five commissioners from Massachusetts and Connecticut. On the other hand, Decanesora and Sadekanatie both attended in the name of the Five Nations. The former gave an exact account of every thing which passed at Quebec. The latter,—who seems rather to have coveted opportunities of declaring the freest sentiments in the freest manner, which his colleague indeed never declined,—opened the conference with a long speech upon the history of the English and Indian intercourse; how the league had begun, and had been enlarged and strengthened; and finally—what was the

* Colden.



chief aim of his argument—how other colonies, as he said, had thrust their arms into the chain, but had given little or no assistance against the common enemy. There was some cause for this complaint, and the orator was resolved that he would not be misunderstood when he stated it. “Our brother Cayenguirago’s arms,” he continued, “and our own are stiff, and tired with holding fast the chain. Our neighbors sit still and smoke at their ease. The fat is melted from our flesh, and fallen on them. They grow fat while we grow lean.”

“This chain made us the enemy of the French. If all had held as fast as Cayenguirago, it would have been a terror to them. If we would all heartily join, and take the hatchet in hand, our enemy would soon be destroyed. We should forever after live in peace and ease. Do but your parts, (probably addressing the commissioners,) and thunder itself cannot break the chain.”

Thus closely did the orators, who were in other words the statesmen of the Five Nations, investigate the conduct alike of their enemies and their allies, and thus freely and fearlessly did they in all cases express themselves as they felt. Characters of every description came under their cognizance. Manœuvres and machinations, political and personal, were brought to bear upon them on all sides. The French emissary plied them at one turn, and the English pedlar at the next; and they talked and traded with either or both, as the case might be, with the same indolent, imperturbable gravity. Each party went away, perhaps, chuckling over the ease with which he had imposed upon savage simplicity, and flattering himself that their opinion of his honesty was at least adequate to his opinion of his shrewdness. But the event proved otherwise.

Decanesora once said to Major Schuyler, in reply to the latter’s suggestion of fraud on the part of a Jesuit messenger of the French,—“We know that the priest favors his own nation. But it is not in his power to alter our affection to our brethren. We wish you would bury all the misunderstandings you have conceived on *his* account,—and *we likewise wish you gave less credit to the RUM-CARRIERS than you do.*” This was a palpable hit, truly, and a deserved one. And thus, generally, were the barbarian orators, after all, upon the safe side. Nothing daunted their spirit; nothing deceived their sagacity.

CHAPTER XII.

ACCOUNT OF THE OTTAWAS—THEIR FIRST CHIEF-SACHEM KNOWN TO THE ENGLISH, PONTIAC—HE SAVES DETROIT FROM AN ARMY OF INDIANS.

Having arrived regularly, according to the order observed in this work, at the commencement of the eighteenth century, we shall now turn our attention to a section of the continent hitherto mostly unnoticed, but which at that period began to be the theatre of important events, and to be illustrated by at least one character comparable to



Sinclair's Lith. Phila.

The meeting of PONTIAC and his embassy with Major Rogers and his troops.

chief aim of his argument—how other colonies, as he said, had thrust their arms into the chain, but had given little or no assistance against the common enemy. There was some cause for this complaint, and the orator was resolved that he would not be misunderstood when he stated it. “Our brother Cayenguirago’s arms,” he continued, “and our own are stiff, and tired with holding fast the chain. Our neighbors sit still and smoke at their ease. The fat is melted from our flesh, and fallen on them. They grow fat while we grow lean.”

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any in the whole compass of Indian annals. We refer to the vicinity of the Northern Lakes, to the numerous and powerful tribes resident in that region, and particularly to Pontiac.

It has been stated by respectable authority, that this celebrated individual was a member of the tribe of Sacs, or Saukies; but there appears to us no sufficient reason for disputing the almost universal opinion which makes him an Ottawa. That tribe, when the commerce of the early French colonists of Canada first began to extend itself to the Upper Lakes, was found in their vicinity, in connection with two others, the Chippewas and the Pottawatamies. All three are supposed to have been originally a scion of the Algonquin stock,—that being the general name of the nation, which, in Champlain's time, was settled along the north banks of the St. Lawrence, between Quebec and Lake St. Peters. According to their own traditions, preserved to this day, the three tribes, (as they afterwards became,) in their flight or emigration, went together from the East, as far as Lake Huron. A separation afterwards took place, the result of which was, that the Ottawas, being most inclined to agriculture, remained near what has since been Michilimackinac, while their companions preferred venturing to still more distant regions of the North and West.

Detroit was founded by the French in July, 1701, and from that time the Ottawas began to give frequent manifestations of a spirit which finally made them, respectively, an ally or an enemy of the first importance to the different civilised parties with whom they held intercourse. Only three years after the French settled in their vicinity, several of their chiefs were induced to visit the English at Albany. The almost inevitable consequence of the interview was, that they returned home with a firm persuasion that the French intended to subdue them. They attempted to fire the town, therefore, in one instance; and about the same time, a war-party, on their return from a successful expedition against the Iroquois—whom they were bold enough to attack in their own country—paraded in front of the Detroit fortress, and offered battle. After some hard fighting, they were defeated and driven off.

But the French have always effected more among the Indians in peace than in war, and thus it was with the Ottawas; for, from the date of the skirmish just mentioned, they were almost uniformly among the best friends and even protectors of the colony. "When the French arrived at these falls," said a Chippewa chief at a council held but a few years since, "they came and kissed us. They called us children, and we found them fathers. We lived like brethren in the same lodge," &c.* Such was the impression made also upon the Ottawas; and we accordingly find them, in conjunction with the Chippewas, aiding the French on all occasions, until the latter surrendered the jurisdiction of the Canadas to the English. Several hundred of their warriors distinguished themselves at the disastrous defeat of Braddock.

* See a Discourse delivered before the Michigan Historical Society, in 1830, by Mr. Schoolcraft.

Pontiac was probably at the head of this force. Several years before, he was known as a warrior of high standing and great success; and as early as 1746, he commanded a powerful body of Indians, mostly Ottawas, who gallantly defended the people of Detroit against the formidable attack of a number of combined Northern tribes. But a far more important trial, both of his principles and his talents, was yet to come, in the transfer of power from the French to the English, which took place at the termination of the long war between those nations, ending with the peace of 1761. The stations upon the lakes were given up in 1760. The first detachment of British troops which ever penetrated into that region was sent, during this year, for the purpose of taking formal possession. That force was commanded by Major Rogers, and from the "Concise Account of North America," written by him,* we obtain our knowledge of the earliest interview between Pontiac and the English. It is allowed to have the merit of authenticity; and although not so definite as might be desired, it furnishes a variety of characteristic and singular facts.

Major Rogers says, that "on the way"—meaning generally the route from Montreal to Detroit—he was met by an embassy from Pontiac, consisting of some of his own warriors, together with several chiefs belonging to subordinate tribes. The object was, to inform him that Pontiac, in person, proposed to visit him; that he was not far distant, coming peaceably; and that he desired the Major to halt his detachment, "till such time as he could see him with his own eyes." The deputies were also directed to represent their master as the king and lord of the country which the English had now entered.

The Major drew up his troops as requested, and before long the Ottawa chieftain made his appearance. He wore, we are told, an air of majesty and princely grandeur. After the first salutation, he sternly demanded of the Englishman his business in his territory, and how he had dared to venture upon it without his permission. Rogers was too prudent and too intelligent to take offence at this style of reception. Nor did he undertake to argue any question of actual or abstract right. He said he had no design against the Indians, but, on the contrary, wished to remove from their country a nation who had been an obstacle to mutual friendship and commerce between them and the English. He also made known his commission to this effect, and concluded with a present of several belts of wampum. Pontiac received them with the single observation,—“I shall stand in the path you are walking till morning,”—and gave, at the same time, a small string of wampum. This, writes the Major, was as much as to say, “I must not march farther without his leave.”

Such, undoubtedly, was the safest construction, and the sequel shows that Pontiac considered it the most civil. On departing for the night, he asked Rogers whether he wanted any thing which his country afforded; if so, his warriors should bring it for him. The reply

* Published in London, 1765. We have a "Journal" of the same expedition, from the same pen.

was discreet as the offer was generous,—that whatever provisions might be brought in, should be well paid for. Probably they were; but the English were at all events supplied, the next morning, with several bags of parched corn and other necessaries. Pontiac himself, at the second meeting, offered the pipe of peace, and he and the English officer smoked it by turns. He declared that he thereby made peace with the Englishman and his troops; and that they should pass through his dominions, not only unmolested by his subjects, but protected by them from all other parties who might incline to be hostile.

These were no idle promises. Pontiac remained in company with his new friend constantly after the first interview, until he arrived at Detroit. He employed one hundred of his warriors to protect and assist a corps of soldiers, in driving a large number of fat cattle which had been sent on for the use of the troops, from Pittsburgh, by the way of Presqu'Isle. He also despatched messengers to the several Indian towns on the south side and west end of Lake Erie, to inform them that Rogers had his consent to march through the country. Under such auspices, the Major might reasonably have felt himself safe, after reaching his destination. But the chieftain understood his situation better than himself. He kept near him so long as he remained at Detroit; and Rogers acknowledges that he was once at least "the means of preserving the detachment" from the fury of a body of Indians, who had assembled with sinister purposes at the mouth of the Strait.

This incident leads us to remark, that almost all the tribes on the Northern waters who had associated and traded with the French during the term of their jurisdiction,—and but few of them there were who had not,—sincerely lamented the change which had occurred in public affairs. They were very generally prejudiced against the new-comers, as they were attached to the old residents. Perhaps the latter, individually, if not otherwise, fomented the spirit of discontent. But, however this might be, there were reasons enough in the ancient relations maintained between the French and the Indians, independently of argument or comment, why such a spirit should manifest itself under the circumstances we have mentioned.

The fact itself is indisputable. It is proved by facts, subsequent and consequent. It is also proved by many respectable authorities, only one of which will be here referred to, for the sake of illustration.

Mr. Henry, the well known author of "Travels and Adventures in Canada and the Indian Territories, between the years 1760 and 1766," speaks of an affair in point, which happened at the little island of La Cloche,* in Lake Huron, on his voyage, in the spring of 1761, from Montreal to Michilimackinac. He found a large village of Indians at this place, who treated him in the kindest manner, until "discovering that he was an Englishman," they told his men that the Michilimackinac Indians would certainly kill him, and that they might therefore

* So named by the French, from a rock on the island, which, being struck, rings like a bell.

as well anticipate their own share of the pillage. On this principle they demanded a part of his stores, and he deemed it prudent to make no resistance. He observes, afterwards, that his mind was "oppressed" with the repeated warnings he received of sure destruction where he was going. Again,—“the hostility of the Indians was exclusively against the English;” and this circumstance suggested to Henry a prospect of security in assuming a Canadian disguise, which fortunately enabled him to complete his expedition.

But the difficulty did not cease here. He was now in the neighborhood of Pontiac, and among the tribes subject to his influence. What manner of men they were, and how far the master-spirit may be supposed to have filled them with the fire of his own soul, will appear from a speech of one of the Chippewa chiefs, Minavavana, who, with a band of his own tribe, visited the newly arrived trader at his house in Michilimackinac. The courage and the eloquence of this man, blended as they are with the highest degree of savage chivalry, almost make us suspect his identity with the Ottawa chieftain himself. The name is by no means conclusive against such a conjecture, for it would be an extraordinary fact in Indian history, if so distinguished a man as Pontiac were known only by one appellation, and especially when he associated with a large number of tribes, speaking as many different languages.

Henry describes his hero as a person of remarkable appearance, of commanding stature, and with a singularly fine countenance. He entered the room where the traveller was anxiously awaiting the result of his visit, followed by sixty warriors, dressed and decorated in the most formal and imposing fashion of war. Not a word was spoken as they came in, one by one, seated themselves on the floor at a signal from the chief, and began composedly smoking their pipes. Minavavana, meanwhile, looking steadfastly at Henry, made various inquiries of his head-boatman, a Canadian. He then coolly observed, that “the English were brave men, and not afraid of death, since they dared to come thus fearlessly among their enemies.” A solemn pause now ensued for some time, until the Indians having finished their pipes, the chieftain took a few wampum-strings in his hand, and commenced the following harangue:

“Englishman!—It is to you that I speak, and I demand your attention!

“Englishman!—You know that the French King is our father. He promised to be such; and we, in return, promised to be his children. This promise we have kept.

“Englishman!—It is you that have made war with this our father. You are his enemy; and how then could you have the boldness to venture among us, his children? You know that his enemies are ours.

“Englishman!—We are informed that our father, the King of France, is old and infirm; and that being fatigued with making war upon your nation, he is fallen asleep. During his sleep, you have taken advantage of him, and possessed yourselves of Canada. But

his nap is almost at an end. I think I hear him already stirring, and inquiring for his children, the Indians;—and, when he does awake, what must become of you! He will destroy you utterly!

“Englishman! Although you have conquered the French, you have not conquered us! We are not your slaves. These lakes, these woods and mountains, were left to us by our ancestors. They are our inheritance, and we will part with them to none. Your nation supposes that we, like the white people, cannot live without bread, and pork, and beef! But you ought to know that He—the Great Spirit and Master of Life—has provided food for us in these broad lakes, and upon these mountains.

“Englishman! Our Father, the King of France, employed our young men to make war upon your nation. In this warfare many of them have been killed, and it is our custom to retaliate until such time as the spirits of the slain are satisfied. Now the spirits of the slain are to be satisfied in either of two ways. The first is by the spilling of the blood of the nation by which they fell, the other by covering the bodies of the dead, and thus allaying the resentment of their relations. This is done by making presents.

“Englishman! Your king has never sent us any presents, nor entered into any treaty with us. Wherefore he and we are still at war; and until he does these things, we must consider that we have no other father nor friend among the white men than the King of France. But for you, we have taken into consideration that you have ventured your life among us, in the expectation that we should not molest you. You do not come armed with an intention to make war. You come in peace, to trade with us, and supply us with necessaries of which we are much in want. We shall regard you, therefore, as a brother, and you may sleep tranquilly without fear of the Chippewas. As a token of our friendship we present you with this pipe to smoke.”

The interview terminated in a manner which reminds us of Pontiac's meeting with Rogers. Minavavana gave the Englishman his hand, his companions followed his example, the pipe went round in due order, and, after being politely entertained, all quietly departed. If this was not the Ottawa himself, he was certainly a kindred spirit; and if the former exercised authority over many such characters, as he probably did, it is not difficult to account for the confidence which dictated the design, or for the measure of success which attended the prosecution of one of the mightiest projects ever conceived in the brain of an American savage.

This project was a combination of all the tribes on and about the northern waters, perhaps partially with an ultimate view to the restoration of the French government, but directly and distinctly to the complete extirpation of the English.

It has been observed by a writer who has done signal justice to the genius of Pontiac, “that we are nowhere told the causes of disaffection which separated him from the British interest.”* There is an allusion

* Discourse of Governor Cass.

here to the information furnished by Rogers, who indeed states that Pontiac "often intimated to him that he should be content to reign in his country in subordination to the King of Great Britain, and was willing to pay him such annual acknowledgment as he was able, in furs, and to call him his uncle."^{*} But, without in the least disparaging the honesty of Rogers, we are inclined to dispute the propriety of what we suppose to have been rather his own inference than the chieftain's declaration. A disregard to the niceties of expression, on the part of both speaker and hearer, was no uncommon thing at interviews of this kind, one party being always eager, and both frequently ignorant enough, had they even tolerable means of communicating together in language at all.

The context confirms this opinion. It appears singular, at first glance, that Pontiac should propose calling the British king his *uncle*. An appellation, indeed, as the Iroquois orators told the English at Albany, "signified nothing" in itself, and yet, as referring to the term Father, applied by Minavavana and the northern Indians generally to his Christian Majesty, it did signify, at least, that Pontiac meant to pay a slighter deference to the British king than to the French. No allegiance was acknowledged to either. As Minavavana said, "the Indians had no *Father* among the white men"—passing that courtesy for what it was worth—"but the King of France." That, however, did not prevent them from owning and claiming their own woods and mountains. It did not entitle the French king to command the services instead of "employing" the assistance of their young men. It did not blind them to the fact, that although the English had conquered the French, they had not conquered *them*.[†] It makes the matter still more clear in regard to what was the understanding of Pontiac, and what ought to have been that of Rogers, that, according to his own statement, the chieftain "assured him (on the same occasion when the language last referred to is said to have been uttered,) that he was inclined to live peaceably with the English while they used him as he deserved, and to encourage their settling in his country, but intimated that if they treated him with neglect, he should shut up the way, and exclude them from it." In short, concludes the same writer, "his whole conversation sufficiently indicated that he was far from considering himself a conquered prince, and that he expected to be treated with the respect and honor due to a king or emperor by all who came into his country or treated with him."[‡]

On the whole, we have seen no evidence, and we know of no reason for presuming, that he was ever any further attached to "the British interest," or rather any otherwise affected towards the idea of becoming attached, than is indicated by the very independent declaration made as above stated. In regard to the question why he never did become attached to the British interest,—taking that for the correct representation of the fact,—history is silent, as unfortunately it

^{*} Rogers' Account, p. 242. London edition.

[†] Speech of Minavavana.

[‡] Rogers' Account, p. 242.

is in regard to most of the remarkable occurrences on the frontiers, which accompanied and followed his enterprise. The conjectures of any one man, who has intelligently investigated and reflected upon such history as there is, may be worth as much as those of any other. It seems to be probable, however, that although hostilities might have been prevented by a system of good management on the part of the English, (in which their predecessors could have given them a lesson,) they did not arise from any particular acts of aggression.

Pontiac reasoned as well as felt. He reasoned as Philip had done before him, and as Tecumseh will be found to have done since. He had begun to apprehend danger from this new government and people; danger to his own dominions and to the Indian interest at large; danger from their superiority in arms, their ambition, their eagerness in possessing themselves of every military position on the northern waters; and we may add, also, their want of that ostensible cordiality towards the Indians personally, to which the latter had been so much accustomed and attached in the golden days of the French, and which they are apt to regard as a necessary indication of good faith as of good will. In the language of the Chippewa orator, the French had lived in the same lodge with them. They had sent them missionaries, and invited them to councils, and made them presents, and talked and traded with them, and manifested an interest in their affairs,—always suspected by the Indians less, and yet always effecting their own purposes better than any other people.

The English, on the other hand, if they committed no aggressions,—(the expedition of Rogers was perhaps considered one, but that Pontiac forgave,)—yet manifested but a slight disposition for national courtesy or for individual intercourse, or for a beneficial commerce of any description. In other words, they “neglected,” to use Pontiac’s phrase, all those circumstances which made the neighborhood of the French agreeable, and which might have made their own at least tolerable. The conduct of the latter never gave rise to suspicion. Theirs never gave rest to it.

Thus, we suppose, the case might present itself to the mind of the Ottawa chieftain. And while such was the apparent disposition, or indifference to any disposition in particular, of the English towards the Indians, and such the consequent liability, if not the reasonable prospect on the part of the latter if the former should occupy Canada, Pontiac was not likely to forget that they had conquered the French. He saw, too, that they were rapidly and firmly establishing their new dominion by movements which, at all events, did not purport to promote the interest of the Indians. And he knew, no doubt,—certainly he soon ascertained,—that whereas the French of Canada and the colonies of New England, by their action upon each other, had left the third party in a good measure disengaged,—the new comers were themselves from Old England, if not New,—speaking the same language (and that a strange one to the natives), subject to the same government, and ready at all times to be very conveniently supplied and supported, to an indefinite extent, by those powerful southern

colonies which had long before destroyed or driven off the Indians from their own borders.

So Pontiac reasoned, and he looked into futurity far enough to foresee that ultimate fatal result to his race, which now was the only time, if indeed there was yet time, to prevent. Immediate occasions of hostility there might be besides, but these must be the subject of mere speculation. Affections which do him honor predisposed him to believe that the English had done injustice to his old friends the French, and the French might further endeavor to persuade him that they had also done injustice to himself. But it was certain "they had treated him with neglect." And, therefore, following his own principle, as well as the impulse of pride, he resolved to "shut up the way." How far he succeeded, and by what means, will be our next subjects of consideration.

CHAPTER XIII.

PONTIAC'S PLAN OF CAMPAIGN—HE COMMENCES ACTIVE PREPARATIONS—COUNCIL OF THE OTTAWAS—DREAM OF THE DELAWARE—MAXIMS PROMULGATED BY PONTIAC—COMMENCEMENT OF THE WAR—REDUCTION OF DETROIT UNDERTAKEN BY PONTIAC IN PERSON—LETTER FROM DETROIT.

The plan of operations adopted by Pontiac, for effecting the extinction of the English power, evinces an extraordinary genius, as well as a courage and energy of the highest order. This was a sudden and contemporaneous attack upon all the British posts on the lakes—at St. Joseph, Ouatemon, Green Bay, Michilimackinac, Detroit, the Maumee, and the Sandusky—and also upon the forts at Niagara, Presqu'Isle, Le Bœuf, Verango, and Pittsburg. Most of the fortifications at these places were slight, being rather commercial depots than military establishments. Still against the Indians they were strongholds; and the positions had been so judiciously selected by the French, that to this day they command the great avenues of communication to the world of woods and waters in the remote north and west. It was manifest to Pontiac, familiar as he was with the geography of this vast tract of country, and with the practical if not technical maxims of war, that the possession or the destruction of these posts—saying nothing of their garrisons—would be emphatically "shutting up the way." If the surprise could be simultaneous, so that every English banner which waved upon a line of thousands of miles should be prostrated at the same moment, the garrisons would be unable to exchange assistance; while, on the other hand, the failure of one Indian detachment would have no effect to discourage another. Certainly some might succeed. Probably the war might begin and be terminated with the same single blow, and then Pontiac would again be the lord and king of the broad land of his ancestors.

The measures taken in pursuance of these calculations were worthy of the magnificent scheme. The chieftain felt confident that success would multiply friends and allies to his cause. But he knew equally

well that friends and allies to his cause were as necessary to obtain success. Some preliminary principles must be set forth, to show what his cause was; and however plausible it might appear in theory, exertions must also be made to give assurance of its feasibility in practice. A belligerent combination of some kind must be formed in the outset, and the more extensive the better.

Pontiac commenced operations with his own tribe, the Ottawas being, for several reasons, peculiarly under his control, at the same time that their influence over other tribes was hardly inferior to his own influence over themselves. Some of these tribes had fought with them against the English not many years before, and the connection between them was so apparent in the time of Major Rogers, that he considered them as "formed into a sort of empire." He expressly states, also, that the emperor, as he supposed Pontiac then to be, was "elected from the eldest tribe, which is the Ottawas, some of whom inhabit near our fort at Detroit, but are mostly further westward, towards the Mississippi." He might well add, that Pontiac "had the largest empire and greatest authority of any Indian chief that has appeared on the continent since our acquaintance with it." The truth probably was, that the tribes here described as confederates were most of them related to each other by descent, more or less remotely. Some were intimately associated. All would be rather disposed to act together in any great project, as they had already done, (and as most of them have since, during the American Revolution and during the last war with Great Britain.) Still, such was and is the nature of Indian government, that it was necessary for Pontiac to obtain the separate concurrence and confidence of each. To gain over the Ottawas first was not to strengthen his authority, indeed, but it was adding much to his influence.

The Ottawas, then, were called together, and the plan was disclosed, explained and enforced, with all the eloquence and cunning which Pontiac could bring to his task. He appealed to the fears, the hopes, the ambition, the cupidity of his hearers—their regard for the common interest of the race, their hatred of the English, and their gratitude and love for the French. We are told by a modern historian, that some of the Ottawas had been disgraced by blows.* Such a suggestion, whether well founded or not, might probably be made, and would of course have its effect. So would the display of a belt, which the chieftain exhibited, and which he professed to have received from the King of France, urging him to drive the British from the country, and to open the paths for the return of the French.

These topics having been skilfully managed, and the Ottawas warmly engaged in the cause, a grand council of the neighboring tribes was convened at the river Aux Ecorces. Here Pontiac again exerted his talents with distinguished effect. With a profound knowledge of the Indian character, and especially aware of the great power of superstition upon their minds, he related, among other things, a dream, in which

* Discourse of Governor Cass.

the Great Spirit (the orator said) had secretly disclosed to a Delaware Indian the conduct he expected his red children to pursue. Minute instructions had been graciously given, suitable to the existing crisis in their fortunes, and remarkably coincident, it will be observed, with the principles and projects of the chieftain himself. They were to abstain from the use of ardent spirits. They were also to abandon the use of all English manufactures, and to resume their bows and arrows, and the skins of the animals for clothing. It is needless to eulogise the sagacity which dictated both these proposals: "and why," the orator concluded, "why, said the Great Spirit indignantly to the Delaware,—do you suffer these dogs in red clothing to enter your country, and take the land I have given you? Drive them from it!—Drive them!—When you are in distress I will help you!"*

It is not difficult to imagine the effect which this artful appeal to prejudice and passion might have on the inflammable temperaments of a multitude of credulous and excited savages. The name of Pontiac alone was a host; but the Great Spirit was for them,—it was impossible to fail. A plan of campaign was concerted on the spot, and belts and speeches were sent to secure the co-operation of the Indians along the whole line of the frontier.

Neither the precise number nor power of those who actually joined the combination can now be determined. The Ottawas, the Chippewas, and the Pottawatamies were among the most active. The two former of these had sent six hundred warriors in one body to the defence of Fort Du Quesne. The Ottawas of D'Arbre Croche, alone, mustered two hundred and fifty fighting men. The Miamies were engaged.† So were the Sacs, the Ottagamies (or Foxes,) the Menominies, the Wyandots, the Mississages, the Shawanees; and, what was still more to the purpose, a large number of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Delawares, and of the Six Nations of New York. The alliance of the two last named parties—in itself the result of a master-piece of policy—was necessary to complete that vast system of attack which comprehended all the British positions from Niagara to Green Bay and the Potomac.

The plan was at length thoroughly matured. The work of extirpation commenced on or about the same day, from north to south, and from east to west. Nine of the British forts were captured. Some of the garrisons were completely surprised, and massacred on the spot; a few individuals, in other cases, escaped. The officer who commanded at Presqu'Isle defended himself two days, during which time the savages are said to have fired his block-house about fifty times, but the soldiers extinguished the flames as often. It was then undermined, and a train was laid for an explosion, when a capitulation was proposed and agreed upon, under which a part of the garrison was carried captive to the northwest. The officer was afterwards given up at Detroit.

A great number of English traders were taken, on their way, from all quarters of the country, to the different forts; and their goods, as well as those of the residents at such places, and the stores at the

* Discourse of Governor Cass. † Ibid.

depots themselves, of course became prize to the conquerors. Pittsburg, with the smaller forts, Ligonier, Bedford, and others in that neighborhood, were closely beset, but successfully defended, until the arrival of large reinforcements. The savages made amends for these failures by a series of the most horrible devastations in detail, particularly in New York, Pennsylvania, and even in Northern Virginia, which have ever been committed upon the continent.

In case of most, if not all of the nine surprisals first mentioned, quite as much was effected by stratagem as by force, and that apparently by a preconcerted system which indicates the far-seeing superintendence of Pontiac himself. Generally, the commanders were secured in the first instance, by parties admitted within the forts under the pretence of business or friendship. At Maumee, or the Miamies, (as the station among that tribe was commonly designated,) the officer was betrayed by a squaw, who by piteous entreaties persuaded him to go out with her some two hundred yards, to the succor, as she said, of a wounded man who was dying; the Indians waylaid and shot him.

A more subtle policy was adopted at Michilimackinac, and surer means were taken to effect it. That fort, standing on the south side of the strait, between Lakes Huron and Michigan, was one of the most important positions on the frontier. It was the place of deposit, and the point of departure, between the upper and lower countries; the traders always assembling there, on their voyages to and from Montreal. Connected with it, was an area of two acres, enclosed with cedar-wood pickets, and extending on one side so near to the water's edge, that a western wind always drove the waves against the foot of the stockade. There were about thirty houses within the limits, inhabited by about the same number of families. The only ordnance on the bastions were two small brass pieces. The garrison numbered between ninety and one hundred.

The capture of this indispensable station was entrusted to the Chipewas, assisted by the Sacs, and those two tribes in concert adopted the following plan. The king's birth-day having arrived, a game of baggatiway was proposed by the Indians. This is played with a bat and ball; the former being about four feet long, curved, and terminating in a sort of racket. Two posts are placed in the ground, at the distance of half a mile or a mile from each other. Each party has its post, and the game consists in throwing up to the adversary's post the ball which at the beginning is placed in the middle of the course.

The policy of this expedient for surprising the garrison will clearly appear, when it is understood, that the game is necessarily attended with much violence and noise; that, in the ardor of contest the ball, if it cannot be thrown to the goal desired, is struck in any direction by which it can be diverted from that desired by the adversary; that, at such a moment, nothing could be less likely to excite premature alarm among the spectators of the amusement, than that the ball should be tossed over the pickets of the fort; or that having fallen there, it should be instantly followed by all engaged in the game,—struggling and shouting, in the unrestrained pursuit of a rude athletic exercise.

Such was precisely the artifice employed; and to be still more sure of success, the Indians had persuaded as many as they could of the garrison and settlers, to come voluntarily without the pickets, for the purpose of witnessing the game, which was said to be played for a high wager. Not fewer than four hundred were engaged on both sides, and consequently, possession of the fort being once gained, the situation of the English must be desperate indeed. The particulars of the sequel of this horrid transaction, furnished by Henry, are too interesting to be wholly omitted.

The match commenced with great animation, without the fort. Henry, however, did not go to witness it, being engaged in writing letters to his Montreal friends, by a canoe which was just upon the eve of departure. He had been thus occupied something like half an hour, when he suddenly heard a loud Indian war-cry, and a noise of general confusion. Going instantly to his window, he saw a crowd of Indians within the fort, furiously cutting down and scalping every Englishman they found; and he could plainly witness the last struggles of some of his particular acquaintances.

He had, in the room where he was, a fowling-piece loaded with swan-shot. This he immediately seized, and held it for a few minutes, expecting to hear the fort-drum beat to arms. In this dreadful interval, he saw several of his countrymen fall, and more than one struggling between the knees of the savages, who, holding them in this manner, scalped them while yet alive. At length, disappointed in the hope of seeing any resistance made on the part of the garrison, and sensible, of course, that no effort of his single arm could avail against four hundred Indians, he turned his attention to his own safety. Seeing several of the Canadian villagers looking out composedly upon the scene of blood—neither opposing the Indians nor molested by them—he conceived a hope of finding security in one of their houses.

He immediately climbed over a low fence, which was the only separation between the yard-door of his house and that of his next neighbor, Monsieur Langlade. He entered the house of the latter precipitately, and found the whole family gazing at the horrid spectacle before them. He addressed himself to M. Langlade, and begged that he would put him in some place of safety, until the heat of the affair should be over—an act of charity which might preserve him from the general massacre. Langlade looked for a moment at him while he spoke, and then turned again to the window, shrugging his shoulders, and intimating that he could do nothing for him—“*Que voudriez-vous que J'en ferais?*”

Henry was now ready to despair; but at this moment, a Pani woman,* a slave of M. Langlade, beckoned to him to follow her. She guided him to a door, which she opened, desiring him to enter, and telling him that it led to the garret, where he must go and conceal himself. He joyfully obeyed her directions; and she, having followed

* Said to belong to an Indian nation of the south—no doubt the same now generally called Pawnees.

him up to the garret-door, locked it after him, and with great presence of mind took away the key. Scarcely yet lodged in this shelter, such as it was, Henry felt an eager anxiety to know what was passing without. His desire was more than satisfied by his finding an aperture in the loose board walls of the house, which afforded him a full view of the area of the fort. Here he beheld with horror, in shapes the foulest and most terrible, the ferocious triumphs of the savages. The dead were scalped and mangled; the dying were writhing and shrieking under the unsatiated knife and the reeking tomahawk; and from the bodies of some, ripped open, their butchers were drinking the blood scooped up in the hollow of joined hands, and quaffed amid shouts of rage and victory. In a few minutes, which to Henry seemed scarcely one, every victim who could be found being destroyed, there was a general cry of "all is finished"—and at this moment Henry heard some of the savages enter Langlade's house. He trembled and grew faint with fear.

As the flooring of his room and the ceiling of the room beneath consisted only of a layer of boards, he noticed every thing that passed; and he heard the Indians inquire, at their entrance, whether there was any Englishman about. M. Langlade replied, that "He could not say—he did not know of any"—as in fact he did not—"they could search for themselves (he added) and would soon be satisfied." The state of Henry's mind may be imagined, when, immediately upon this reply, the Indians were brought to the garret door. Luckily some delay was occasioned—through the management of the Pani woman—perhaps by the absence of the key. Henry had sufficient presence of mind to improve these few moments in looking for a hiding place. This he found in the corner of the garret, among a heap of such birch bark vessels as are used in making maple-sugar; and he had not completely concealed himself, when the door opened, and four Indians entered, all armed with tomahawks, and all besmeared with blood from head to foot.

The die appeared to be cast. Henry could scarcely breathe, and he thought that the throbbing of his heart occasioned a noise loud enough to betray him. The Indians walked about the garret in every direction; and one of them approached him so closely that, at a particular moment, had he put forth his hand, he must have touched him. Favored, however, by the dark color of his clothes, and the want of light in a room which had no window, he still remained unseen. The Indians took several turns about the room—entertaining M. Langlade all the while with a minute account of the proceedings of the day—and at last returned down stairs.

Such is the traveller's account of the fall of Michilimackinac. The fate of Detroit remains to be told, a more important position than even Michilimackinac. An immense quantity of valuable goods,—one account says, to the amount of five hundred thousand pounds,—was known to be there stored. What was of more moment, its capture would release the French inhabitants of the strait from their temporary allegiance to the English, and would consequently unite the hitherto

separate lines of operation pursued by the Indian tribes above and below. Under these circumstances, its reduction was in person undertaken by Pontiac.

The town is supposed at this period to have been enclosed by a single row of pickets, forming nearly four sides of a square; there being block-houses at the corners and over the gates. An open space intervened between the houses and the pickets, which formed a place of arms and encircled the village. The fortifications did not extend to the river, but a gate opened in the direction of the stream, and not far from it, where, at the date in question, two armed vessels, fortunately for the inhabitants, happened to lie at anchor. The ordnance of the fort consisted of two six-pounders, one three-pounder, and three mortars; all of an indifferent quality. The garrison numbered one hundred and thirty, including officers, besides whom there were in the village something like forty individuals who were habitually engaged in the fur-trade. The inadequate proportion of this force, even to the size of the place, may be inferred from the fact, that the stockade which formed its periphery was more than one thousand feet long.

Such was the situation of Detroit, when the Ottawa chieftain, having completed his arrangements, on the 8th of May presented himself at the gates of the town, with a force of about three hundred Indians, chiefly Ottawas and Chippewas, and requested a council with Major Gladwyn, the Commandant. He expected, under this pretext, to gain admission for himself and a considerable number of attendants, who accordingly were provided with rifles, sawed off so short as to be concealed under their blankets. At a given signal,—which was to be the presentation of a wampum-belt in a particular manner by Pontiac to the commandant, during the conference,—the armed Indians were to massacre all the officers; and then, opening the gates, to admit a much larger body of warriors, who should be waiting without, for the completion of the slaughter and the destruction of the fort.

Fortunately, Major Gladwyn obtained a knowledge of the scheme, before an opportunity occurred for its execution. One of the French residents in the vicinity, returning home on the morning of the day last mentioned, is said to have met Pontiac and his party upon Bloody Bridge. This place, which still retains its name, is between one and two miles from the village. The last warrior in the file, being a particular friend of the white man, threw aside his blanket, and significantly exhibited the shortened rifle beneath. Whether his disclosure was communicated to Major Gladwyn, cannot be determined.

Carver states,—and his account is substantially confirmed by tradition, as well as by other authorities,—that an Indian woman betrayed the secret. She had been employed by the commandant to make him a pair of moccasins out of elk-skin; and having completed them, she brought them into the fort, on the evening of the day when Pontiac made his appearance, and his application for a council. The major was pleased with them, directed her to convert the residue of the skin into articles of the same description, and having made a generous payment, dismissed her. She went to the outer door, but there she

stopped, and for some time loitered about as if her errand was still unperformed. A servant asked her what she wanted, but she made no answer. The major himself observed her, and ordered her to be called in, when, after some hesitation, she replied to his inquiries, that as he had always treated her kindly, she did not like to take away the elk-skin, which he valued so highly ;—she could never bring it back. The commandant's curiosity was of course excited, and he pressed the examination, until the woman at length disclosed every thing which had come to her knowledge.

Her information was not received with implicit credulity, but the major thought it prudent to employ the night in taking active measures for defence. His arms and ammunition were examined and arranged, and the traders and their dependants, as well as the garrison, were directed to be ready for instant service. A guard kept watch on the ramparts during the night, it being apprehended that the Indians might anticipate the preparations now known to have been made for the next day. Nothing, however, was heard after dark, except the sound of singing and dancing, in the Indian camp, which they always indulge in upon the eve of any great enterprise. The particulars of the council of the next day, we shall furnish on the authority of a writer already cited.

In the morning, Pontiac and his warriors sang their war-song, danced their war-dance, and repaired to the fort. They were admitted without hesitation, and were conducted to the council house, where Major Gladwyn and his officers were prepared to receive them. They perceived at the gate, and as they passed through the streets, an unusual activity and movement among the troops. The garrison was under arms, the guards were doubled, and the officers were armed with swords and pistols. Pontiac enquired of the British commander, what was the cause of this unusual appearance. He was answered, that it was proper to keep the young men to their duty, lest they should become idle and ignorant. The business of the council then commenced, and Pontiac proceeded to address Major Gladwyn. His speech was bold and menacing, and his manner and gesticulations vehement, and they became still more so, as he approached the critical moment. When he was upon the point of presenting the belt to Major Gladwyn, and all was breathless expectation, the drums at the door of the council house suddenly rolled the charge, the guards levelled their pieces, and the British officers drew their swords from their scabbards. Pontiac was a brave man, constitutionally and habitually. He had fought in many a battle, and often led his warriors to victory. But this unexpected and decisive proof, that his treachery was discovered and prevented, entirely disconcerted him. Tradition says he trembled. At all events, he delivered his belt in the usual manner, and thus failed to give his party the concerted signal of attack. Major Gladwyn immediately approached the chief, and drawing aside his blanket, discovered the shortened rifle, and then, after stating his knowledge of the plan, and reproaching him for his treachery, ordered him from the fort. The Indians immediately retired, and as soon as they had passed the gate, they gave the yell, and fired upon the garrison. They then

proceeded to the commons, where was lying an aged English woman with her two sons. These they murdered, and afterwards repaired to Hog Island, where a discharged serjeant resided with his family, who were all but one immediately massacred. Thus was the war commenced.*

As to leading facts, this account is without doubt correct. Perhaps it is in all the minutiae. We have however seen a somewhat different version, which, as the affair is one of great interest, we shall here annex without comment. It was originally furnished in a letter from a gentleman residing in Detroit at the time of the attack, addressed to a friend in New York, and dated July 9, 1763. It may be seen in the most respectable papers of that period, and is believed to be unquestionably authentic. As to many circumstances, the writer's statement agrees with that just given, although the conference (perhaps another one) is said to have taken place on the seventh of the month. The sequel is thus:

At the close of the interview, the Indians returned disconcerted, and encamped on the farther side of the river. Pontiac was reproached by some of the young warriors for not having given the signal (the appearance of the garrison having surprised him.) He told them, that he did not suppose they were willing to lose any of their men, as they must have done in that case; if they were, he would still give them an opportunity, whether the garrison should be under arms or not. All were satisfied with this proposition—"in consequence of which," proceeds our informant, "Pontiac, with some others of the chiefs, came the next day, being Sunday, to smook the pipe of peace with the major, who despised them so much in consequence of their treachery, that he would not go nigh them; but told Captain Campbell† if he had a mind he might speak with them. The captain went, and smoked with them, when Pontiac told him he would come the next day and hold a conference with the major, and to wipe away all cause of suspicion he would bring all his old and young men, to take him by the hand in a friendly manner."

This certainly looks much like a genuine Indian artifice. The writer then says, that "after repeating several pieces of such stuff, he withdrew with his gang to his camp." The next morning, (Monday, the 9th,) as many as sixty-four canoes were discovered, all of them full of Indians, crossing the river above the fort. A few of them came to the gates and demanded permission for the whole company to be admitted, "for a council." The commandant refused this request, but expressed his willingness that some forty or fifty should come in, that being quite as many as was usual in such cases. The messengers returned to their comrades, who were lying and standing all around the fort, at the distance of two hundred yards. A consultation now took place, and then, we are told, "they all got up and fled off yelping like so many devils.—They instantly fell upon Mrs. Turnbull, (an

* Discourse of Governor Cass.

† The immediate predecessor of Gladwyn in the command of the post.

English woman to whom Major Gladwyn had given a small plantation, about a mile from the fort,) and murdered and scalped her and her two sons; from thence they went to Hog Island, about a league up the river from the fort, and there murdered James Fisher and his wife, also four soldiers who were with them, and carried off his children and servant-maid prisoners; the same evening, being the 9th, had an account, by a Frenchman, of the defeat of Sir Robert Davers and Capt. Robertson." The sequel of the war, and of the history of Pontiac, will form the subject of our next chapter.

CHAPTER XIV.

SIEGE OF DETROIT MAINTAINED BY PONTIAC—ADVANTAGES GAINED BY THE INDIAN ARMY—ARRIVAL OF SUCCOR TO THE ENGLISH—BATTLE OF BLOODY BRIDGE—PONTIAC AT LENGTH RAISES THE SIEGE—THE INDIANS MAKE PEACE—HIS AUTHORITY AS CHIEFTAIN—HIS TALENTS AS AN ORATOR—HIS TRADITIONARY FAME.

We have now to furnish the details of one of the most singular transactions which has ever distinguished the multifarious warfare of the red men with the whites—the protracted siege of a fortified civilised garrison by an army of savages. We shall still avail ourselves of the diary contained in the letters already cited, and of other information from the same source.

"The 10th, in the morning (Tuesday), they attacked the fort very resolutely. There continued a very hot fire on both sides until the evening, when they ceased firing, having had several killed and wounded. They posted themselves behind the garden-fences and houses in the suburbs, and some barns and out-houses that were on the side of the fort next the woods, to which we immediately set fire by red-hot spikes, &c. from the cannon." In this manner, and by occasional sorties, the enemy was dislodged and driven back, until they could only annoy the fort by approaching the summit of the low ridge which overlooked the pickets, and there at intervals they continued their fire.

Little damage was done in this way, nor did the Indians at any time undertake a close assault. The commandant, however, ignorant of their style of warfare, apprehended that movement, and he believed that in this case—their numbers being now, according to some estimates, six or seven hundred, and according to others about twice as many—the situation of the garrison would be hopeless. Besides, he had but three weeks' provision in the fort, "at a pound of bread and two ounces of pork a man per day." Under these circumstances he immediately commenced preparations for an embarkation on board the two vessels which still lay in the stream, with the intention of retreating to Niagara.

He was dissuaded from this course by the French residents, who positively assured him that the enemy would never think of taking the fort by storm. A truce or treaty was then suggested. Some of the

French, (who were the chief medium of communication between the belligerent parties,) mentioned the circumstance to Pontiac, and the latter, it is said, soon after sent in five messengers to the fort, proposing that two of the officers should go out and confer with him at his camp. He also requested that Major Campbell might be one of them. That gentleman accordingly went, with the permission, though not by the command, of Major Gladwyn, in the afternoon of Wednesday, the 11th. Campbell took Lieutenant McDougall with him, and both were attended by five or six of the French.

Whether the latter had meditated a treachery or not, does not appear. The French residents generally, at all events, cannot be fairly charged with improper conduct between the contending parties during the siege. They were naturally enough suspected and accused, but we have seen nothing proved against them. The two officers were, however, detained by the Indians; and Pontiac, who is generally supposed to have conceived this scheme for obtaining an advantage over the garrison, now sent in terms of capitulation. These were to the effect, that the troops should immediately surrender, "lay down their arms, as their fathers, the French, had been obliged to do—leave the cannon, magazines, and merchants' goods, and the two vessels—and be escorted in batteaux by Indians to Niagara." The major promptly made answer, that "his commanding officer had not sent him there to deliver up the fort to Indians or any body else, and he would therefore defend it so long as a single man could stand at his side."

Hostilities now recommenced, and were so vigorously sustained on the part of Pontiac, that for some months (says the diary) "the whole garrison, officers, soldiers, merchants and servants, were upon the ramparts every night, not one having slept in a house, except the sick and wounded in the hospital."

Three weeks after the commencement of the siege, on the 30th of May, the English sentinel on duty announced that a fleet of boats, supposed to contain a supply of provisions and a reinforcement of troops from Niagara, was coming round "the point," at a place called the Huron Church. The garrison flocked to the bastions, and for a moment, at least, hope shone upon every countenance. But presently the death-cry of the Indians was heard, and the fate of the detachment was at once known. Their approach having been ascertained, Pontiac had stationed a body of warriors at Point Pelee. Twenty small batteaux, manned by a considerable number of troops, and laden with stores, landed there in the evening. The Indians watched their movements, and fell upon them about day-light. One officer, with thirty men, escaped across the lake, but the others were either killed or captured, and the line of barges ascended the river near the opposite shore, escorted by Indians on the banks, and guarded by detachments in each boat, in full view of the garrison and of the whole French settlement.

The prisoners were compelled to navigate the boats. As the first batteaux arrived opposite to the town, four British soldiers determined

to effect their liberation or perish in the attempt. They suddenly changed the course of the boat, and by loud cries made known their intention to the crew of the vessel. The Indians in the other boats and the escort on the bank fired upon the fugitives, but they were soon driven from their positions by a cannonade from the armed schooner. The guard on board this boat leaped overboard, and one of them dragged a soldier with him into the water, where both were drowned. The others escaped to the shore, and the boat reached the vessel with but one soldier wounded. Lest the other prisoners might escape, they were immediately landed and marched up the shore to the lower point of Hog Island, where they crossed the river, and were immediately put to death with all the horrible accompaniments of savage cruelty.

During the month of June, an attempt to relieve the garrison proved more successful. A vessel which had been sent to Niagara arrived at the mouth of the river, with about fifty troops on board and a supply of stores. The Indians generally left the siege, and repaired to Fighting Island for the purpose of intercepting her. They annoyed the English very much in their canoes, till the latter reached the point of the island, where, on account of the wind failing, they were compelled to anchor.

The captain had concealed his men in the hold, so that the Indians were not aware of the strength of the crew. Soon after dark, they embarked in their canoes and proceeded to board the vessel. The men were silently ordered up, and took their stations at the guns. The Indians were suffered to approach close to the vessel, when the captain, by the stroke of a hammer upon the mast, which had been previously concerted, gave the signal for action. An immediate discharge took place, and the Indians precipitately fled, with many killed and wounded. The next morning the vessel dropped down to the mouth of the river, where she remained six days waiting for a wind. On the thirteenth she succeeded in ascending the river, and reached the fort in safety.

Pontiac felt the necessity of destroying these vessels, and he therefore constructed rafts for that purpose. The barns of some of the inhabitants were demolished, and the materials employed in this work. Pitch and other combustibles were added, and the whole so formed as to burn with rapidity and intensity. They were of considerable length, and were towed to a proper position above the vessels, when fire was applied, and they were left to the stream, in the expectation that they would be carried into contact with the vessels, and immediately set fire to them. Twice the attempt was made without success. The British were aware of the design, and took their measures accordingly. Boats were constructed and anchored with chains above the vessels, and every precaution was used to ward off the blow. The blazing rafts passed harmlessly by, and other incidents soon occurred to engage the attention of the Indians.*

* Discourse of Governor Cass,

A week subsequent to this date, we find various letters from Detroit published in Atlantic papers, of which the following passages are extracts. They will furnish the reader with an idea of the true situation of the garrison at this time, much better than could be derived from any description of our own.

“Detroit, July 6, 1763.

“We have been besieged here two months by six hundred Indians. We have been upon the watch night and day, from the commanding officer to the lowest soldier, from the 8th of May, and have not had our clothes off nor slept all night since it began, and shall continue so till we have a reinforcement up. We then hope soon to give a good account of the savages. Their camp lies about a mile and a half from the fort, and that’s the nearest they choose to come now. For the first two or three days we were attacked by three or four hundred of them, but we gave them so warm a reception that they don’t care for coming to see us, though they now and then get behind a house or garden, and fire at us about three or four hundred yards’ distance. The day before yesterday we killed a chief and three others, and wounded some more; yesterday went up with our sloop and battered their cabins in such a manner that they are glad to keep farther off.”

The next letter is under date of the 9th.

“You have long ago heard of our pleasant situation, but the storm is blown over. Was it not very agreeable to hear every day of their cutting, carving, boiling and eating our companions? To see every day dead bodies floating down the river, mangled and disfigured? But Britons, you know, never shrink; we always appeared gay to spite the rascals. They boiled and eat Sir Robert Davers; and we are informed by Mr. Pauly, who escaped the other day from one of the stations surprised at the breaking out of the war, and commanded by himself, that he had seen an Indian have the skin of Captain Robertson’s arm for a tobacco-pouch!

“Three days ago, a party of us went to demolish a breast-work they had made. We finished our work and were returning home, but the fort espying a party of Indians coming up as if they intended to fight, we were ordered back, made our dispositions, and advanced briskly. Our front was fired upon warmly, and returned the fire for about five minutes. In the mean time Captain Hopkins, with about twenty men, filed off to the left, and about twenty French volunteers filed off to the right, and got between them and their fires. The villains immediately fled, and we returned, as was prudent; for a sentry whom I had placed informed me he saw a body of them coming down from the woods, and our party being but about eighty, was not able to cope with their united bands. In short, we beat them handsomely, and yet did not much hurt to them, for they ran extremely well. We only killed their leader and wounded three others. One of them fired at me at the distance of fifteen or twenty paces, but I suppose my terrible visage made him tremble. I think I shot him.”

This "leader" was, according to some accounts, an Ottawa chief; according to others, the son of a chief. At all events he was a popular if not an important man, and his death was severely revenged by one of his relatives, in the massacre of Captain Campbell. That gentleman had been detained a prisoner ever since the proposal of a capitulation, together with his friend McDougall. The latter escaped a day or two before the skirmish, but his unfortunate comrade was tomahawked by the infuriated savage. One account says, "they boiled his heart and ate it, and made a pouch of the skin of his arms!" The brutal assassin fled to Saginaw, apprehensive of the vengeance of Pontiac, and it is but justice to the memory of that chieftain to say, that he was indignant at the atrocious act, and used every possible exertion to apprehend the murderer.

The reinforcement mentioned above as expected, arrived on the 26th of July. It was a detachment of three hundred regular troops. Arrangements were made the same evening for an attack on the Indian camp. But by some unknown means Pontiac obtained information of the design, and he not only removed the women and children from his camp, but seasonably stationed two strong parties in ambuscades, where they were protected by pickets and cord-wood, and concealed by the high grass. Three hundred men left the fort about an hour before day, and marched rapidly up the bank. They were suffered to reach the bridge over Bloody-Run, and to proceed about half way across it, before the slightest movement indicated that the enemy was aware of their approach. Suddenly a volume of musketry was poured in upon the troops; the commander fell at the first discharge, and they were thrown into instant confusion. A retreat was with some difficulty effected by driving the Indians from all their positions at the bayonet's point, but the English lost seventy men killed, and forty wounded.

This was the last important event attending the prosecution of the siege. A modern author observes, that Pontiac relaxed in his efforts, that the Indians soon began to depart for their wintering grounds, and that the various bands, as they arrived in the spring, professed their desire for peace. Such seems to have been the case at a much earlier date; for we find it stated under date of the 18th of August, (1763,) that "the Hurons, who begin to be wearied of the war," had brought in and given up eight prisoners. The writer adds, that "the Hurons and Poutcouatamies, who were partly forced into the war by the menaces of the Ottawas, begin to withdraw." Pontiac had been so confident of success as to have made some arrangements, it is said, for dividing the conquered territory with the French; and several Indians planted fields of corn. But his warriors grew weary of the siege, and his army was at this time reduced to about five hundred.

Where or how he passed the winter, we are not told. But his movements were still watched with anxiety, and the garrison at Detroit, especially, seem not to have thought themselves safe from his operations, from day to day. "We have lately been very busy," says a respectable writer, under date of December 3, 1763, "in providing

abundance of wheat, flour, Indian corn and pease, from the country, in which we have so far succeeded as not to be in danger of being starved out." It further appears, that detachments of the enemy were still in the neighborhood: "the approach of Major Wilkins' party had a very good effect; the enemy moved farther off. 'Tis said that Pontiac and his tribe have gone to the Mississippi, but we don't believe it." Again, "the Wyandots, of Sandusky, are much animated against us; they have been reinforced lately by many villains from all the nations concerned in the war." So late as March 25th, we are told that "about twelve days ago, several scalping-parties of the Pottawatamies came to the settlement, &c. We now sleep in our clothes, expecting an alarm every night."

But the reign of terror maintained by the movements of Pontiac was drawing to its close. The power of the civilised party was too much for a combination like his. General Bradstreet, with a force of three thousand men, proceeded to Niagara early in the summer of 1764, on his way to the northwest. Here a grand council was held, at which nearly two thousand Indians attended. One account says there were representatives present from twenty-two different tribes, including eleven of the western,—a fact strikingly indicating the immense train of operations managed by the influence of Pontiac. Many of his best allies had now deserted the chieftain. The traveller, Henry, who was under Bradstreet's command, mentions that he himself was appointed leader of ninety-six Chippewas of the Sault de Sainte-Marie, and other savages, under the name of the Indian battalion. "Me," he adds, "whose best hope it had very lately been, to live through their forbearance." It ought to be observed, however, in justice to the men who were thus led against their own countrymen and kinsmen, that by the time the army reached Fort Erie, their number was reduced to fourteen by desertion.

On the arrival of the army at Detroit, which they reached without opposition, all the tribes in that region came in and concluded a peace, with the exception of the Delawares and Shawanees. But Pontiac was no more seen. He not only took no part in the pending negotiation, but abandoned the country, and repaired to the Illinois.

We find no authority for the assertion of Carver, that henceforward he laid aside his animosity for the English; and still less, that "to reward this new attachment, Government allowed him a handsome pension." Even this writer admits that his conduct "at length grew suspicious." Rogers, on the other hand, who had good opportunities of knowing the facts, says, that while "some of the Indians left him, and by his consent made a separate peace, he would not be personally concerned in it, saying, that when he made a peace, it should be such a one as would be useful and honorable to himself, and to the king of Great Britain. But he has not as yet proposed his terms."*

This account bears manifest marks of correctness. It agrees with many other illustrations of a magnanimity which might have made

* Rogers' account, p. 244.

Pontiac a fit comrade for the knights of the middle ages. But confirmations of it may be found elsewhere. It was the common belief of the times, that he had gone among the Illinois, with a view of there holding himself in readiness for whatever might happen to the benefit of the great cause for which he was resolved to live and die; and probably, also, to use active measures as fast and as far as might be advisable. The following passage occurs in an authentic letter from Detroit, dated May 19, 1765.

"Pontiac is now raising the St. Joseph Indians, the Miamies, the Mascontins, the Ouiattenons, the Pians and the Illinois, to come to this place the beginning of next month, to make what effect they can against us; for which purpose he has procured a large belt for each nation, and one larger than the rest for a 'hatchet' for the whole. They are to be joined by some of the northern Indians, as is reported. This, they say, is to be an undertaking of their own, as they are not to have any assistance from the French. * * When Pontiac left the Miamies, he told them to remain quiet till he came back; it should then be 'all war, or all peace.' * * I make no doubt of their intention to perform what we have heard of, though I don't think it will come to any head. I am likewise well convinced, if Pontiac be made to believe he would be well received at this place, he would desist from any intention he may have; but it will be impossible to convince him of that, while there are such a number of traitorous villains about him. You can't imagine what infamous lies they tell," &c.

It appears from this testimony, that Pontiac had at this period re-engaged in his plan of combination. It would also appear, that he was instigated by some of the French; for it is believed that only individuals among them were guilty of the practices alleged. Those at Detroit conducted themselves amicably, even during the war; and some of them, we have seen, volunteered to fight against the Indians. Still, where Pontiac now was, there would be the best possible opportunity of exerting a sinister influence over him, there being many Frenchmen among the Illinois, and they not of the most exemplary character in all cases. On the whole, it seems to us probable, that while the last mentioned combination was really "an undertaking of his own," it might have been checked at any moment, and perhaps never would have commenced, had not Pontiac been renewedly and repeatedly prejudiced against the English interest by the artifice of some of the French, and perhaps some of the Indians. However his principles in regard to that subject might remain unchanged, no abstract inducement, we think, would have urged him to his present measures under the circumstances to which he was now reduced. But, be that as it may, the principles themselves need not be doubted; nor can we forbear admiring the energy of the man in pursuing the exemplification and vindication of them in practice. His exertions grew only the more daring, as his prospects became more desperate.

But his death at length ended at once his disappointments and hopes, together with the fears of his enemies. This event is supposed to have taken place in 1767. He was assassinated, at a council held among

the Illinois, by an Indian of the Peoria tribe. Carver says, that "either commissioned by one of the English Governors, or instigated by the love he bore the English nation, the savage attended him as a spy, "and being convinced from the speech Pontiac made in the council, that he still retained his former prejudices against those for whom he now professed a friendship, he plunged his knife into his heart, as soon as he had done speaking, and laid him dead on the spot."

As to what is here said of professed friendship, the writer evidently alludes to his own previous assertion, which we have shown to be unfounded, and for which we are still unable to perceive the slightest grounds. Still several of these suppositions, though only to be received as such, are probably true. There is little doubt that Pontiac continued firm in his original principles and purpose; that he expressed himself without disguise; that he endeavored to influence, and did influence, a large number of his countrymen; and that the Peoria savage, whether a personal enemy or a "spy"—or what is most probable, both, (a spy because an enemy,)—did assassinate him with the expectation, to say the least, of doing an acceptable service to some foreign party, and a lucrative one for himself. We need not assert that he was "commissioned by an English Governor." Pontiac was an indefatigable and powerful man, and a dangerous foe to the English. He was in a situation to make enemies among his countrymen, and the English were generally in a situation and disposition to avail themselves of that circumstance.

From the manner of life adopted by the chieftain subsequent to the treaty at Detroit, it might be inferred, perhaps, that he became alienated from the northern tribes, including his own, who had been his best friends, or that they became alienated from him. We are inclined to believe, on the contrary, that their negotiations took place "by his consent," as has been stated heretofore; and that he removed southward, as well with a view to their good, (as regarded the friendship of the English,) as at the same time for the purpose of re-commencing his own operations upon a new theatre, and with fresh actors. He would thereby gain new influence, while he would lose little or none of the old.

This supposition is confirmed by the well-authenticated fact that the Ottawas, the Chippewas, and the Pottawatamies—some writers add the Sacs and Foxes—made common cause in the revenge of his death. Following that principle with the customary Indian latitude of application, they made war upon the Peoria tribe. The latter associated with themselves, in defence, the Kaskaskias, the Cahokias, and the Illinois; but to no purpose. The two latter tribes are believed to have been wholly exterminated, and of the former only a few families remain. "The memory of the great Ottawa chief," says a distinguished historian of that section, "is yet held in reverence among his countrymen: and whatever is the fate which may await them, his name and deeds will live in their traditional narratives, increasing in interest as they increase in years."

The astonishing influence exerted by this remarkable man so long

as he lived, may be inferred from the period of peace which succeeded his death and the punishment of his murderer, still more forcibly than from any circumstances we have noticed. It has been seen that more than twenty tribes, who had engaged in his combination, appeared at the Niagara council. His movements are believed to have been felt as far east as among the Micmacks of Nova Scotia. As far south as Virginia, they were not only perceptible, but formidable in the highest degree. The agitation produced among the inhabitants of a part of our western territory, within a few months, by Black Hawk and his associates, scarcely illustrates the similar excitement which, in 1763, prevailed over a much larger portion of the continent. A few passages from periodical publications of that date will give a better conception of the truth.

“New York, June 13th, 1763.

“We hear that on Monday last arrived an express from Pittsburg, advising that a party of Indians had murdered Col. Clapham and all his family.” * * * * *

“Fort Pitt, May 31st.

“There is most melancholy news here. The Indians have broken out in divers places, and have murdered Col. C. and his family. An Indian has brought a war belt to Tusquerora, who says Detroit was invested, and St. Dusky cut off. All Levy’s goods are stopped at Tusquerora by the Indians; and last night eight or ten men were killed at Beaver creek. We hear of scalping every hour. Messrs. Cray and Allison’s horses, twenty-five, loaded with skins, are all taken.” * * * * *

“Fort Pitt, June 16th.

“We have destroyed the upper and lower towns, and by to-morrow night shall be in a good posture of defence. Every morning, an hour before day, the whole garrison are at their alarm posts. Ten days ago, they killed one Patrick Dunn, and a man of Major Smallman’s; also two other men. Capt. Callender’s people are all killed, and the goods taken. There is no account of Mr. Welch, &c. Mr. Crawford is made prisoner, and his people all murdered. Our small posts, I am afraid, are gone.” * * * * *

“Fort Bedford, June 8th.

“On Tuesday, one Smith was attacked, and by an Indian without arms, at Beaver creek, who endeavored to put him under water; but Smith proving too strong for him, put the Indian under water, and brought off a piece of his ear, and left him.” * * *

“Albany, June 16th.

“You must have heard of the many murders committed on the English, by different tribes of Indians, at different places, which makes many fear the rupture is or will become general among the southern tribes. We have accounts, &c. * * Lieut. Cuyler, with a party

of Green's rangers, consisting of ninety-seven men, set out from Niagara, with provisions for Detroit. On the evening of the 4th, they went on shore to encamp, within fifty miles of Detroit. Cuyler sent his servant to gather greens, and the lad being gone so long, a party was sent for him, who found him scalped. He put his men in the best position for a sudden attack. The Indians fell upon them, and killed and took all but the lieutenant and thirty of his men, who retreated back to Niagara, leaving near two hundred barrels of provision with the enemy." * * * *

"Philadelphia, June 23d.

"By an express just now from Fort Pitt, we learn that the Indians are continually about that place; that out of one hundred and twenty traders but two or three escaped, &c. * * It is now out of doubt it is a general insurrection among all the Indians."

"Winchester, (Va.) June 22d.

"Last night I reached this place. I have been at Fort Cumberland several days, but the Indians having killed nine people there, made me think it prudent to remove from those parts, from which I suppose near five hundred families have run away within this week. It was a most melancholy sight to see such numbers of poor people, who had abandoned their settlement in such consternation and hurry, that they had scarcely any thing with them but their children." * *

"Carlisle, July 3d.

"Ligonier was attacked on the 23d, by the savages, for a day and a night, but they were beat off; this we had from an Indian. We killed one of the scoundrels from the fort, who had trusted himself a little too near." * * * *

"Philadelphia, July 27th.

"I returned home last night. * * There has been a good deal said in the papers, but not more than is strictly true. Shippensburg and Carlisle are now become our frontiers, none living at their plantations but such as have their houses stockaded. Upwards of two hundred women and children are now living in Fort Loudoun, a spot not more than one hundred feet square. I saw a letter from Col. S., late of the Virginia regiment, to Col. A., wherein he mentions that Great-Briar and Jackson's River are depopulated—upwards of three hundred persons killed or taken prisoners; that for one hundred miles in breadth and three hundred in length, not one family is to be found in their plantations, by which means there are near twenty thousand people left destitute of their habitations. The seven hundred men voted by the assembly recruit but very slowly, &c." * * *

"Goshen, N. Y., August 5th.

"Last week the following accident happened in this place. Several men having been out upon the hills hunting for deer, in their return they met with a flock of partridges, at which four guns were dis-

charged, three of them pretty quick after each other. This being an uncommon accident in the place, was mistaken by some of the inhabitants of the Wall-kill for firing of Indians. Immediately alarm-guns were fired and spread over the whole place, which produced an amazing panic and confusion among the people, near five hundred families. Some for haste cut the harnesses of their horses from their ploughs and carts, and rode off with what they were most concerned to preserve. Others, who had no vessel to cross the river, plunged through, carrying their wives and children on their backs. Some, we have already heard, proceeded as far as New England, spreading the alarm as they went, and how far they may go is uncertain." * *

"Bethlehem, (Penn.) Oct. 9th.

"I cannot describe the deplorable condition this poor country is in. Most of the inhabitants of Allen's-town and other places are fled from their habitations. I cannot ascertain the number killed, but think it exceeds twenty. The people at Nazareth, and the other places belonging to the (United) Brethren, have put themselves in the best posture of defence they can; they keep a strong watch every night, and hope, by the blessing of God, if they are attacked, to make a stand."

Nothing can be added to enforce the impression which these various descriptions must make upon the mind of the reader. They show that the apprehension excited by the movements of Pontiac, though the chieftain himself was not yet thoroughly appreciated, exceeded every thing of the kind which has occurred on the continent since the days of King Philip.

It is mainly from his actions, of necessity, that the character of such a man, in such a situation, must be judged. There are, however, some items of personal information respecting him, and these all go to confirm the opinion we have already expressed. His anxiety to learn the English methods of manufacturing cloth, iron, and some other articles, was such that he offered Major Rogers a part of his territory if he would take him to England for that purpose. He also endeavored to inform himself of the tactics and discipline of the English troops. Probably it was in consequence of suggestions made by Rogers at some of the conversations he had with that officer, (and at which the latter allows that "he discovered great strength of judgment and a thirst after knowledge,") that afterwards, in the course of the war, he appointed an Indian commissary, and began to issue bills of credit. These, which are said to have been punctually redeemed, are described as having the figure of whatever he wanted in exchange for them drawn upon them, with the addition of his own stamp in the shape of an otter. This system was set in operation partly for the benefit of the French. They had been subjected, occasionally, to indiscriminate pillage, but Pontiac became satisfied that such a process would soon put an end to itself, besides doing no honor to his cause. The supplies which they subsequently furnished were regularly levied through the medium of his commissariat department.

The authority Pontiac exercised over the combined tribes seems to have been little less than that of a complete dictator. In the Detroit diary heretofore cited, we are informed that about the commencement of the siege, a Mr. Rutherford "fell into the hands of the savages. One of the garrison afterwards employed a Frenchman to redeem him from his Indian master, and furnished eighty pounds' worth of goods for that purpose. The bargain was effected, but the gentleman had been liberated but one day and one night when Pontiac, whose notice nothing escaped, sent a band of fifty Indians to take him away by force. "No nation," said he, "should have liberty to sell their prisoners till the war was over."

As the notice we have given of the fate of Campbell may leave an unfavorable impression in regard to the chieftain's good faith, it should be observed that the Indian maxims on the use of artifice in war are universally different from those of most civilised nations. Nor can we expect to know what circumstances might have occurred, subsequent to the visit of Campbell to the Indian camp, which would justify his detention, though contrary to the expectation of all parties. It appears, however, from the diary, that he was first induced to go out, not by Pontiac, as we have seen stated, but by some of the French, who "told him there was no risque in going out,—they would answer life for life that he should return safe into the fort."

It is well settled that the detention—whether in pursuance of a scheme of Pontiac, thereby to induce a capitulation, or for other reasons unknown—was by no means intended to result as it unfortunately did. The same writer, who states that Pontiac solemnly pledged his word for the captain's safety, states that the assassin fled to Saginaw, apprehensive of his vengeance, and that he used every exertion to apprehend the murderer, who would no doubt have paid for his temerity with his life.*

No act has ever been ascribed to Pontiac which would lead us to doubt this conclusion. Nothing like sanguinary disposition, or a disposition to tolerate cruelty in others, belonged to his character. We have observed his treatment of Rogers, at a time when he had no doubt resolved upon war, and when he already felt himself to have been ill-treated by the English. That gentleman relates an anecdote of him which occurred during the war, still more honorable to the chieftain. As a compliment, Rogers sent him a bottle of brandy by the hands of a Frenchman. His councillors advised him not to taste it; it must be poisoned, said they, and sent with a design to kill him. But Pontiac laughed at their suspicions. "He cannot," he replied, "he cannot take my life,—I have saved his!"

In 1765, an English officer, Lieutenant Frazer, with a company of soldiers, went among the Illinois, where was probably a French station, at which Pontiac then was,—probably with a view of observing the chieftain's movements. He considered it an aggression, and called upon the French commandant to deliver his visitors into his hands.

* Governor Cass.

The officer attempted to pacify him, in vain. "You," (the French,) said he, "were the first cause of my striking the English. This is your tomahawk which I hold in my hand." He then ordered his Indians, whom by this time he had mustered in large numbers from the neighborhood, to seize upon the English at once. The order was generally obeyed, but Frazer escaped. The Indians threatened to massacre all the rest unless he should be given up, upon which he gallantly came forward and surrendered to Pontiac.

The sequel is worthy of notice. "With the interest of Pontiac," say the papers of the day, "he (Frazer) got himself and his men back again." On the arrival of another Indian chief, with a white woman for a wife, who did all in their power to exasperate the savages, they seized upon the English again. "But Pontiac ordered them to give the men back," and the order was again obeyed. Frazer wished to stay longer, and Pontiac promised to protect him. He however advised him, considering the disposition of the Indians, to leave the country, and he accordingly went down the river in a batteau, and at length made his way to New Orleans. "He says, Pontiac is a clever fellow, and had it not been for him he should never have got away alive."

Of the oratory of the Ottawa chieftain there remain but few and scanty memorials. Like Philip, he has derived his distinction more from actions than words, and that (as also in Philip's case) without the aid of any very signal renown as a mere warrior. The only speech of his we have met with, was made on the occasion of a conference with the French at Detroit, held upon the 23d of May, 1763, in the hope of inducing them to join him in the reduction of the fort. The style of delivery cannot now be ascertained, but the reasoning is close and ingenious.

"My brothers!" he said, "I have no doubt but this war is very troublesome to you, and that my warriors, who are continually passing and repassing through your settlements, frequently kill your cattle and injure your property. I am sorry for it, and hope you do not think I am pleased with this conduct of my young men. And as a proof of my friendship, recollect the war you had seventeen years ago, (1746,) and the part I took in it. The northern nations combined together, and came to destroy you. Who defended you? Was it not myself and my young men? The great chief Mackinac (the Turtle) said in council that he would carry to his native village the head of your chief warrior, and that he would eat his heart and drink his blood. Did I not then join you, and go to his camp and say to him, if he wished to kill the French he must pass over my body, and over the bodies of my young men? Did I not take hold of the tomahawk with you, and aid you in fighting your battles with Mackinac, and driving him home to his country? Why do you think I would turn my arms against you? Am I not the same French Pontiac who assisted you seventeen years ago? I am a Frenchman, and I wish to die a Frenchman."

After throwing a war-belt into the midst of the council, he concluded in the following strain:

“My brothers! I begin to grow tired of this bad meat which is upon our lands. I begin to see that this is not your case, for instead of assisting us in our war with the English, you are actually assisting them. I have already told you, and I now tell you again, that when I undertook this war it was only your interest I sought, and that I knew what I was about. I yet know what I am about. This year they must all perish. The Master of Life so orders it. His will is known to us, and we must do as he says. And you, my brothers, who know him better than we do, wish to oppose his will! Until now I have avoided urging you upon this subject, in the hope that if you could not aid, you would not injure us. I did not wish to ask you to fight with us against the English, and I did not believe you would take part with them. You will say you are not with them. I know it; but your conduct amounts to the same thing. You will tell them all we do and say. You carry our councils and plans to them. Now take your choice. You must be entirely French, like ourselves, or entirely English. If you are French, take this belt for yourselves and your young men, and join us. If you are English, we declare war against you.” * * * * *

The man who had the ability and the intrepidity to express himself in this manner, hardly needed either the graces of rhetoric or the powers of the warrior to enforce that mighty influence which, among every people, and under all circumstances, is attached, as closely as shadow to substance, to the energies of a mighty mind. Those energies he exerted, and that influence he possessed, probably, beyond all precedent in the history of his race. Hence it is that his memory is still cherished among the tribes of the north. History itself, instead of adding to his character in their eyes, has only reduced him to his true proportions in our own. Tradition still looks upon him as it looked upon the Hercules of the Greeks.

CHAPTER XV.

ACCOUNT OF THE DELAWARES—THEIR ANCIENT GREAT MEN, INCLUDING TAMENEND—HISTORY DURING THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR—TWO PARTIES AMONG THEM—WHITE-EYES LEADER OF ONE, AND CAPTAIN PIPE OF THE OTHER—ANECDOTES.

The most formidable antagonists the Five Nations ever had to contend with were the Delawares, as the English have named them, (from Lord de la War,) but generally styled by their Indian neighbors Wapanachi, and by themselves Lenni, Lenape, or the Original People. The tradition is, that they and the Five Nations both emigrated from beyond the Mississippi, and, by uniting their forces, drove off or destroyed the primitive residents of the country on this side. Afterwards the Delawares divided themselves into three tribes, called the Turtle, the Turkey, and the Wolf, or Monsey. Their settlements extended from the Hudson to the Potomac, and their descendants finally became so numerous, that nearly forty tribes honored them

with the title of Grandfather, which some of them continue to apply to the present day.

The Delawares were the principal inhabitants of Pennsylvania when William Penn commenced his labors in that region, and the memory of Miquon, their elder brother, as they called him, is still cherished in the legends of all that remains of the nation. That remnant exists chiefly on the western banks of the Mississippi, to which ancient starting-place they have been gradually approximating, stage by stage, ever since the arrival of the Europeans on the coast. Their principal intermediate settlements have been in Ohio, on the banks of the Muskingum, and other small rivers, whither a great number of the tribe removed about the year 1760.

The Delawares have never been without their great men, though unfortunately many of them have lived at such periods and such places as to make it impossible for history to do them justice. It is only within about a century last past, during which they have been rapidly declining in power and diminishing in numbers, that a series of extraordinary events, impelling them into close contact with the whites, as well as with other Indians, has had the effect of bringing forward their extraordinary men.

Among the ancient Delaware worthies, whose career is too imperfectly known to us to be the subject of distinct sketches, we shall mention only the name of the illustrious Tamenend. This individual stands foremost in the list of all the great men of his nation in any age. He was a mighty warrior, an accomplished statesman, and a pure and high-minded patriot. In private life he was still more distinguished for his virtues than in public for his talents. His countrymen could only account for the perfections they ascribed to him, by supposing him to be favored with the special communications of the Great Spirit. Ages have elapsed since his death, but his memory was so fresh among the Delawares of the last century, that when Colonel Morgan, of New Jersey, was sent as an agent among them by Congress during the Revolution, they conferred on him the title of Tamenend, as the greatest mark of respect they could show for the manners and character of that gentleman, and he was known by his Indian appellation ever afterwards.

About this time the old chieftain had so many admirers among the whites also, that they made him a saint, inserted his name in calendars, and celebrated his festival on the first of May yearly. On that day a numerous society of his votaries walked in procession through the streets of Philadelphia, their hats decorated with bucks' tails, and proceeded to a sylvan rendezvous out of town, which they called the Wigwam, where, after a long talk or speech had been delivered, and the calumet of friendship passed around, the remainder of the day was spent in high festivity. A dinner was prepared, and Indian dances performed on the green. The custom ceased a few years after the conclusion of peace, and though other "Tammany" associations have since existed, they retain little of the model they were formed upon but the name.

The commencement of the revolutionary war was among the Delawares, as among their more civilised neighbors, a period of great excitement. Strong efforts were made by the British authorities on the northern frontier, and yet stronger ones by individual refugees and vagabonds in the British interest, to prejudice them against the American people, and to induce them to make common cause with their "Father" over the "Big Water," in correcting the sins of his disobedient children. Congress, on the other hand, contented itself with keeping them, as far and as long as possible, in a state of neutrality. In consequence of these opposite influences, and of old prepossessions entertained by various parties and persons in the nation, a violent struggle ensued,—for war on one side, and for peace on the other,—in the course of which were developed some of the most remarkable individual traits and diplomatic manœuvres which we have yet had occasion to notice.

The leader of the peace party was Koguethagechton, called by the Americans Captain White-Eyes. He was the head chief of the Turtle tribe in Ohio; while Captain Pipe, of the Wolf tribe, living and having his council-fire at the distance of fifteen miles northward from the former, devoted his talents to promoting the plan of a belligerent union with the British. Accidental circumstances,—such as old wrongs, or at least imagined ones, from the Americans, on one side, and old favors on the other,—no doubt had their effect in producing this diversity of feeling; but the ambition and jealousy of Pipe,—whose spirit, otherwise noble, was of that haughty order, that he would not "have served in heaven" when he might "reign" elsewhere in the universe,—are believed to have gone farther than any other cause, both to create and keep up dissensions among the Delawares, and disturbances between them and the whites. Pipe, as even the good Fleckewelder allows, was certainly a great man, but White-Eyes was still both his superior and his senior, besides having the advantage of a clean cause and a clear conscience.

Pipe, like other politicians, uniformly professed his readiness, from time to time, to join in any measures proper to "save the nation;" but the difficulty as uniformly occurred, that these were precisely the same measures which White-Eyes thought would destroy it. The former, like most of the Wolf tribe, whose temperament he had studied, was warlike, energetic, and restless. He brooded over old resentments,—he panted for revenge,—he longed for the coming of an era which should turn "rogues" out of office, and bring "honest men" in. With these feelings, his ingenuity could not be long without adequate arguments and artifices to operate on the minds of his countrymen. Their most remarkable effect, however, it soon became manifest, was to attach them to himself rather than to any particular principles. They were as ready to fight as men need be; but Pipe was expected to monopolise the thinking and talking.

For the better understanding of the principles of the peace-party, we shall here introduce the exposition made by White-Eyes and others, of the character of the contest between the English and the Americans.

Its effect was to convince the Indians that they had no concern with either, while their welfare clearly suggested the policy, as well as propriety, of maintaining amicable terms with both.

"Suppose a father," it was said, "had a little son whom he loved and indulged while young, but growing up to be a youth, began to think of having some help from him; and making up a small pack, bade him carry it for him. The boy cheerfully takes this pack, following his father with it. The father, finding the boy willing and obedient, continues in this way; and as the boy grows stronger, so the father makes the pack in proportion larger—yet as long as the boy is able to carry the pack, he does so without grumbling. At length, however, the boy having arrived at manhood, while the father is making up the pack for him, in comes a person of an evil disposition, and learning who was the carrier of the pack, advises the father to make it heavier, for surely the son is able to carry a large pack. The father, listening rather to the bad adviser, than consulting his own judgment and the feelings of tenderness, follows the advice of the hard-hearted adviser, and makes up a heavy load for his son to carry. The son, now grown up, examining the weight of the load he is to carry, addresses the parent in these words: 'Dear father, this pack is too heavy for me to carry, do pray lighten it; I am willing to do what I can, but am unable to carry this load.' The father's heart having by this time become hardened, and the bad adviser calling to him, 'whip him if he disobeys and refuses to carry the pack,' now in a peremptory tone orders his son to take up the pack and carry it off, or he will whip him, and already takes up a stick to beat him. 'So!' says the son, 'am I to be served thus, for not doing what I am unable to do? Well, if entreaties avail nothing with you, father, and it is to be decided by blows, whether or not I am able to carry a pack so heavy, then I have no other choice left me, but that of resisting your unreasonable demand by my strength; and so, by striking each other, we may see who is the strongest.'"

But this doctrine, however sound, did not prove wholly effectual against the exertions of Pipe, who was continually either making movements, or taking advantage of such as occurred, to disparage the influence of his rival, and, of course, to extend and establish his own. He contradicted whatever was said, and counteracted whatever was done by White-Eyes, until the whole system of intercourse of the Delawares with each other and with other nations, became a labyrinth of inconsistencies and counterplots.

About the commencement of the war, White-Eyes, with some of his tribe, visited the Americans at Pittsburg, where they met in conference with a number of the Seneca tribe, a people particularly attached to the British interest at that time. The object of their visit probably was to ascertain and perhaps influence the politics of the Delawares; and they relied much on the power of the great confederacy to which they belonged. Not only, however, did they fail to overawe White-Eyes, politically or personally, but they could not prevent him from publicly advocating the principles he avowed. So angry were they

at a speech he addressed to the meeting at Pittsburg, that they undertook to check him by hinting, in an insolent and sullen manner, that it ill became him to express himself thus independently, whose tribe were but women, and had been made such by the Five Nations—alluding to an old reproach which had often before this been used to humiliate the Delawares.

Frequently it had that effect. But White-Eyes was not of a temper to brook an insult, under any circumstances. With an air of the most haughty disdain, he sat patiently until the Senecas had done, and then rose and replied:

"I know," said he gravely, "I know well, that you consider us a conquered nation, as women, as your inferiors. You have, say you, shortened our legs, and put petticoats on us! You say you have given us a hoe and a corn-pounder, and told us to plant and pound for you, you men, you warriors! But look at me. Am I not full-grown, and have I not a warrior's dress? Aye, I am a man, and these are the arms of a man (showing his musket); and all that country, (waving his hand proudly in the direction of the Alleghany river,) all that country, on the other side of that water, is mine."*

A more courageous address was perhaps never made to any council of Indians. Indeed, it went so beyond the spirit of his tribe, apprehensive as they were of the indignation of the powerful people he had thus bearded, that, although many were gratified, many others were frightened, or, perhaps, at Pipe's instigation, pretended to be frightened, out of the ranks of the peace-party into those of the war. The Monseys took the lead in that movement, and they even humiliated themselves so much as to send word to the Five Nations that they disapproved of what White-Eyes had said. Pipe, about the same time, left off attending the councils of the Turtle tribe, which he had hitherto done regularly, probably from a conviction that his intrigues were becoming daily more manifest; and he also endeavored to circulate an impression that White-Eyes had made secret engagements with the Americans, with the view of aggrandising himself at the expense of his countrymen.

The latter, meanwhile, was laboring, night and day, to preserve peace among the tribes, by sending embassies, and by other energetic measures. In some places, he succeeded, but in others the manoeuvres of his adversary prevailed. A message sent to the Sandusky Wyandots, in 1776, was insolently answered by a hint to the Delawares, "to keep good shoes in readiness for joining the warriors." White-Eyes himself headed a deputation to a settlement of the same people near Detroit. They however refused to receive his peace-belts, except in presence of the British Governor at that station; and he, when they were tendered in his presence, seized them violently, cut them in pieces, threw them at the feet of the deputies, and then told White-Eyes that "if he set any value on his head, he must be gone within half an hour."

Such indefatigable efforts were made by the war-party, and by those

* Speaking, according to common custom, in the name of the nation.

foreigners who co-operated with them, especially in circulating reports unfavorable to the American character and cause, that White-Eyes was very near being sacrificed to the hot-headed rashness of his own followers. In March, 1778, a number of Tories of infamous character, having escaped from Pittsburg, told the Indians, wherever they went, that the Americans were coming upon them from all quarters; and that now was the time, and the only time, for saving themselves, by commencing active hostilities. The Delawares were filled with consternation, and, for a day or two, White-Eyes was unable to stem the torrent of popular feeling. But he recovered his influence as they recovered their composure; and well knowing that his conduct in this affair would be closely watched by his rival, he called a general council of the nation, in which he proposed to delay committing hostilities against the American people for ten days, during which time they might obtain more certain information as to the truth of the assertions of these men. Pipe, considering this a proper time for placing White-Eyes in the back-ground, construed his wise and prudent advice as though he was in the secret, and now proposed to his own council, "to declare every man an enemy to the nation, that should throw an obstacle in the way that might tend to prevent taking up arms instantly against the American people."

White-Eyes perceived that the blow was aimed at himself, but he parried it by immediately assembling and addressing his party by themselves: "If you will go out in this war," said he, observing the preparations of some of them, "you shall not go without me. I have taken peace measures, it is true, with the view of saving my tribe from destruction. But if you think me in the wrong, if you give more credit to runaway vagabonds than to your own friends, to a man, to a warrior, to a Delaware; if you insist upon fighting the Americans, go! and I will go with you. And I will not go like the bear-hunter, who sets his dogs upon the animal to be beaten about with his paws, while he keeps himself at a safe distance. No! I will lead you on. I will place myself in the front. I will fall with the first of you! You can do as you choose, but as for me I will not survive my nation. I will not live to bewail the miserable destruction of a brave people, who deserved, as you do, a better fate."

This spirited harangue had the desired effect. The assembly declared, with all the enthusiasm which a grave Indian council are ever willing to manifest, that they would at least wait the ten days, as he wished. Some added that they would never fight the Americans, but with him for a leader.

But Pipe and his party redoubled their efforts, and before the appointed term had expired, many of the Delawares had shaved their heads in readiness for the war-plume; and White-Eyes, though his request for delay was still attended to, was threatened with a violent death if he should say one word for the American interest. On the ninth day, vigorous preparations were made for sending out war-parties, and no news had yet arrived to abate the excitement.

At this critical juncture it happened that the German missionary, Mr. Heckewelder, with some attendants, had arrived among the Christian Delawares in the neighborhood of Goshocking, the settlement of White-Eyes, from Pittsburg. He became an eye and ear witness of the sequel of the affair, and we shall therefore avail ourselves of his narrative.

“Finding the matter so very pressing, and even not admitting of a day’s delay, I consented, that after a few hours’ rest and sleep, and furnished with a trusty companion and a fresh horse, I would proceed on, when between three and four o’clock in the morning, the national assistant, John Martin, having called on me for the purpose, we set out, swimming our horses across the Muskingum river, and taking a circuit through the woods, in order to avoid the encampment of the war-party which was close to our path. Arriving by ten o’clock in the forenoon within sight of the town, a few yells were given by a person who had discovered us, intended to notify the inhabitants that a white man was coming, and which immediately drew the whole body of Indians into the streets; but although I saluted them in passing them, not a single person returned the compliment, which, as my conductor observed, was no good omen. Even Captain White-Eyes, and the other chiefs who had always befriended me, now stepped back when I reached out my hand to them, which strange conduct, however, did not dismay me, as I observed among the crowd some men well known to me as spies of Captain Pipe’s, watching the actions of these peace-chiefs, wherefore I was satisfied that the act of refusing me the hand had been done from policy, and not from any ill will towards my person. Indeed, in looking around, I thought I could read joy in the countenances of many of them, in seeing me among them at so critical a juncture, when they, but a few days before, had been told by those deserters, that nothing short of their total destruction had been resolved upon by the ‘long knives’ (the Virginians, or new American people.) Yet as no one would reach out his hand to me, I inquired into the cause, when Captain White-Eyes, boldly stepping forward, replied: ‘that by what had been told them by those men, (M’Kee and party,) they no longer had a single friend among the American people; if therefore this be so, they must consider every white man who came to them from that side, as an enemy, who only came to them to deceive them, and put them off their guard, for the purpose of giving the enemy an opportunity of taking them by surprise.’ I replied, that the imputation was unfounded, and that, were I not their friend, they never would have seen me here. ‘Then, (continued Captain White-Eyes,) you will tell us the truth with regard to what I state to you!’ Assuring him of this, he, in a strong tone, asked me: ‘Are the American armies all cut to pieces by the English troops? Is General Washington killed? Is there no more a Congress, and have the English hung some of them, and taken the remainder to England, to hang them there? Is the whole country beyond the mountains in the possession of the English; and are the few thousand Americans who have escaped them now embodying themselves on this side of the

mountains, for the purpose of killing all the Indians in this country, even our women and children? Now do not deceive us, but speak the truth' (added he); 'is this all true what I have said to you?' I declared before the whole assembly, that not one word of what he had just now told me was true, and holding out to him, as I had done before, the friendly speeches sent by me for them, which he however as yet refused to accept, I thought by the countenances of most of the bystanders, that I could perceive that the moment bid fair for their listening at least to the contents of those speeches, and accidentally catching the eye of the drummer, I called to him to beat the drum for the assembly to meet, for the purpose of hearing what their American brethren had to say to them. A general smile having taken place, White-Eyes thought the favorable moment arrived to put the question, and having addressed the assembly in these words: 'Shall we, my friends and relatives, listen once more to those who call us their brethren?' Which question being loudly and as with one voice answered in the affirmative, the drum was beat, and the whole body quickly repairing to the spacious council-house, the speeches, all of which were of the most pacific nature, were read and interpreted to them, when Captain White-Eyes rose, and in an elaborate address to the assembly, took particular notice of the good disposition of the American people towards the Indians, observing, that they had never as yet called on them to fight the English, knowing that wars were destructive to nations, and they had from the beginning of the war to the present time always advised them (the Indians) to remain quiet, and not take up the hatchet against either side. A newspaper, containing the capitulation of General Burgoyne's army, being found enclosed in the packet, Captain White-Eyes once more rose up, and holding this paper unfolded, with both his hands, so that all could have a view of it, said, 'See, my friends and relatives, this document containeth great events, not the song of a bird, but the truth!'—then stepping up to me, he gave me his hand, saying, 'you are welcome with us, brother;' when every one present followed his example."

Thus White-Eyes again triumphed over his rival; and the chagrin of the latter was the more keen, because, relying on the improved prospects of his party, he had recently committed himself more openly than ever before. But the spies whom he kept constantly at Goshocking now brought him the doleful news that the predictions of White-Eyes were all verified. The chieftain himself completed his success by sending runners, immediately after the council broke up, to the Shawanese towns on the Scioto, where the Tories had already gone for the purpose of trying their game upon that tribe. "Grandchildren!" was the laconic message, "ye Shawanese! Some days ago a flock of birds from the east lit at Goshocking, singing a song here which had well nigh proved our ruin. Should these birds, which, on leaving us, took their flight towards Scioto, endeavor to impose their song on you, do not listen to them, for they lie!"

But White-Eyes was not destined to enjoy the result of his labors. In the winter of 1779-80, he visited Pittsburg, for the purpose of

consulting with the Indian agent on the means suitable for preserving peace. He accompanied General McIntosh and his army to Tuscarawas, (where a fort was to be built for the protection of the neutral Indians,) took the small-pox at that place, and soon died.

The event produced a sensation almost unprecedented in the Delaware tribe, and throughout a wide region in their vicinity. The intelligence was sent to various confederate or relative tribes, at the distance of hundreds of miles, and counter-deputations of condolence soon came in from all quarters. We shall close this chapter with Mr. Heckewelder's account of the embassy of the Cherokees, which strikingly indicates the reputation acquired by White-Eyes during his life, as well as the great respect subsequently paid to his memory.

The deputation, consisting of fourteen men, of whom two were principal chiefs, were accompanied from their country to Goshocking, by a nephew of the late Captain White-Eyes, who, soon after the commencement of the American revolution, had been despatched thither by the Delaware chiefs, for the purpose of using his endeavors in keeping that nation at peace. When this deputation had arrived within three miles of Goshocking, and within one of Lichtenau, they made a halt for the purpose of having the customary ceremony performed on them. This was done by one of the councillors from the village, who, by an address and with a string of wampum, drew the thorns and briars out of their legs and feet; healed the sores and bruises they had received by hitting against logs; wiped the dust and sweat off their bodies; and cleansed their eyes and ears, so that they might both see and hear well; and finally anointed all their joints, that their limbs might again become supple.* They were then served with victuals brought from Lichtenau, and they continued there the remainder of that day.

On the next morning, two of the councillors from Goshocking, deputed for the purpose, informed the missionary and national assistants at Lichtenau, that, by order of their chiefs, they were to conduct the Cherokee deputation into their village, from whence they were expected to join in the procession to Goshocking, and there attend the condoling ceremonies; all which being agreed to, these soon brought them on, one leading them in front, and the other bringing up the rear.

Arriving within about two hundred yards of the town, and in sight of it, (all marching Indian file,) they fired off their pieces, which compliment was instantly returned by the young men of the town, drawn up for the purpose: then raising a melancholy song, they continued singing, until they had reached the long house, purposely built for their reception; yet not without first having lodged their arms against some trees they had passed, at a small distance from the town. Being seated on benches prepared for the purpose, (the deputies on the opposite side,) a dead silence prevailed for about half an hour, and all present cast their eyes on the ground. At length one of these

* All which ceremonies are performed figuratively.

chiefs, named the Crow, rose, and with an air of sorrow, and in a low voice, with his eyes cast up to heaven, spoke to the following effect:

"One morning, after having arisen from my sleep, and according to my custom, I stepped out at the door to see what weather we had, I observed at one place in the horizon a dark cloud projecting above the trees; and looking steadfastly for its movement or disappearance, found myself mistaken, since it neither disappeared nor moved from the spot, as other clouds do. Seeing the same cloud successively every morning, and that always in the same place, I began to think what could be the cause of this singular phenomenon; at length it struck me, that as the cloud was lying in the direction that my grandfather dwelt, something might be the matter with him, which caused him grief. Anxious to satisfy myself, I resolved to go to my grandfather, and see if any thing was the matter with him. I accordingly went, steering a course in the direction I had observed the cloud to be. I arrived at my grandfather's, whom I found quite disconsolate, hanging his head and the tears running down his cheeks! Casting my eyes around in the hopes of discovering the cause of his grief, I observed yonder a dwelling closed up, and from which no smoke* appeared to ascend! Looking in another direction, I discovered an elevated spot of fresh earth,† on which nothing was seen growing; and here I found the cause of my grandfather's grief. No wonder he is so grieved! No wonder he is weeping and sobbing, with his eyes cast towards the ground! Even I cannot help weeping with my grandfather, seeing in what a situation he is! I cannot proceed for grief!"

Here, after having seated himself for about twenty minutes, as though deeply afflicted, he again arose, and receiving from the principal chief, who was seated by his side, a large string of wampum, said: "Grandfather! Lift up your head and hear what your grandchildren have to say to you! These having discovered the cause of your grief, it shall be done away! See, grandfather! I level the ground on yonder spot of yellow earth, and put leaves and brush thereon to make it invisible! I also sow seeds on that spot, so that both grass and trees may grow thereon!" Here handing the string to the Delaware chiefs in succession, and taking up another, he continued: "Grandfather! The seed which I had sown has already taken root; nay, the grass has already covered the ground, and the trees are growing!" Handing this string likewise to the Delaware chief, and taking up a third string of wampum, he added: "Now, my grandfather, the cause of your grief being removed, let me dry up your tears! I wipe them from your eyes! I place your body, which, by the weight of grief and a heavy heart, is leaning to one side, in its proper posture! Your eyes shall be henceforth clear, and your ears open as formerly! The work is now finished!" Handing this string likewise to the Delaware chief, he now stepped forward to where the chief and his councillors were seated, and having first shaken hands

* Meaning no person occupying the house.

† The grave.

with these, he next did the same with all present, the whole embassy following his example. This being done, and all again seated as before, the Delaware chief, Gelelemend,* replied :

“Grandchildren!—You did not come here in vain! You have performed a good work, in which the Great Spirit assisted you! Your grandfather makes you welcome with him.”

The meeting, having continued nearly three hours, then broke up. On the day following, the chiefs of both nations entered on business relating to their national concerns, and finally made a mutual covenant for the continued maintenance of the party and principles of White-Eyes.

It is honorable to the American Congress, that after the decease of their best friend among the Indians, they took measures for the maintenance and education of his son. On the journals of that body, under date of June 20th, 1785, is the following passage:

“Resolved, That Mr. Morgan (Tamenend, probably,) be empowered and requested to continue the care and direction of George White-Eyes for one year, and that the board of treasury take order for the payment of the expenses necessary to carry into execution the views of Congress in this respect.”

The journal of December, 1775, records an interesting interview of Congress with the father.

CHAPTER XVI.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE CHARACTER OF WHITE-EYES—PIPE'S COMMENT ON HIS DEATH—THE LATTER GAINS AND SUSTAINS AN ASCENDANCY IN THE DELAWARE NATION—GRAND INDIAN COUNCIL AT DETROIT—PIPE'S SPIRITED SPEECH ON THAT OCCASION—MAKES CHARGES AGAINST THE MISSENIARIES, BUT FAILS TO PROVE THEM.

The fact that Captain Pipe and his associates began to gain the ascendancy in the Delaware nation immediately on the death of his great antagonist, and that they afterwards supported it with almost uninterrupted success, is alone sufficient to indicate the influence and character of White-Eyes. Indeed, Pipe himself paid to his memory the compliment of declaring, with a solemn air, that “the Great Spirit had probably put him out of the way, that the nation might be saved.” That sagacious personage was well aware that neither Kill-Buck, nor Big-Cat, nor Glickkican,† nor even all together, would adequately occupy the station of the deceased chieftain.

* Commonly called Kill-Buck.

† “The sight of a gun-barrel,” and afterwards baptised by the Moravians, and named Isaac. He was chief councillor and speaker of the old sachem, Pakanke, who ruled over the Delawares at Kaskaskunk, (in Ohio,) and was a man of uncommon military and oratorical talent. After his own christianisation, he was a highly efficient advocate and patron of the Christian party. Having thereby, as well as by his spirit and influence, become obnoxious to their enemies during the revolution, several attempts were

White-Eyes was distinguished as much for his milder virtues as for his courage and energy; and as to his friendly disposition towards the Americans, particularly, on which some imputations were industriously thrown by his enemies, we could desire no better evidence of its sincerity than are still extant. In that curious document, the Journal of Frederick Post,* who, as early as 1758, was sent among the Ohio Delawares by the governor of one of the States, for the purpose of inducing them to renounce the French alliance, is recorded the "speech" which Post carried back, and the closing paragraphs of which were as follows:—

"Brethren, when you have settled this peace and friendship, and finished it well, and you send the great peace-belt to me, I will send it to all the nations of my color; they will all join it, and we will hold it fast.

"Brethren, when all the nations join to this friendship, then the day will begin to shine clear over us. When we hear once more of you, and we join together, then the day will be still, and no wind or storm will come over us, to disturb us.

"Now, brethren, you know our hearts, and what we have to say; be strong, if you do what we have now told you, and in this peace all the nations agree to join. Now, brethren, let the king of England know what our mind is as soon as you possibly can."

Among the subscribers to this speech appears the name of White-Eyes, under the form of the Indian term *Cochguacawkeghton*; nor have we met with any proof that he ever from that time wavered for a moment in his attachment to the American interest, as opposed first to the French, and afterwards to the English. Post, himself, in 1762, was permitted to build a house on the banks of the Muskingum, where he had a lot of land given him, about a mile distant from the village of White-Eyes; and so, when Heckewelder first visited that country, during the same season, he informs us that "the war chief, Kogue-thagechtan," kindly entertained and supplied him and his party.

About the beginning of the revolutionary war, when some of the made to overawe, bribe and destroy him; but they all failed. At length a considerable party was fitted out, in 1781, for the express purpose of taking him prisoner. They found him at Salem, but doubting whether the old warrior's pacific principles would assure their safety, they dared not enter his hut. He saw some of them before long from a window, and instantly stepped out, and called to them. "Friends!" said he, "by your manœuvres I conclude you are come for me. If so, why do you hesitate;—Obey your orders; I am ready to submit. You seem to fear old Glickkican. Ah! there was a time when I would have scorned to submit to such cowardly slaves. But I am no more Glickkican, I am Isaac, a believer in the true God, and for his sake I will suffer any thing, even death." Seeing them still hesitate, he stepped up to them with his hands placed upon his back. "There!" he continued, "you would tie me if you dared—tie me then, and take me with you—I am ready." They now mustered courage to do as he directed. Soon after, Glickkican was murdered, with a large number of his Christian countrymen, by a banditti of American ruffians who suspected, or pretended to suspect them, of hostile designs. Probably the result was brought about by the machinations of his Indian enemies.

* In Proud's History of Pennsylvania.

Indians were much exasperated by murders and trespasses which certain civilised ruffians committed on the frontiers, an Ohio trader was met and massacred in the woods by a party of Senecas, who, having in their rage cut up the body and garnished the bushes with the remains, raised the scalp-yell and marched off in triumph. White-Eyes being in the vicinity, and hearing the yell, instantly commenced a search for the body, the remnants of which he collected and buried. The party returned on the following day, and observing what had been done, privately opened the grave, and scattered the contents more widely than before. But White-Eyes was this time on the watch for them. He repaired to the spot again the moment they left it, succeeded in finding every part of the mangled body, and then carefully interred it in a grave dug with his own hands, where it was at length suffered to repose unmolested.

It was about the same time when this affair happened, that the chieftain saved the life of one Duncan, an American peace-messenger, whom he had undertaken to escort through a section of the wilderness. A hostile Shawanee was upon the point of discharging his musket at Duncan from behind a tree, when White-Eyes rushed forward, regardless of his own peril, and compelled the savage to desist. In 1777, Heckewelder had occasion to avail himself of a similar kindness. Rather rashly, as he acknowledges, he that year undertook to traverse the forests from the Muskingum to Pittsburg, wishing to visit his English friends in that quarter. White-Eyes resided at a distance of seventeen miles, but hearing of his intended journey, he immediately came to see him, accompanied by another chief, named Wingemund,* and by several of his young men.

These, he said, his good friend the missionary should have as an escort. And moreover he must needs go himself: "He could not suffer me to go," says that gentleman, "while the Sandusky warriors were out on war excursions, without a proper escort and himself at my side." And it should be observed, that besides the Sandusky savages, there were several other tribes who had already engaged on the British side, and were spreading death and desolation along the whole of the American frontier. The party set out together, and reached their destination in safety. An alarm occurred only on one occasion, when the scouts discovered a suspicious track, and report was made accordingly. White-Eyes, who was riding before his friend, while Wingemund brought up the rear, turned about and asked if he felt afraid? "No!" said the missionary, "not while you are with me." "You are right," quickly rejoined White-Eyes. "You are right; no man shall harm you till I am laid prostrate." "Nor even then," added Wingemund, "for they must conquer me also,—they must lay us side by side." Mr. Heckewelder certainly did them but justice in believing that both would have redeemed their promises.

The other Moravians, and the Indian congregation under their charge in Ohio, were still more indebted to the good chieftain. Los-

* A noted religious impostor.

kiel states,* that in 1774, the Christian party had become obnoxious to a majority of the pagan Delaware chiefs, and it was several times proposed to expel them by force. But God brought their counsel to nought, he adds, "and appointed for this purpose the first captain among the Delawares, called White-Eyes," who kept the chiefs and council in awe, and would not suffer them to injure the missionaries. Finding his efforts still unavailing, he at length went so far as to separate himself wholly from his opponents, resolved to renounce power, country and kindred, for the sake of these just and benevolent men, whom he could not bear to see persecuted.

His firmness met with a deserved success. Even the old chief Netawatwees, who had opposed him most fiercely, acknowledged the injustice which had been done him, and not only changed his views in regard to the Christians, but published his recantation in presence of the whole council. White-Eyes then again came forward, and repeated a proposal for a national regulation to be made, whereby the Christians should be specially put under the Delaware protection, which had formerly been rejected. It was promptly agreed to, and the act was passed. The old chieftain expressed great joy on that occasion:—"I am an old man," said he, "and know not how long I may live. I therefore rejoice that I have been able to make this act. Our children and grandchildren will reap the benefit of it, and now I am ready to die whenever God pleases."†

Loskiel states, that White-Eyes was in his own heart convinced of the truth of the gospel; that this was evident in all his speeches in behalf of the Christians, during which he was frequently so moved that tears prevented his words; and that he likewise declared with confidence, that no prosperity would attend the Indian affairs, unless they received and believed the saving gospel sent them from God by means of the Brethren. Not long before his death he took public occasion to repeat the last will and testament of Netawatwees,— "That the Delawares should hear the word of God." He held the Bible and some spelling-books in his hand, and addressed the council in a strain of the most animated and moving eloquence. "My friends," he concluded, "you have now heard the dying wish of our departed chief. I will therefore gather together my young men and their children—I will kneel down before that Great Spirit who created them and me—I will pray unto him, that he may have mercy upon us, and reveal his will unto us. And as we cannot declare it to those who are yet unborn, we will pray unto the Lord our God to make it known to our children and our children's children."

* History of the Missions of the United Brethren, &c. London, 1794.

† He died at Pittsburg in 1776, much lamented by the Delawares and many neighboring nations. "This wise man," says Loskiel, "spared no pains to conciliate the affection of all his neighbors. He sent frequent embassies to his grandchildren, admonishing them to keep peace, and proved in truth a wise grandfather to them." Being the senior chief of the nation, his opinion was of great weight, and he declared himself warmly in favor of the Christians, and first invited them to settle on the Muskingum. His grandson, nephew, and son and family also joined them.

Still, White-Eyes regarded Christianity more as a civil than a religious system. He was a man of enlarged political views, and no less a patriot than a statesman. The ends he aimed at were far more his country's than his own. He observed the superiority of the white men to the red, and nearer home, the prosperity and happiness of the Christian Delawares, and he convinced himself thoroughly of the true causes of both. He therefore earnestly desired that his whole nation might be civilised, to which result he considered Christianity, as he had seen it taught by the good Moravians, the best possible promotive, as undoubtedly it was.

But in this noble solicitude for his countrymen, he forgot himself. Hence even Loskiel, on mentioning his decease, states, with an almost reluctant honesty, that "Captain White-Eyes, who had so often advised other Indians with great earnestness to believe in the gospel of Jesus Christ, but had always postponed joining the believers himself on account of being yet entangled in political concerns, was unexpectedly called into eternity;" adding, affectionately, that the "Indian congregation, to whom he had rendered very essential services, was much affected at the news of his death, and could not but hope that God our Saviour had received his soul in mercy." Mr. Heckewelder sums up the matter by saying,—“His ideas were, that unless the Indians changed their mode of living, they would in time come to nothing; and to encourage them towards such a change, he told them to take the example of the Christian Indians, who by their industry had every thing they could wish for.” In a word, there was more philanthropy and more philosophy in the religion of White-Eyes than there was piety. Hence his eloquence, his energy, his strong affection for the missionaries, and his sacrifices and services for them and for his countrymen. He was a good man, we believe, by the force of native conscience, as he was a great man by the force of native sense; and though to have learned Christianity, in addition to loving some of those who professed it, might have made him both better and greater than he was, we cannot but hope, as it is, with the Christian Delawares, “that God our Saviour has received his soul in mercy.”

It would give us very sincere pleasure to be able to say as much for the paganism of Captain Pipe, who, on the contrary, was opposed to the religion of the whites as inveterately as any of the New England sachems of the seventeenth century, and apparently for similar reasons. “The sachems of the country were generally set against us,” wrote Mr. Elliot in 1650, “and counter-work the Lord by keeping off their men from praying to God as much as they can; and the reason of it is this: they plainly see that religion will make a great change among them, and cut them off from their former tyranny, &c.” Pipe, too, with all his talent, was obnoxious to some very plain strictures regarding his own morality, and of course had no theoretical partiality for lectures on that subject.* He was inimical to White-

* Narrative, p. 286, and passim: “We were obliged to wait for Pipe’s becoming sufficiently sober,” &c.

Eyes, especially, because the latter supported the cause of reform; and rather than stand second to him, and at the same time surrender his own bad habits, he determined at all hazards to array a party in opposition. It was both a personal and a political movement, the objects being self-defence in the first place, and, in the second, distinction.

Such being the character of the scheme, it must still be admitted that he exhibited great energy and great ingenuity in promoting it. Some of his manœuvres have been noticed; and after his rival's decease, his own declarations, particularly, were much more frequent and fearless, and therefore more effectual than they had been before. "Thus," says Heckewelder, "when a young man of his tribe, who had received his education in Virginia under the influence of Dr. Walker, on his return into the Indian country in 1779, spread unfavorable reports of the Virginian people, representing them as exceeding the Indians in vicious acts—their beating the negroes so unmercifully, &c., Pipe would mockingly enumerate such vicious and cruel acts as the benefits of civilization." He could at the same time, with truth, set forth the poverty of the United States, in not having even a blanket, a shirt, or any other article of Indian clothing, to give them in exchange for their peltry; whereas, (said he) were it not for the English, we should have to suffer, and perhaps many of us perish for want. Pipe and the Monseys, we are told elsewhere, were those who were most dreaded, and the effect of his operations was such, but one year after the decease of White-Eyes, in the midst of his triumphs, that in 1781 the peace chiefs had for their own safety to withdraw themselves from their own nations, and take refuge at Pittsburg.

In regard to the personal habits of Pipe, it may be doing him, as well as several other Indians of distinction, no more than justice, to allude in extenuation to the well known nature of the temptations to which they have sometimes been exposed, and especially on the frontiers during war, and the excitement of an attempt by one civilised party to engage their services against another. The peculiar physical circumstances which, together with the character of their education, go to diminish their power of self-control, need not be enlarged on. It is sufficient to say, that it would be a task more easy than gratifying to prove that their misfortune in this particular has only followed after the fault of their civilised neighbors. "Who are you, my friend?" said a gentleman in Pipe's time to an Indian at Pittsburg, who was not so much intoxicated as not to be ashamed of his situation. "My name is Black-Fish," he replied; "at home I am a clever fellow,—here, I am a hog."*

* Mr. Heckewelder's anecdote of the Indian who came into Bethlehem (Penn.) to dispose of his peltry, throws light on a great source of the evil not alluded to in the text, and the effects of which among the western tribes to this day are beyond calculation. "Well, Thomas," said a trader to him, "I believe you have turned Moravian." "Moravian!" answered the Indian, "what makes you think so?" "Because," replied the other, "you used to come to us to sell your skins and peltry, and now you trade

But we are not under the disagreeable necessity of apologising for every thing we relate of Captain Pipe. He gave many evidences of a natural honor and humanity, even amid the bloodiest scenes of the revolution, and contrary to the dictation of those who were qualified, by every thing but feelings, to understand his duty better than himself. Under strong excitement he attached himself to the British interest, and towards the close of the war scalping-parties went out from his settlement. He was also prejudiced against the Christian Indians, and molested them much. But none of these things were done in his cooler moments; and what is more creditable to him, there is good reason to believe that he repented of all. The evidence of this fact appears in a transaction which took place at Detroit in November, 1781, with the particulars of which, as furnished by Loskiel and others, we shall conclude this narrative.

On the occasion referred to, a grand Indian council was convened at Detroit, at which were present large numbers of various tribes, including Captain Pipe's Wolf warriors, who had just returned from a scalping expedition. Four of the Moravian missionaries were also there, having been summoned to attend, at the suggestion of Pipe and others, for the purpose of deciding upon several charges alleged against them. The hall was filled with the concourse, the tribes being separately seated all around it, on the right and left hand of the commandant, while the Delawares, with Pipe and his councillors at their head, were directly in front. A war-chief of each of the two divisions of Indians held a stick in his hand, of three or four feet in length, strung with scalps which they had taken in their last foray on the American frontier.

The council was opened by the commandant's signifying to Captain Pipe that he might make his report, when the latter rose from his seat, holding a stick in his left hand:

"Father!" he began; and here he paused, turned round to the audience with a most sarcastic look, and then proceeded in a lower tone, as addressing them,—“I have said father, though indeed I do not know why I should call him so—I have never known any father but the French—I have considered the English only as brothers. But as this name is imposed upon us, I shall make use of it and say,

“Father”—fixing his eyes again on the commandant—“some time ago you put a war-hatchet into my hands, saying, ‘take this weapon and try it on the heads of my enemies, the Long-knives, and let me know afterwards if it was sharp and good.’”

them away to the Moravians.” “So!” rejoined the Indian, “now I understand you well, and I know what you mean to say. Now, hear me. See, my friend! when I come to this place with my skins and peltry to trade, the people are kind; they give me plenty of good victuals to eat, and pay me in money, or whatever I want, and no one says a word to me about drinking rum, neither do I ask for it! When I come to your place with my peltry, all call to me, ‘Come, Thomas! here's rum, drink heartily, drink! it will not hurt you.’ All this is done for the purpose of cheating me. When you have obtained from me all you want, you call me a drunken dog, and kick me out of the room.”

"Father! At the time when you gave me this weapon, I had neither cause nor wish to go to war against a foe who had done me no injury. But you say you are my father, and call me your child, and in obedience to you I received the hatchet. I knew that if I did not obey you, you would withhold from me* the necessities of life, which I could procure nowhere but here.

"Father! You may perhaps think me a fool, for risking my life at your bidding, and that in a cause which I have no prospect of gaining any thing. For it is your cause, and not mine—you have raised a quarrel among yourselves, and you ought to fight it out—it is your concern to fight the Long-knives—you should not compel your children, the Indians, to expose themselves to danger for your sake.

"Father! Many lives have already been lost on your account—the tribes have suffered, and been weakened—children have lost parents and brothers—wives have lost husbands—it is not known how many more may perish before your war will be at an end.

"Father! I have said, you may perhaps think me a fool, for thus thoughtlessly rushing on your enemy! Do not believe this, father. Think not that I want sense to convince me, that although you now pretend to keep up a perpetual enmity to the Long-knives, you may, before long, conclude a peace with them.

"Father! You say you love your children, the Indians. This you have often told them; and indeed it is your interest to say so to them, that you may have them at your service.

"But, father! Who of us can believe that you can love a people of a different color from your own, better than those who have a white skin like yourselves?

"Father! Pay attention to what I am going to say. While you, father, are setting me† on your enemy, much in the same manner as a hunter sets his dog on the game; while I am in the act of rushing on that enemy of yours, with the bloody destructive weapon you gave me, I may, perchance, happen to look back to the place from whence you started me, and what shall I see? Perhaps, I may see my father shaking hands with the Long-knives; yes, with those very people he now calls his enemies. I may then see him laugh at my folly for having obeyed his orders; and yet I am now risking my life at his command!—Father! keep what I have said in remembrance.

"Now, father! here is what has been done with the hatchet you gave me," (handing the stick with the scalps on it). "I have done with the hatchet what you ordered me to do, and found it sharp. Nevertheless, I did not do all that I might have done. No, I did not. My heart failed within me. I felt compassion for your enemy. Innocence‡ had no part in your quarrels; therefore I distinguished—I spared. I took some live flesh,§ which, while I was bringing to you, I spied one of your large canoes, on which I put it for you. In a few days you will receive this flesh, and find that the skin is the same color with your own.

* Meaning his tribe.

† Meaning his nation.

‡ Meaning women and children.

§ Prisoners.

“Father! I hope you will not destroy what I have saved. You, father, have the means of preserving that which would perish with us from want. The warrior is poor, and his cabin is always empty; but your house, father, is always full.”

During the delivery of this harangue, which is said to have produced a great effect on all present, and especially on those who understood the language in which it was spoken, the orator two or three times advanced so far towards the commandant, in the heat of his excitement, that one of the officers present thought proper to interfere and request him to move back. The other war-chiefs now made their speeches, and then the commandant (an honorable and humane man, notwithstanding the orator's strictures on his father) called upon him to substantiate his charges against the missionaries. Pipe, who was still standing, was unwilling to make the attempt, but felt embarrassed. He began to shift and shuffle, (says Loskiel,) and bending towards his councillors, asked them what he should say. They all hung their heads, and were silent. Suddenly, recollecting himself and rising up, he addressed the commandant. “I said before that some such thing might have happened, but now I will tell you the plain truth. The missionaries are innocent. What they have done, they were compelled to do, (alluding to their having interpreted letters which the Delaware chief received from Pittsburg, &c). We were to blame—we forced them to it, when they refused.” After some farther conversation the commandant declared the missionaries to be acquitted of all the accusations brought against them.

Pipe expressed his satisfaction at the result, and on returning from the council-house, he asked some of the Delaware chieftains who were present how they liked what he said. He observed, that he knew it was true, and added: “I never wished your teachers any harm, knowing that they love the Indians; but I have all along been imposed on, and importuned to do what I did by those who do not love them; and now, when these were to speak, they hung their heads, leaving me to extricate myself, after telling our father things they had dictated and persuaded me to tell him.” This declaration has decidedly the air of candor and truth; and the captain's subsequent conduct was much more in accordance with the spirit of it than it had been before. He did not, however, distinguish himself particularly after the close of the war, and even the time of his death has not come within our knowledge, although we have reason to believe that he was living, and able to visit the city of Washington, as late as 1817.

NARRATIVES, CAPTIVITIES & ANECDOTES,

ILLUSTRATIVE OF MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

[The following extracts are taken from Drake's History of the North American Indians.]

CHAPTER I.

DESTRUCTION OF SCHENECTADY.*

This was an event of great distress to the whole country, at the time it happened, and we are able to give some new facts in relation to it from a manuscript, which, we believe, has never before been published. These facts are contained in a letter from Governor Bradstreet, of Massachusetts, to Governor Hinckley, of Plymouth, dated about a month after the affair. They are as follow :—"Tho' you cannot but have heard of the horrid massacre committed by the French and Indians at Senectada, a fortified and well compacted town 20 miles above Albany, (which we had an account of by an express,) yet we think we have not discharged our duty till you hear of it from us. 'Twas upon the eighth of February, (1689-90) at midnight, when those poor insecure wretches were surprised by the enemy. Their gates were open, no watch kept, and hardly any order observed in giving and obeying commands. Sixty of them were butchered in the place; of whom Lieut. Talmage and four more were of Capt. Bull's company, besides five of said company carried captive. By this action the French have given us to understand what we may expect from them as to the frontier towns and sea-ports of New England. We are not so well acquainted what number of convenient havens you have in your colony, besides those of Plymouth and Bristol. We hope your prudence and vigilance will lead you to take such measures as to prevent the landing of the enemy at either of those or any such like place."†

We now proceed to give such other facts as can be gathered from the numerous printed accounts. It appears that the government of Canada had planned several expeditions, previous to the setting out of this, against various important points of the English frontier,—as much to gain the warriors of the Five Nations to their interest, as to distress the English. Governor De Nonville had sent over several chief sachems of the Iroquois to France, where, as usual upon such embas-

* This was the German name of a pine barren, such as stretches itself between Albany and Schenectady, over which is now a railroad.

† French ships, with land forces and munitions, had, but a short time before, hovered upon the coast.

sies, great pains were taken to cause them to entertain the highest opinions of the glory and greatness of the French nation. Among them was Taweraket, a renowned warrior, and two others. It appears that, during their absence in France, the great war between their countrymen and the French had ended in the destruction of Montreal and other places. Hence, when Count Frontenac arrived in Canada, in the fall of 1689, instead of finding the Iroquois ready to join him and his forces which he had brought from France for the conquest of New York, he found himself obliged to set about a reconciliation of them. He therefore wisely despatched Taweraket, and the two others, upon that design. The Five Nations, on being called upon by these chiefs, would take no step without first notifying the English at Albany that a council was to be called. The blows which had been so lately given the French of Canada had lulled the English into a fatal security, and they let this council pass with too little attention to its proceedings. On the other hand, the French were fully and ably represented; and the result was, the existing breach was set in a fair way to be closed up. This great council was begun 22d January, 1690, and consisted of eighty sachems. It was opened by Sadekanaghtie, a great Oneida chief.

Meanwhile, to give employment to the Indians who yet remained their friends, the expedition was begun which ended in the destruction of Schenectady. Chief Justice Smith wrote his account of that affair from a manuscript letter left by Colonel Schuyler, at that time mayor of Albany; and it is the most particular of any account yet published. It is as follows, and bears date 15th February, 1689:—

After two-and-twenty days' march, the enemy fell in with Schenectady, February 8th. There were about 200 French, and perhaps 50 Caughnewaga Mohawks, and they first intended to have surprised Albany; but their march had been so long and tedious, occasioned by the deepness of the snow and coldness of the weather, that, instead of attempting any thing offensive, they had nearly decided to surrender themselves to the first English they should meet—such was their distressed situation, in a camp of snow, but a few miles from the devoted settlement. The Indians, however, saved them from the disgrace. They had sent out a small scout from their party, who entered Schenectady without even exciting suspicion of their errand. When they had staid as long as the nature of their business required, they withdrew to their fellows.

Seeing that Schenectady offered such an easy prey, it put new courage into the French, and they came upon it as above related. The bloody tragedy commenced between 11 and 12 o'clock, on Saturday night; and, that every house might be surprised at nearly the same time, the enemy divided themselves into parties of six or seven men each. Although the town was impaled, no one thought it necessary to close the gates, even at night, presuming the severity of the season was a sufficient security; hence the first news of the approach of the enemy was at every door of every house, which doors were broken as soon as the profound slumbers of those they were intended to guard.

The same inhuman barbarities now followed, that were afterwards perpetrated upon the wretched inhabitants of Montreal. "No tongue," said Colonel Schuyler, "can express the cruelties that were committed." Sixty-three houses, and the church, were immediately in a blaze. *Enciente* women, in their expiring agonies, saw their infants cast into the flames, being first delivered by the knife of the midnight assassin! Sixty-three persons were put to death, and twenty-seven were carried into captivity.

A few persons fled towards Albany, with no other covering but their night-clothes—the horror of whose condition was greatly enhanced by a great fall of snow—twenty-five of whom lost their limbs from the severity of the frost. With these poor fugitives came the intelligence to Albany, and that place was in dismal confusion, having, as usual upon such occasions, supposed the enemy to have been seven times more numerous than they really were. About noon, the next day, the enemy set off from Schenectady, taking all the plunder they could carry with them, among which were forty of the best horses. The rest, with all the cattle and other domestic animals, lay slaughtered in the streets.

One of the most considerable men of Schenectady, at this time, was Captain Alexander Glen. He lived on the opposite side of the river, and was suffered to escape, because he had delivered many French prisoners from torture and slavery, who had been taken by the Indians in the former wars. They had passed his house in the night, and, during the massacre, he had taken the alarm, and in the morning he was found ready to defend himself. Before leaving the village, a French officer summoned him to a council, and he had the great satisfaction of having all his captured friends and relatives delivered to him; and the enemy departed, keeping good their promise that no injury should be done him.

The great Mohawk castle was about seventeen miles from Schenectady, and they did not hear of the massacre until two days after, owing to the state of travelling. On receiving the news, they immediately joined a party of men from Albany, and pursued the enemy. After a tedious pursuit, they fell upon their rear, killed and took twenty-five of them, and did them some other damage. Several chief sachems soon assembled at Albany, to condole with the people, and animate them against leaving the place, which, it seems, they were about to do. From a speech of one of the chiefs on this occasion, the following extract is preserved:—

"Brethren, we do not think that what the French have done can be called a victory; it is only a further proof of their cruel deceit. The Governor of Canada sent to Onondaga, and talks to us of peace with our whole house; but war was in his heart, as you now see by woful experience. He did the same formerly at Cadaraqui, and in the Senecas' country. This is the third time he has acted so deceitfully. He has broken open our house at both ends; formerly in the Senecas' country, and now here. We hope to be revenged on them."

Accordingly, when messengers came to renew and conclude the

treaty which had been begun by Taweraket, before mentioned, they were seized and handed over to the English. They also kept out scouts, and harassed the French in every direction.

We will now proceed to draw from Charlevoix' account of this affair, which is very minute, as it respects the operations of the French and Indians. Notwithstanding its great importance in a correct history of the sacking of Schenectady, none of our historians seem to have given themselves the trouble of laying it before their readers.

Governor Frontenac, having determined upon an expedition, gave notice to M. de la Durantaye, who then commanded at Michilimackinac, that he might assure the Hurons and Ottawas, that in a short time they would see a great change in affairs for the better. He prepared at the same time a large convoy to reinforce that post, and he took measures also to raise three war-parties, who should enter by three different routes the country of the English. The first assembled at Montreal, and consisted of about 110 men, French and Indians, and was put under the command of MM. d'Aillebout de Mantet and le Moine de St. Helene, two lieutenants, under whom MM. de Repentigny, D'Iberville, De Bonrepos, De La Brosse, and De Montigni, requested permission to serve as volunteers.

This party marched out before they had determined against what part of the English frontier they would carry their arms, though some part of New York was understood. Count Frontenac had left that to the two commanders. After they had marched five or six days, they called a council to determine upon what place they would attempt. In this council, it was debated, on the part of the French, that Albany would be the smallest place they ought to undertake; but the Indians would not agree to it. They contended that, with their small force, an attack upon Albany would be attended with extreme hazard. The French being strenuous, the debate grew warm, and an Indian chief asked them "how long it was since they had so much courage." To this severe rebuke it was answered, that, if by some past actions they had discovered cowardice, they should see that now they would retrieve their character; they would take Albany or die in the attempt. The Indians, however, would not consent, and the council broke up without agreeing upon any thing but to proceed on.

They continued their march until they came to a place where their path divided into two; one of which led to Albany, and the other to Schenectady: here Mantet gave up his design upon Albany, and they marched on harmoniously for the former village. The weather was very severe, and for the nine following days the little army suffered incredible hardships. The men were often obliged to wade through water up to their knees, breaking its ice at every step.

At four o'clock in the morning, the beginning of February, they arrived within two leagues of Schenectady. Here they halted, and the Great Agnier, chief of the Iroquois of the falls of St. Louis, made a speech to them. He exhorted every one to forget the hardships they had endured, in the hope of avenging the wrongs they had for a long time suffered from the perfidious English, who were the authors

of them; and in the close added, that they could not doubt of the assistance of Heaven against the enemies of God, in a cause so just.

Hardly had they taken up their line of march, when they met forty Indian women, who gave them all the necessary information for approaching the place in safety. A Canadian, named Giguere, was detached immediately with nine Indians upon discovery, who acquitted himself to the entire satisfaction of his officers. He reconnoitred Schenectady at his leisure, and then rejoined his comrades.

It had been determined by the party to put off the attack one day longer; but on the arrival of the scout under Giguere, it was resolved to proceed without delay.

Schenectady was then in form like that of a long square, and entered by two gates, one at each end. One opened towards Albany, the other upon the great road leading into the back country, and which was now possessed by the French and Indians. Mantet and St. Helene charged at the second gate, which the Indian women before mentioned had assured them was always open, and they found it so. D'Iberville and Repentigny passed to the left, in order to enter by the other gate, but, after losing some time in vainly endeavoring to find it, were obliged to return and enter with their comrades.

The gate was not only open but unguarded, and the whole party entered without being discovered. Dividing themselves into several parties, they waylaid every portal, and then the war-whoop was raised. Mantet formed and attacked a garrison, where the only resistance of any account was made. The gate of it was soon forced, and all of the English fell by the sword, and the garrison was burned. Montigni was wounded, in forcing a house, in his arm and body, by two blows of a halberd, which put him *hors du combat*; but St. Helene having come to his assistance, the house was taken, and the wounds of Montigni revenged by the death of all who had shut themselves up in it.

Nothing was now to be seen but massacre and pillage in every place. At the end of about two hours, the chiefs, believing it due to their safety, posted bodies of guards at all the avenues, to prevent surprise, and the rest of the night was spent in refreshing themselves.

Mantet had given orders that the minister of the place should be spared, whom he had intended for his own prisoner; but he was found among the promiscuous dead, and no one knew when he was killed, and all his papers were burned.

After the place was destroyed, the chiefs ordered all the casks of intoxicating liquors to be staved, to prevent their men from getting drunk. They next set all the houses on fire, excepting that of a widow, into which Montigni had been carried, and another belonging to Major Coudre: they were in number about forty, all well built and furnished; no booty but that which could be easily transported was saved. The lives of about sixty persons were spared; chiefly women, children, and old men, who had escaped the fury of the onset, and thirty Indians who happened to be then in the place. The lives of the Indians were spared, that they might carry the news of what had happened to

their countrymen, whom they were requested to inform, that it was not against them that they intended any harm, but to the English only, whom they had now despoiled of property to the amount of four hundred thousand pounds.

They were too near Albany to remain long among the ruins, and they decamped about noon. The plunder—Montigni, whom it was necessary to carry—the prisoners, who were to the number of forty, and the want of provisions, with which they had in their hurry neglected to provide themselves, retarded much their retreat. Many would have even died of famine, had they not had fifty horses, of which there remained but six when they arrived at Montreal, upon the 27th of March following.* Their want of provisions obliged them to separate, and in an attack which was made upon one party, three Indians and six Frenchmen were killed or taken; an attack, which, for want of proper caution, cost the army more lives than the capture of Schenectady; in which they lost but two men, a Frenchman and an Indian.

CHAPTER II.

MURDER OF MISS M'CREA—HEROISM OF MRS. MERRIL.

Murder of Miss Jane McCrea.

This young lady "was the second daughter of James McCrea, minister of Lamington, New Jersey, who died before the revolution. After his death, she resided with her brother, Colonel John McCrea, of Albany, who removed in 1773 to the neighborhood of Fort Edward. His house was in what is now Northumberland, on the west side of the Hudson, three miles north of Miller Falls. In July or August, 1777, being on a visit to the family of Mrs. McNeil, near Fort Edward, at the close of the week, she was asked to remain until Monday. On Sunday morning, when the Indians came to the house, she concealed herself in the cellar, but they dragged her out by the hair, and placing her on a horse, proceeded on the road towards Sandy Hill. They soon met another party of Indians, returning from Argyle, where they had killed the family of Mr. Bains; these Indians disapproved the purpose of taking the captive to the British camp, and one of them struck her with a tomakawk, and tore off her scalp. This is the account given by her nephew. The account of Mrs. McNeil is, that her lover, anxious for her safety, employed two Indians, with the promise of a barrel of rum, to bring her to him; and that, in consequence of their dispute for the right of conducting her, one of them murdered her. Gen. Gates, in his letter to Gen.

* There is no doubt but that they were obliged to subsist chiefly upon their horses.

Burgoyne of 2d September, says, 'she was dressed to receive her promised husband.'

"Her brother, on hearing of her fate, sent his family the next day to Albany, and, repairing to the American camp, buried his sister, with one Lieutenant Van Vechten, three miles south of Fort Edward. She was twenty-three years old, of an amiable and virtuous character, and highly esteemed by all her acquaintance. It is said, and was believed, that she was engaged in marriage to Captain David Jones, of the British army, a loyalist, who survived her only a few years, and died, as was supposed, of grief for her loss. Her nephew, Col. James McCrea, lived at Saratoga in 1823."*

Under the name of Lucinda, Barlow has dwelt upon this murder in a strain that may be imitated, but not surpassed. We select from him as follows:

"One deed shall tell what fame great Albion draws
From these auxiliars in her barb'rous cause,—
Lucinda's fate. The tale, ye nations hear;
Eternal ages trace it with a tear."

The poet then makes Lucinda, during a battle, wander from her home to watch her lover, whom he calls Heartly. She distinguishes him in the conflict, and, when his squadron is routed by the Americans, she proceeds to the contested ground, fancying she had seen him fall at a certain point. But

"He hurries to his tent;—oh, rage! despair!
No glimpse, no tidings of the frantic fair;
Save that some carmen, as a-camp they drove,
Had seen her coursing for the western grove.
Faint with fatigue, and choked with burning thirst,
Forth from his friends with bounding leap he burst,
Vaults o'er the palisade, with eyes on flame,
And fills the welkin with Lucinda's name.
The fair one, too, of every aid forlorn,
Had raved and wandered till officious morn
Awaked the Mohawks from their short repose,
To glean the plunder ere their comrades rose.
Two Mohawks met the maid—historian hold!—
She starts, with eyes upturned and fleeting breath,
In their raised axes views her instant death.
Her hair, half lost along the shrubs she passed,
Rolls, in loose tangles, round her lovely waist;
Her kerchief torn betrays the globes of snow
That heave responsive to her weight of wo.
With calculating pause and demon grin
They seize her hands, and through her face divine
Drive the descending axe!—the shriek she sent
Attained her lover's ear; he thither bent
With all the speed his wearied limbs could yield,
Whirled his keen blade and stretched upon the field
The yelling fiends, who there disputing stood
Her gory scalp, their horrid prize of blood!
He sunk, delirious, on her lifeless clay,
And passed, in starts of sense, the dreadful day."

* President Allen's American Biographical Dictionary, 574.

“Extraordinary instance of female heroism, extracted from a letter written by Col. James Perry to the Rev. Jordan Dodge, dated Nelson Co., Ky., 20th April, 1788.

“On the first of April inst., a number of Indians surrounded the house of one John Merrill, which was discovered by the barking of a dog. Merrill stepped to the door to see what he could discover, and received three musket-balls, which caused him to fall back into the house with a broken leg and arm. The Indians rushed on to the door, but it being instantly fastened by his wife, who, with a girl of about fifteen years of age, stood against it, the savages could not immediately enter. They broke one part of the door, and one of them crowded partly through. The heroic mother, in the midst of her screaming children and groaning husband, seized an axe, and gave a fatal blow to the savage, and he falling headlong into the house, the others, supposing they had gained their end, rushed after him, until four of them fell in like manner before they discovered their mistake. The rest retreated, which gave opportunity again to secure the door. The conquerors rejoiced in their victory, hoping they had killed the whole company; but their expectations were soon dashed by finding the door again attacked, which the bold mother endeavored once more to secure, with the assistance of the young woman. Their fears now came on them like a flood; and they soon heard a noise on the top of the house, and then found the Indians were coming down the chimney. All hopes of deliverance seemed now at an end; but the wounded man ordered his little child to tumble a couch, that was filled with hair and feathers, on the fire, which made such a smoke that two stout Indians came tumbling down into it. The wounded man at this critical moment seized a billet of wood, wounded as he was, and with it succeeded in despatching the half-smothered Indians. At the same moment the door was attempted by another, but the heroine's arm had become too enfeebled by her over-exertions to deal a deadly blow. She, however, caused him to retreat wounded. They then again set to work to make their house more secure, not knowing but another attack would be made, but they were not further disturbed. This affair happened in the evening, and the victors carefully watched with their new family until morning. A prisoner, that escaped immediately after, said the Indian last mentioned was the only one that escaped. He, on returning to his friends, was asked, ‘What news?’ said, ‘Plaguy bad news, for the squaws fight worse than the Long-knives.’ This affair happened at Newbardstown, about fifteen miles from Sandy Creek, and may be depended upon, as I had the pleasure to assist in tumbling them into a hole, after they were stripped of their head-dresses and about twenty dollars’ worth of silver furniture.”

CHAPTER III.

WELSH OR WHITE INDIANS.

“Narrative of Captain Isaac Stuart, of the Provincial Cavalry of South Carolina, taken from his own mouth, by I. C., Esq., March, 1782.

“I was taken prisoner, about fifty miles to the westward of Fort Pitt, about eighteen years ago, by the Indians, and carried to the Wabash, with other white men. They were executed with circumstances of horrid barbarity, but it was my good fortune to call forth the sympathy of a good woman of the village, who was permitted to redeem me from those who held me prisoner, by giving them a horse as a ransom. After remaining two years in bondage, a Spaniard came to the nation, having been sent from Mexico on discoveries. He made application to the chiefs of the Indians for hiring me, and another white man who was in a like situation, a native of Wales, and named John Davey, which was complied with. We took our departure and travelled to the westward, crossing the Mississippi near Red River, up which we travelled upwards of seven hundred miles. Here we came to a nation of Indians remarkably white, and whose hair was of a reddish color, at least mostly so. They lived on a small river which emptied itself into Red River, which they called the River Post; and in the morning, the day after our arrival, the Welshman informed me that he was determined to remain with the nation of Indians, giving as a reason that he understood their language, it being very little different from the Welsh. My curiosity was excited very much by this information, and I went with my companion to the chief men of the town, who informed him, in a language that I had no knowledge of, and which had no affinity with that of any other Indian tongue that I ever heard, that the forefathers of this nation came from a foreign country, and landed on the east side of the Mississippi (describing particularly the country now called West Florida), and that, on the Spaniards taking possession of the country, they fled to their then abode; and, as a proof of what they advanced, they brought out rolls of parchment wrote with blue ink, at least it had a bluish cast. The characters I did not understand, and the Welshman being unacquainted with letters of any language, I was not able to know what the meaning of the writing was. They were a bold, hardy, intrepid people, very warlike, and their women were beautiful compared with other Indians.”

There seem to have been a good many accounts concerning the White Indians in circulation about the above period, and the next we shall notice is found in Mr. Charles Beatty's journal, the substance of which is as follows:

At the foot of the Alleghany Mountains, in Pennsylvania, Mr. Beatty stopped at the house of a Mr. John Miller, where he “met with one Benjamin Sutton, who had been taken captive by the Indians,

and had been in different nations, and lived many years among them. When he was with the Choctaws, at the Mississippi river, he went to an Indian town, a very considerable distance from New Orleans, whose inhabitants were of different complexions, not so tawny as those of the other Indians, and who spoke Welsh. He saw a book among them, which he supposed was a Welsh Bible, which they carefully kept wrapped up in a skin, but they could not read it; and he heard some of those Indians afterwards, in the lower Shawanee town, speak Welsh with one Lewis, a Welshman, captive there. This Welsh tribe now live on the west side of the Mississippi, a great way above New Orleans."

At Tuscarora valley he met with another man, named Levi Hicks, who had been a captive from his youth with the Indians. He said he was once attending an embassy at an Indian town on the west side of the Mississippi, where the inhabitants spoke Welsh, "as he was told, for he did not understand them" himself. An Indian, named Joseph Peepy, Mr. Beatty's interpreter, said he once saw some Indians whom he supposed to be of the same tribe, who talked Welsh. He was sure they talked Welsh, for he had been acquainted with Welsh people, and knew some words they used.

To the above Mr. Beatty adds: "I have been informed that many years ago, a clergyman went from Britain to Virginia, and having lived some time there, went from thence to South Carolina; but after some time, for some reason he resolved to return to Virginia, and accordingly set out by land, accompanied with some other persons. In travelling through the back parts of the country, which was then very thinly inhabited, he fell in with a party of Indian warriors going to attack the inhabitants of Virginia. Upon examining the clergyman, and finding he was going to Virginia, they looked upon him and his companions as belonging to that province, and took them all prisoners, and told them they must die. The clergyman, in preparation for another world, went to prayer, and, being a Welshman, prayed in the Welsh language. One or more of the Indians were much surprised to hear him pray in their own language. Upon this they spoke to him, and finding he could understand them, got the sentence of death reversed, and his life was saved. They took him with them into their country, where he found a tribe whose native language was Welsh, though the dialect was a little different from his own, which he soon came to understand. They showed him a book, which he found to be a Bible, but which they could not read; and on his reading and explaining it, their regard for him was much heightened." After some time the minister proposed to these people to return to his own country, and promised to return again to them with others of his friends, who would instruct them in Christianity; but not long after his return to England he died, which put an end to his design.

It is very natural to inquire how these Indians, though descended from the Welsh, came by books; for it is well known that the period at which the Welsh must have come to America was long before printing was discovered, or that any writings assumed the form of

books as we now have them. It should be here noted that Mr. Beatty travelled in the autumn of 1766.

Major Rogers, in his "Concise Account of North America," published in 1765, notices the White Indians, but the geography of their country he leaves any where on the west of the Mississippi; probably never having visited them himself, although he tells us he had travelled very extensively in the interior. "This fruitful country," he says, "is at present inhabited by a nation of Indians, called by the others the White Indians, on account of their complexion, they being much the fairest Indians on the continent. They have, however, Indian eyes, and a certain guilty Jewish cast with them. This nation is very numerous, being able to raise between 20 and 30,000 fighting men. They have no weapons but bows and arrows, tomahawks, and a kind of wooden pikes, for which reason they often suffer greatly from the eastern Indians, who have the use of fire-arms, and frequently visit the White Indians on the banks of the easterly branch, (of Muddy River?) and kill or captivate them in great numbers. Such as fall alive into their hands they generally sell for slaves. These Indians live in large towns, and have commodious houses; they raise corn, tame the wild cows, and use both their milk and flesh; they keep great numbers of dogs, and are very dexterous in hunting; they have little or no commerce with any nation that we at present are acquainted with."

In the account of Kentucky, written in 1784, by an excellent writer, Mr. John Filson, we find as follows:—After noticing the voyage of Madoc, who, with his ten ships with emigrants, sailed west about 1170, and who were, according to the Welsh historians, never heard of after, he proceeds, "This account has at several times drawn the attention of the world; but as no vestiges of them had then been found, it was concluded, perhaps too rashly, to be a fable, or at least that no remains of the colony existed. Of late years, however, the western settlers have received frequent accounts of a nation, inhabiting at a great distance up the Missouri, in manners and appearance resembling the other Indians, but speaking Welsh, and retaining some ceremonies of the Christian worship; and at length this is universally believed there to be a fact. Capt. Abraham Chaplain, of Kentucky, a gentleman whose veracity may be entirely depended upon, assured the author that in the late war, (revolution,) being with his company in garrison at Kaskaskia, some Indians came there, and, speaking the Welsh dialect, were perfectly understood and conversed with by two Welshmen in his company, and that they informed them of the situation of their nation, as mentioned above."

Henry Ker, who travelled among the thirteen tribes of Indians in 1810, &c., names one near a great mountain which he calls Mnace-deus. He said Dr. Sibley had told him, when at Natchitoches, that a number of travellers had assured him that there was a strong similarity between the Indian language and many words of the Welsh. Mr. Ker found nothing among any of the Indians to indicate a Welsh origin until he arrived among the Mnace-deus. Here he found many

customs which were Welsh, or common to that people, and he adds, "I did not understand the Welsh language, or I should have been enabled to have thrown more light upon so interesting a subject," as they had "printed books among them, which were preserved with great care, they having a tradition that they were brought there by their forefathers." Upon this, in another place, he observes, "The books appeared very old, and were evidently printed at a time when there had been very little improvement made in the casting of types. I obtained a few leaves from one of the chiefs, sufficient to have thrown light on the subject, but in my subsequent disputes with the Indians I lost them, and all my endeavors to obtain more were ineffectual."

How or at what time these Indians obtained "printed books," Mr. Ker does not give us his opinion; although he says much more about them.

There are a great number of others who have noticed these Indians; but after an examination of them all, I am unable to add much to the above stock of information concerning them. Upon the whole, we think it may be pretty safely said, that the existence of a race of Welsh about the regions of the Missouri does not rest on so good authority as that which has been adduced to establish the existence of the sea-serpent.

CHAPTER IV.

BATTLE OF ORISKANA—DESTRUCTION OF WYOMING.

Colonel Joseph Brant was an Onondaga of the Mohawk tribe, whose Indian name was Thayendaneja, or Tayadanaga, signifying a brant. But as he was seldom called by that name after he became known to the whites, it was generally forgotten. He received a very good English education at "Moor's charity school," at Lebanon, in Connecticut, where he was placed by Sir William Johnson, in July, 1761. His age, at this time, we have not learned.

The story that he was but half Indian, the son of a German, has been widely spread, but it is denied by his son, and now believed to be a falsehood, ignorantly circulated. This error might have arisen either from the known fact of his being of rather a lighter complexion than his countrymen in general, or from his having married a woman who was a half-breed.

Brant went to England in 1775, in the beginning of the great revolutionary rupture, where he was received with attention, and doubtless had there his mind prepared for the part he acted in the memorable struggle which ensued. He had a colonel's commission in the English army upon the frontiers, which consisted of such of the Six Nations and Tories, as took part against the country. General Sir William Johnson was agent of Indian affairs, and had greatly

ingratiated himself into the esteem of the Six Nations. He lived at the place since named from him, upon the north bank of the Mohawk, about forty miles from Albany. Here he had an elegant seat, and would often entertain several hundreds of his red friends, and share all in common with them. They so much respected him, that, notwithstanding they had the full liberty of his house, yet they would take nothing that did not belong to them. The better to rivet their esteem, he would, at certain seasons, accommodate himself to their mode of dress, and, being a widower, took as a kind of companion a sister of Brant, by the name of Molley. He had received honors and emoluments from the British government, and the Indians received also, through his agency, every thing which, in their opinion, conduced to their happiness. Hence it is not strange that they should hold in the greatest reverence the name of their "great father," the king, and think the few rebels who opposed his authority, when the revolution began, most ungratefully wicked, and unworthy all mercy. Sir William died in 1774, about a year before the battle of Bunker's Hill.

The Butlers, John and Walter, whose names are associated with the recollection of the horrid barbarities upon Cherry-valley and Wyoming, lived at Caughnewaga, four miles southeasterly from the village of Johnson, and upon the same side of the Mohawk.

In 1775, in a letter to the Oneidas, our chief subscribes himself "secretary to Guy Johnson." This was early in the summer of that year, and hence he was immediately from England. Colonel Guy Johnson was son-in-law of Sir William. The letter was found in an Indian path, and was supposed to have been lost by the person who was intrusted with it. It was in the Mohawk language, the translation of which commences thus: "Written at Guy Johnson's, May, 1775. This is your letter, you great ones or sachems. Guy Johnson says he will be glad if you get this intelligence, you Oneidas, how it goes with him now, and he is now more certain concerning the intention of the Boston people. Guy Johnson is in great fear of being taken prisoner by the Bostonians. We Mohawks are obliged to watch him constantly," &c.

After this, Brant accompanied Guy Johnson when he fled to Canada. The two Butlers were also in the train. Being now in a place of safety, and the means in their hands, plots of destruction were put in execution in rapid succession.

Having had some disagreement with Johnson, Brant came again to the frontiers. Some of the peaceable Mohawks had been confined, to prevent their doing mischief, as were some of the Massachusetts Indians in Philip's war. Brant was displeased at this, for he said, if the distant Indians should come down, they would destroy them indiscriminately with the whites. He was accompanied by a band of seventy or eighty warriors, who in their rambles visited Unadilla, where they assembled the inhabitants, and told them that they stood in need of provisions, and if they did not give them some, they should take it by force; a refusal, therefore, would have been worse than useless.

Brant further observed, "that their agreement with the king was strong, and that they were not such villains as to break their covenant with him." General Herkimer marched up to Unadilla, in July, with three hundred and eighty men, where he found Brant with one hundred and thirty of his warriors. Here he had an interview with him, in which he held the following language:—"That the Indians were in concert with the king, as their fathers and grandfathers had been. That the king's belts were yet lodged with them, and they could not falsify their pledge. That General Herkimer and the rest had joined the Boston people against their king. That the Boston people were resolute, but the king would humble them. That Mr. Schuyler, or general, or what you please to call him, was very smart on the Indians at the treaty at German Flatts; but was not, at the same time, able to afford them the smallest article of clothing. That the Indians had formerly made war on the white people all united; and now they were divided, the Indians were not frightened." Colonel Cox, who accompanied Herkimer, said, if war was his determination, the matter was ended. Brant then spoke to his warriors, and they shouted, and ran to their place of encampment, seized their arms, fired several guns, and, after giving the war-whoop, returned in warlike array. General Herkimer then told Brant he did not come to fight, and the chief motioned for his men to be quiet. Perhaps, as a worthy author observed upon a transaction in Philip's war, it is better to omit the cause of the conduct of Herkimer, than too critically to inquire into it. His men vastly outnumbered the Indians, and his authority was ample; but his motives were no doubt pure, and his courage must not now be called in question, as will appear from what is to be related. To put the most favorable construction upon his neglecting to break down the power of Brant, is to suppose that he was impressed with the belief that the Indians would not join with the English in committing hostilities; if this were the case, he too late discovered the error of his judgment.

After the general had said that he did not come to fight, Brant, with an air of importance, said, "If your purpose is war, I am ready for you." A tempest, which came up suddenly, separated the parties, and each retired peaceably. This is said to be the last talk held by any of the Americans with the Six Nations, previous to hostilities, except with the Oneidas; all, except a very few, of whom remained neutral.

Towards the autumn of this year, (1777,) Brant was under the direction of General St. Leger, who detached him with a considerable body of warriors for the investment of Fort Stanwix. Colonel Butler was commander-in-chief, with a band of Tories. The inhabitants in the valley of the Mohawk determined to march for the relief of Colonel Ganessvoort, who commanded the fort, which they did, in two regiments, with General Herkimer at their head. As is usual with militia, they marched in great disorder, and when the general ordered scouting parties to march, as security against surprise, upon the flanks of the main body, they accused him with cowardice, which, most unwarrantably, had more influence upon his mind than the safety of his army.

A catastrophe ensued, which, though not so momentous in that day, as was that of Lothrop in 1676, nor so complete a victory on the part of the Indians, yet it was a severe fight, in which two hundred Americans were slain. The place of attack was selected by Brant or Butler, and was a ravine of a broad bottom, nearly impassable, except a rough track covered with logs of from twelve to fifteen feet in length, laid transversely,* which extended across it. General Herkimer arrived at this place about two hours before mid-day, August 6th. He might reasonably have expected an ambush, but his first intimations of the vicinity of an enemy were the terrifying yells of the Indians, and the still more lasting impressions of their rifles. The advanced guard were all cut off. Such as survived the first fire were hewn down with the tomahawk. The fatal causeway was semicircular, and Brant and his forces occupied the surrounding heights. These are the principal events in the battle of Oriskana. A surgeon, Dr. Moses Younglove, was taken prisoner in this battle, and after his return from captivity, he wrote a poem upon the affair, from which we extract the following:—

“The time and place of our unhappy fight,
To you at large were needless to recite:
When in the wood our fierce inhuman foes,
With piercing yell from circling ambush rose,
A sudden volley rends the vaulted sky;
Their painted bodies hideous to the eye—
They rush like hellish furies on our bands,
Their slaughter weapons brandish'd in their hands.”

Running down from every direction, they prevented the two regiments from forming a junction, one of them not having entered the causeway; and a part of the assailants fell upon those without, and the remainder upon those within it. The former fared worse than the latter, for in such cases a flight has almost always been a dismal defeat. It was now the case. The other regiment, hemmed in as they were, saw, in a moment, that

To fight, or not to fight, was death.

They therefore, back to back, forming a front in every direction, fought like men in despair. This, Dr. Younglove thus forcibly depicts:—

“Now, hand to hand, the contest is for life,
With bay’net, tom’hawk, sword, and scalping knife:
Now more remote the work of death we ply,
And thick as hail the show’ring bullets fly;
Full many a hardy warrior sinks supine;
Yells, shrieks, groans, shouts and thund’ring volleys join;
The dismal din the ringing forest fills,
The sounding echo roars along the hills.”

* All who have travelled, even within a few years, in this part of the State of New York, cannot but well remember the “Corduoy” roads. Such was the road over the memorable ravine.

The poet thus presents to our view the attacking parties :—

“Of two departments were the assailing foes;
Wild savage natives lead the first of those;
Their almost naked frames, of various dyes,
And rings of black and red surround their eyes:
On one side they present a shaven head;
The naked half of the vermillion red;
In spots the party-color'd face they drew,
Beyond description horrible to view;
Their ebon locks in braid, with paint o'erspread;
The silver'd ears depending from the head;
Their gaudry my descriptive power exceeds,
In plumes of feathers, glitt'ring plates and beads.”

He thus speaks of the tories :—

“These for the first attack their force unite,
And most sustain the fury of the fight;
Their rule of warfare, devastation, dire,
By undistinguish'd plunder, death and fire;
They torture man and beast, with barbarous rage,
Nor tender infant spare, nor rev'rend sage.”

And Butler is noticed as follows :

“O'er them a horrid monster bore command,
Whose inauspicious birth disgrac'd our land;
By malice urg'd to ev'ry barb'rous art;
Of cruel temper, but of coward heart.”

With such bravery did they fight in this forlorn condition, that the Indians began to give way; and, but for a reinforcement of tories, under Major Watson, they would have been entirely dispersed.* This reinforcement is thus characterised by the surgeon:—

“The second was a renegado crew,
Who arm and dress as Christian nations do,
Led by a chief who bore the first command—
A bold invader of his native land.”

The sight of this reinforcement greatly increased the rage of the Americans. It was composed of the very men who had left that part of the country at the commencement of the war, and were held in abhorrence for their loyalty to the king. The fight was renewed with vigor, and the reinforcement fought also with bravery, until about thirty of their number were killed. Major Watson, their leader, was wounded and taken prisoner, but left upon the battle-ground.

In the meantime, General Herkimer had got forward to the fort an express, which informed Colonel Ganesvoort of his situation. He immediately detached Colonel Marinus Willet with two hundred and seven men, who succeeded in rescuing the remnant of this brave band from destruction. He beat the enemy from the ground, and returned to the fort with considerable plunder. Such were the events of the battle of Oriskana.

* Dr. Gordon says the tories and Indians got into a most wretched confusion, and fought one another; and that the latter, at last, thought it was a plot of the whites on both sides, to get them into that situation, that they might cut them off.

General Herkimer died of a wound which he received in this fight. Near its commencement, he was severely wounded in the leg, and his horse was killed. He directed his saddle to be placed upon a little knoll, and resting himself upon it, continued to issue his orders. On being advised to remove to a place of greater safety, he said, "No—I will face the enemy;" and, adds the historian of Tryon county, "in this situation, and in the heat of the battle, he very deliberately took from his pocket his tinder-box, and lit his pipe, which he smoked with great composure."

The Indians, as well as the Americans, suffered dreadfully in this fight. And our poet writes,

"Such was the bloody fight—and such the foe—
Our smaller force return'd them blow for blow;
By turns successfully their force defy'd,
And conquest wav'ring seem'd from side to side."

Brant's loss being about one hundred men; we are inclined to think the loss of the Indians exaggerated in these lines:—

"Not half the savages return'd from fight;
They to their native wilds had sped their flight."

The Senecas alone lost thirty, and the Tories about one hundred. The regiment which fled suffered severely, but would have suffered still more, had not their pursuers been apprised of the desperate case of their fellows engaged in the ravine, which caused them to abandon the pursuit. The commanding officer, Colonel Cox, was killed, and the command devolved upon Lieutenant Colonel Campbell and Major Clyde, who conducted the retreat.

The scene in the night following the battle is thus strikingly presented by Dr. Younglove, the eye-witness:—

"Those that remained a long encampment made,
And rising fires illumin'd all the shade:
In vengeance for their num'rous brothers slain,
For torture sundry prisoners they retain;
And three fell monsters, horrible to view,
A fellow pris'ner from the sentries drew;
The guards before received their chief's command,
To not withhold him from the slaught'ring band;
But now the sufferer's fate they sympathise,
And for him supplicate with earnest cries.
I saw the general slowly passing by;
The sergeant on his knees, with tearful eye,
Implor'd the guards might wrest him from their hands,
Since now the troops could awe their lessen'd bands.
With lifted cane the gen'ral thus replies,
While indignation sparkles from his eyes:—
'Go! sirrah! mind your orders giv'n before!
And for infernal rebels plead no more!
For help the wretched victim vainly cries,
With supplicating voice and ardent eyes;
With horror chill'd, I turn away my face,
While instantly they bear him from the place.
Dread scene!—with anguish stung I inly groan,
To think the next hard lot may be my own."

The poet next describes his dream, in which he was carried to the battle-ground; and then thus opens the morning scene:—

“When savages, for horrid sport prepar’d,
Demand another pris’ner from the guard,
We saw their fear’d approach, with mortal fright,
Their scalping-knives they sharpen’d in our sight,
Beside the guard they sat them on the ground,
And view’d, with piercing eyes, the prisoners round.”

“At length, one rising seized me by the hand;
By him drawn forth, on trembling knees I stand;
I bid my fellows all a long adieu,
With answering grief, my wretched case they view.
They led me bound along the winding flood,
Far in the gloomy bosom of the wood;
There, (horrid sight!) a pris’ner roasted lay,
The carving-knife had cut his flesh away.”

After enduring every thing but death in his captivity, Dr. Younglove returned home in safety.

In 1778, a fort was built at Cherry-valley, where families for considerable extent about took up their abode, or retired occasionally for safety. Brant intended to destroy this, and came into the neighborhood for the purpose. It happened that, at the time he chose to make the discovery of the strength of the garrison, the boys were assembled in a training, with wooden guns, for amusement: not having a clear view of them from the foliage of the trees which intervened, Brant thought them to be men. It was his design to have made the attack the following night; but on this discovery, he gave up the design. He still remained in the neighborhood, secreted behind a large rock near the main road to the Mohawk, and about two miles north of the fort in the valley. Here he waited to intercept some unwary passenger, and gain more certain intelligence. Near this place is the little cascade called by the natives Tekaharawa. The inhabitants of the valley were in expectation of a company of soldiers from the Mohawk, to reinforce them, and the same day Lieutenant Wormwood came from thence, and informed them that Colonel Klock would arrive the next day with the party. Near night he set out to return, accompanied by one Peter Sitz, the bearer of some despatches. He was a young officer, of fine personal appearance, and was to return the next day with one of the companies of soldiers. He had been out of sight but a few minutes, when, as he passed the ambush of Brant, his warriors fired upon him, and he fell from his horse. The chief, springing from his hiding-place, tomahawked him with his own hands. Wormwood and his companion were ordered to stand, but not obeying, occasioned their being fired upon. Brant was acquainted with Lieutenant Wormwood before the war, and afterwards expressed sorrow at his fate, pretending that he took him to be a continental officer. His horse immediately running back to the fort, with blood upon the saddle, gave some indication of what had happened. His companion, Sitz, was taken prisoner.

In June, the same summer, Brant came upon Springfield, which he

burned, and carried off a number of prisoners. The women and children were not maltreated, but were left in one house unmolested. About this time, great pains were taken to seize the wary chief, but there was no Captain Church, or, unlike Philip of Pokanoket, Brant had the remote nations to fly to without fear of being killed by them. Captain M'Kean hunted him for some time, and, not being able to find him, wrote an insulting letter for him, and left it in an Indian path. Among other things he challenged him to single combat, or to meet him with an equal number of men; and "that if he would come to Cherry-valley, and have a fair fight, they would change him from a Brant into a Goos." This letter, it is supposed, Brant received, from an intimation contained in one which he wrote about the same time to a tory. To this man (Parcifer Carr, of Edmeston,) he writes from Tuna-dilla, (Unadilla) under date of July 9th, 1778,—“Sir: I understand by the Indians that was at your house last week, that one Smith lives near with you, has little more corn to spare. I should be much obliged to you, if you would be so kind as to try to get as much corn as Smith can spare; he has sent me five skipples already, of which I am much obliged to him, and will see him paid, and would be very glad if you could spare one or two your men to join us, especially Elias. I would be glad to see him, and I wish you could send me as many guns you have, as I know you have no use for them, if you any; as I mean now to fight the cruel rebels as well as I can; whatever you will be able to send me, you must send by the bearer. I am your sincere friend and humble ser't. Joseph Brant.—P. S. I heard that Cherry-valley people is very bold, and intended to make nothing of us; they called us wild geese, but I know the contrary.” This we suppose to be a fair specimen of the composition of the chief who afterwards translated the Gospel according to John into the Mohawk language, also the book of Common Prayer, copies of which are in the library of Harvard college.

The next event of importance in which Brant was engaged, was the destruction of Wyoming, one of the most heart-rending records in the annals of the revolutionary war. In that horrid affair, about three hundred settlers were killed or carried into captivity, from the greater part of whom no intelligence was ever obtained.

It was known early in the spring of 1778, that a large force was collecting at Niagara for the object of laying waste the frontiers of Pennsylvania, Virginia and New York; and even as early as February, General Schuyler wrote to Congress to inform them that such was his belief. In March he wrote again to Congress, saying, “A number of Mohawks, and many of the Onondagoes, Cayugas, and Senecas, will commence hostilities against us as soon as they can; it would be prudent, therefore, early to take measures to carry the war into their country; it would require no greater body of troops to destroy their towns than to protect the frontier inhabitants.” But Congress had more than their hands full in other directions, and nothing was done. In the beginning of July, the tory and Indian force, amounting together to about sixteen hundred men, were discovered in possession of Fort Wintermoot, a short distance from the village of Wyoming.

Here was also a fort, at which were collected near four hundred men for the defence of the country, who were under the immediate command of Colonel Zebulon Butler. On the 3d of July, a council of war was held upon the propriety of marching out and attacking the tory and Indian army, and it was finally agreed that the enemy should be sought. Accordingly the Americans marched out upon this expedition the same day. Having sent forward spies, they had not proceeded far, when they were discovered by two Indians, who were, doubtless, upon the same business. The scouts fired each upon the other, and then hastened to their respective head-quarters. Both parties were immediately in motion, and joined battle near a thick swamp. The Indians and tories, being the more numerous, outflanked the Americans, and Brant, at the head of his furious warriors, issuing from the swamp, turned their left flank, and creating thereby a confusion, which greatly favored his kind of warfare, and enabled him to make dreadful havoc among them.

The Americans were in two lines, and it was the line commanded by Colonel Dennison that Brant successfully encountered. Butler, at the same time, was gaining some advantage over the other line, under his cousin Zebulon, which, added to the raging disaster in the left, became immediately a flight. Colonel Dennison's order to fall back, by which he designed to make an advantageous evolution, was distorted, by the terrified troops, into an order for flight; and all was in a few moments lost. And from Judge Marshall we add as follows:—"The troops fled towards the river, which they endeavored to pass, in order to enter Fort Wilkesbarre, (in the village of that name on the opposite side of the Susquehanna). The enemy pursued 'with the fury of devils;' and of the four hundred who had marched out on this unfortunate parley, only about twenty escaped;" among whom were the commanding officers.

The fort at Wyoming was now closely besieged, and seeing no chance of escape, Colonel Butler proposed a parley with his friend and namesake, which was assented to. The place of meeting was appointed at some distance from the fort, and the Americans marched out in considerable force, to prevent treachery, to the place appointed; but when they arrived there, they found nobody with whom to parley. The commander of the tories has been branded with gross infamy, for this piece of treachery with his kinsman; for he feigned fear from his approach, and had retired as they advanced, displaying meanwhile the flag of truce. The unwary Americans were, by this treacherous stratagem, led into an ambush in nearly the same manner as were Hutchinson and Wheeler, at Wickabaug Pond, in Philip's war. They were in a moment nearly surrounded by Brant's warriors, and the work of death raged in all its fury.* The tories "were not a whit

* There is much incongruity in relation to the affairs of Wyoming. Chapman distinctly states that Brant commanded the right wing of the army under Butler, when he was met by the forces that marched out to meet them; but it has lately been denied that Brant was even at Wyoming during these affairs.

behind the very chiefest" of them in this bloody day. A remnant only regained the fort, out of several hundreds that went forth. They were now more closely besieged than before; and the more to insult the vanquished, a demand was sent in to them to surrender, "accompanied by one hundred and ninety-six bloody scalps, taken from those who had just been slain." When the best terms were asked of the besiegers, the "infamous Butler" replied in these two words,—“the hatchet.” This was the only truth we hear of his uttering. It was the hatchet, indeed—a few only fled to the surrounding wilderness, there to meet a more lingering death by famine. These were chiefly women and children.

Thus passed the fourth of July, 1778, in the before flourishing settlement of Wyoming, on the eastern branch of the Susquehanna. Barlow knew well, in his early day, who was forever to be branded with infamy for the acts of this memorable tragedy. He says,—

“His savage hordes the murderous Johnson leads,
Files through the woods and treads the tangled weeds,
Shuns open combat, teaches where to run,
Skulk, couch the ambush, aim the hunter's gun,
Whirl the sly tomahawk, the war-whoop sing,
Divide the spoils, and pack the scalps they bring.”

Columbiad, vi. 389, &c.

Having now got full possession of Wyoming, and, observes Dr. Thacher, “after selecting a few prisoners, the remainder of the people, including women and children, were enclosed in the houses and barracks, which were immediately set on fire, and the whole consumed together. Another fort was near at hand, in which were seventy continental soldiers; on surrendering without conditions, these were, to a man, butchered in a barbarous manner; when the remainder of the men, women and children were shut up in the houses, and the demons of hell glutted their vengeance in beholding their destruction in one general conflagration.” The houses of the tories were spared. As though they could not exercise their cruelty enough upon human beings, they fell upon the beasts of the field—shooting some, wounding and mangling others, by cutting out their tongues, &c., and leaving them alive. Well does Campbell make his Oneida chief to say, (who comes as a friend to warn the settlement of the approach of the combined army of tories and Indians,)

“‘But this is not a time,’—he started up,
And smote his breast with woe-denouncing hand—
‘This is no time to fill thy joyous cup:
The mammoth comes—the foe—the monster Brandt,
With all his howling, desolating band;—
These eyes have seen their blade, and burning pine,
Awake at once and silence half your land.
Red is the cup they drink, but not with wine:
Awake and watch to-night! or see no morning shine.

“‘Scorning to wield the hatchet for his bribe,
‘Gainst Brandt himself I went to battle forth:
Accursed Brandt! he left of all my tribe
Nor man, nor child, nor thing of living birth;

No! not the dog, that watched my household hearth,
 Escaped, that night of blood, upon our plains!
 All perished!—I alone am left on earth!
 To whom nor relative nor blood remains,
 No!—not a kindred drop that runs in human veins!"

Gertrude of Wyoming.

The tories, as was often the case, were attired like Indians, and from every account it appears that they exceeded them in ferocity.

Dr. Thacher gives us the following examples of horror, which were of notoriety at the time, and "promulgated from authentic sources. One of the prisoners, a Captain Badlock, was committed to torture, by having his body stuck full of splinters of pine knots, and a fire of dry wood made round him, when his two companions, Captains Ranson and Durkee were thrown into the same fire, and held down with pitchforks, till consumed. One Partial Terry, the son of a man of respectable character, having joined the Indian party, several times sent his father word that he hoped to wash his hands in his heart's blood. The monster, with his own hands, murdered his father, mother, brothers and sisters, stripped off their scalps, and cut off his father's head!"

It was upon such scenes as these, that the mind of the poet just cited had dwelt, which caused him to wield the pen of denunciation with such effect upon the memory of Brant. That Butler was the far greater savage, none can dispute, and Mr. Campbell has long since acknowledged his too great severity upon the character of the former. We should explain here, that a son of Colonel Brant, a chief Mohawk, of the name of Ahyonwaeghs, called by the English John Brant, was in London in 1822, and furnished Mr. Campbell with documents, which, in the poet's own words, "changed his opinion of his father." This passage was contained in a long and interesting letter upon the subject, to Ahyonwaeghs, which appeared at that time in the newspapers.

With Wyoming were destroyed Wilkesbarre and Kingston, upon the other side of the Susquehanna. Though Wyoming is generally understood to be the place destroyed, it should be remembered that in the valley bearing that name, there were three other towns, which were all destroyed, as well as Wyoming. These towns were settled by emigrants from Connecticut, and, when destroyed, contained more than one thousand families, and had furnished the continental army with more than one thousand men, who were generally the young and active part of the population. The opposite sides which the inhabitants took in the great revolutionary question, created the most violent rancor in the bosoms of both parties, and hence the barbarities which ensued.

In November following, Cherry-valley met with a fate similar to Wyoming. At this time, Brant was returning to winter-quarters, when he was met by a tory captain, and persuaded to engage in one expedition more. This was Walter Butler, son of John, the hero of Wyoming. He went to Canada with Guy Johnson, in 1775, as has been mentioned; and now some circumstances brought him among

the frontier settlements of New York. What his object was, we are not informed; but it was, doubtless, that of a spy. However, he was taken up on suspicion, at least, and confined in jail at Albany; falling sick, he was removed to a private dwelling, from whence he soon found means to escape. Joining his father at Niagara, he succeeded in detaching a part of his regiment upon an incursion. Meeting with Brant, as was just mentioned, they returned to the frontier. It is said that Brant was at first displeased with the project, understanding that Captain Walter had been put in office over him by his old general, Walter's father, but stifled his resentment. Their whole force was seven hundred men, five hundred of whom were the warriors of Brant.

Colonel Ichabod Alden, of Massachusetts, was in command at Cherry-valley, and to his misguided judgment is to be attributed the disaster which ensued. But, like Waldron of Cochecho, he was doomed to escape the disgrace. He was early apprised of the march of Brant, and when urged to receive the inhabitants into the fort, observed that there was no danger, as he would keep out scouts who would apprise them of the approach of an enemy in season to remove. Scouts were accordingly sent out; one of which, either forgetting the business they were upon, or, what was equally reprehensible, made a large fire and lay down to sleep. Brant's warriors were not misled by so luminous a beacon, and the whole were made prisoners. This was on the night of the 9th of November, 1778. The prisoners now in the hands of Brant were obliged to give the most exact intelligence concerning the garrison. On the morning of the 11th, favored by a thick and hazy atmosphere, they approached the fort. Colonels Alden and Stacia quartered at the house of a Mr. Wells. A Mr. Hamble was fired upon as he was coming from his house to the fort, by a scout, which gave the first notice of the enemy. He escaped, and gave the alarm to Colonel Alden, who, strange as it may appear, was still incredulous, and said that it was nothing more than some straggling Indians. The last space of time was thus lost!—and, in less than half an hour, all parts of the place were invested at once. Such of the soldiers as were collected being immediately all killed or taken, the poor inhabitants fell an easy prey. Colonel Alden was among the first victims. Like Chopart, in the massacre at Natchez, he fled from his house, and was pursued by an Indian with his hatchet, at whom the colonel endeavored several times to discharge his pistol; but it missing fire, and losing time in facing about for this purpose, the Indian was sufficiently near to throw his tomahawk with deadly effect. He did so. Colonel Alden fell upon his face, and his scalp was in a moment borne off in triumph. "A tory boasted that he killed Mr. Wells while at prayer." His daughter, a young lady of great amiableness, fled from the house to a pile of wood for shelter; but an Indian pursued her, who, coming near, composedly wiped his long knife, already bloody, upon his leggins, then returning it to his belt, seized her by the arm, and with a blow of his tomahawk, ended her existence. She could speak some Indian, and begged her murderer

to spare her life, and a tory interceded, who stood near, urging that she was his sister; but he would hear to neither. Other transactions in this affair, of still greater horror, we must pass in silence.

Between thirty and forty prisoners were carried off; but the fort, containing about two hundred soldiers, was not taken, although several trials were made upon it.

Brant was the only person engaged in this tragedy of whom we hear any acts of clemency; one of which was the preservation of a poor woman and her children, who, but for him, would have met the tomahawk. He inquired for Captain M'Kean, (who wrote him the letter before mentioned,) saying he had now come to accept his challenge. Being answered that "Captain M'Kean would not turn his back upon an enemy," he replied, "I know it. He is a brave man, and I would have given more to have taken him than any other man in Cherry-valley; but I would not have hurt a hair of his head."

Brant had seen and heard so much of what is called civilised warfare, that he was afraid of the traduction of his character, and always said that, in his councils, he had tried to make his warriors humane; and to his honor it is said, (but in proportion as his character is raised, that of the white man must sink,) that where he had the chief command, few barbarities were committed.

The night before Brant and Butler fell upon Cherry-valley, some of the tories who had friends there requested liberty to go in secretly and advise them to retire. Butler, though some of his own friends were among the inhabitants, refused, saying, "that there were so many families connected, that the one would inform the others, and all would escape. He thus sacrificed his friends, for the sake of punishing his enemies." This, whether reported by Brant to magnify his own humanity, by a contrast with the depravity of his associate, is not known, but it may have been the fact.

But this midnight assassin did not escape his retribution; he was killed by an Oneida Indian on 30th October, 1781, under the following circumstances:—Colonel Willet having been ordered with about four hundred men to make an expedition into the country of the Mohawks, he surprised a party of six hundred tories and one hundred and thirty Indians at Johnston, and drove them into the woods, and severely distressed them by cutting off their retreat to their boats. About this time Colonel Willet was joined by sixty Oneida Indians, and he shortly after came up with a party which formed the rear of the British and Indians, and killed and took prisoners the most of them. Walter Butler was among the vanquished, and being wounded by one of Willet's Indians, cried for quarter; upon which the Indian screamed out with a dreadful voice, "Sherry Valley!" At the same time cleaving his head with his tomahawk.

Whether the following interesting affair belongs to Walter or John Butler, or whether it happened at Wyoming or at Cherry-valley, it equally affects the character of Brant. It is said that Butler, on entering a house, ordered a woman and child to be killed, whom they found in a bed; but Brant said, "What! kill a woman and child!

No! that child is not an enemy to the king, nor a friend to the congress. Long before he will be big enough to do any mischief the dispute will be settled."

The depredations of the Indians and Tories at Wyoming and other places in that region, caused General Washington to order General Sullivan with two thousand five hundred men into the Indian country. Considerable delay was experienced, and the forces were not concentrated at Wyoming until a year after it was destroyed. On 22d July, a company of Pennsylvania militia, who had marched from this place to Lackawaxen to protect the settlers there, were attacked by one hundred and forty, and forty or fifty of them were killed or made prisoners.

It is said that this summer, (1779,) 160,000 bushels of their corn was destroyed. As soon as it was known that Sullivan was advancing into the country, Brant and Butler, with six hundred Indians, and Johnson, with two hundred Tories, took a position on his route to cut him off. Sullivan came upon them, August 29th, at a place called Newtown, on Tioga river, where they had entrenched themselves, and immediately attacked them. The battle lasted about two hours, when, by a successful movement of General Poor, at the head of his New Hampshire regiment, Brant's warriors were thrown into confusion, and the whole were put to flight. Few were killed, and they made no other stand against the Americans during the expedition. The historian adds, "They utterly destroyed forty villages, and left no single trace of vegetation upon the surface of the ground." All their cattle were either killed or brought off, many of which they had before taken from the Americans. "None of the bounties of nature, none of the products of human industry, escaped the fury of the Americans." Upon this business the same author writes, that "the officers charged with the execution of these devastations were themselves ashamed of them; some even ventured to remonstrate that they were not accustomed to exercise the vocation of banditti." General Poor, doubtless, was the efficient man in this expedition, but the ostentation of Sullivan gained him the *honor!* of it. Thus were the Five Nations chastised for acting as they had been taught by the white people; yea, by the Americans themselves.

The following summer, (23d July, 1779,) Colonel Brant, with sixty of his warriors and twenty-seven white men, came suddenly upon Minisink, in Orange county, New York, where they killed sundry of the inhabitants and made others captives. They burnt ten houses, twelve barns, a garrison, and two mills, and then commenced their retreat. The militia from Goshen and places adjacent, to the number of one hundred and forty-nine, collected, pursued, and came up with them, when a most bloody battle was fought. The Indians were finally victorious, and thirty only out of the one hundred and forty-nine whites escaped. Some were carried into captivity, and the rest were killed. Not being sufficiently cautious, they fell into an ambush, and so fought at great disadvantage.

In 1821, a county meeting was held, by which it was voted that

the bones of the slain should be collected, and deposited under a suitable monument at the same time ordered to be erected. In 1822, the committee appointed to collect the bones "which had been exposed to the suns and snows for forty-three years," had found those of forty-four persons, which were, with much formality, publicly interred.

In the spring of 1780, Brant surprised Harpersfield with a company of his warriors and a few Tories. He took nineteen prisoners, and killed several others. On 2d August following, he fell upon Canajoharie with about four hundred mixed warriors, killed sixteen people, took about fifty-five prisoners, chiefly women and children; they killed and drove away at the same time about three hundred cattle and horses, burnt fifty-three houses and as many barns, besides out-houses, a new and elegant church, a grist-mill, and two garrisons.

Doubtless there were many other warlike scenes in which Brant was engaged personally, but we have already dwelt longer upon them than we intended.

European writers for a long time contended that the North American Indians had naturally no beards. A Mr. M'Causland took the trouble of writing to Brant, after the revolution, to get the truth of the matter. The following is Brant's letter to his inquiry:—"Niagara, 19th April, 1783.—The men of the Six Nations have all beards by nature, as have likewise all other Indian nations of North America which I have seen. Some Indians allow a part of the beard upon the chin and upper lip to grow, and a few of the Mohawks shave with razors in the same manner as Europeans; but the generality pluck out the hairs of the beard by the roots, as soon as they begin to appear; and as they continue this practice all their lives, they appear to have no beards, or at most only a few straggling hairs, which they have neglected to pluck out. I am, however, of opinion, that if the Indians were to shave, they would never have beards altogether so thick as the Europeans; and there are some to be met with who have actually very little beard. JOS. BRANT THAYENDANECA."

A daughter of Colonel Brant married a Frenchman, who in June, 1789, was killed by a party of Indians while peaceably travelling up the Wabash river. He was in company with nine others, four of whom were killed and three wounded. When the hostile party came up to them and discovered the son-in-law of Brant, they assisted in drawing the arrows from the wounded, and then went off.

When the Indians upon the southern and western frontier were showing themselves hostile in 1791, Colonel Brant used his exertions to prevent hostilities, by visiting such tribes as appeared hostile. His name appears in many important transactions of those times. The boundary line between the United States and the Indian nations had not been satisfactorily established, which was the cause of much trouble. A gentleman in Canada wrote to another in the State of New York, under date of 2d August, 1791, wherein Colonel Brant is thus mentioned: "Capt. Joseph Brant, after having attended for some time the councils of the western Indians at the Miami river, set off a few days ago for Quebec, attended with several of the chiefs

from that quarter; as they avowedly go to ask Lord Dorchester's advice, and as we well know his and government's strong desire for peace, we would gladly hope that it may be the means of bringing on an accommodation."

In 1792, his arrival in Philadelphia is thus publicly noticed in the Gazette of that city:—"Captain Joseph Brant, the principal warrior chief of the Six Nations, arrived in this city on Wednesday evening last, (June 20th.) It is said his errand is a visit to a number of his acquaintances residing here, and to pay his respects to the President of the United States." He left there about the beginning of July, upon another peace excursion among the western tribes, which still remained hostile.

When General Wayne was marching into the Indian country, in 1793, many of the tribes were alarmed, having heard that his army consisted of eight thousand men. Learning, also, that commissioners accompanied the army, authorised to treat of peace, and wishing to know the strength of the Americans, thirty chiefs of different tribes were despatched upon this important business. Colonel Brant was one of these thirty Indian ambassadors. If the Americans would make the Ohio the boundary, they wished peace. The whole cause of General Wayne's war appears to have been about the lands lying west of the Ohio and Alleghany rivers. We have no doubt Brant secretly, if not openly, advocated the establishment of this boundary; yes, and we must acknowledge that if he did, it was from the best of reasons. We know that Tecumseh labored incessantly for this boundary. Rightly did they conceive of the mighty wave of population rolling westward, southward and northward. Truly, they must have been blind not to have seen that it was about to engulf them forever! When they had met the commissioners, and found them inflexible in their determination, Brant, with most of the chiefs of the Six Nations, gave up the point as hopeless, preferring peace, on any terms, to war. But the Wyandots, Delawares, Shawanees and Miamies would not agree to it.

Mention will be found, in the account of Farmers-brother, of a great council held by the chiefs of most of the western nations at Niagara, in April, 1793. In this council it was agreed that peace should be maintained; and "they unanimously agreed to meet the Americans in a grand council, to be holden the June following, upon the south side of Lake Erie; and for the purpose of making the peace more permanent and extensive, they have appointed Brant, who is now their king of kings, to go and convene all those tribes who live to the northwest of Lake Ontario. He accordingly, the day after, set out for that purpose." The Indians did not assemble until July, from the difficulty of their journeys and other causes, which is generally the case with meetings of this kind. The council was held at Sandusky, and Colonel Brant set out from Niagara for that place in May. Before leaving, he had frequent conversations with a gentleman of respectability, to whom he gave it as his opinion, that no peace could take place until the Ohio and Muskingum should make the boundary

between the Americans and the red men. He still expressed good feelings towards the United States, and hoped that they would see it to be their interest to agree to that boundary, as he firmly believed war would ensue should they refuse. He even said, that, in case they would not consent to make these rivers the boundary, he should take part against them. It was not agreed to; but we do not hear that the old chief was actually engaged in the hostilities that followed.

How much the English of Canada influenced the measures of the Indians, it is difficult to determine; but men like Pontiac, Brant and Tecumseh could easily see through such duplicity as was practised by a few unprincipled speculators, as McKee, Girty and Elliot. They had, doubtless, conceived that if the Ohio and Muskingum were made the boundary, it would be an easy matter for them to possess themselves of the country from thence to the lakes, and thus enlarge the extent of Canada. They knew well that if the Indians possessed this tract of country, it would be no difficult matter to purchase it from them by means of a few trifling articles, comparatively of no consideration, and that worst of calamities, ardent spirits! In this they were disappointed, and, with the battle of Presqu'Isle, resigned their hopes, at least for a season. They urged upon the Indians what they must have been well assured of—their destruction!

Much has been said and written of the cold-blooded atrocities of Brant, but which, in our opinion, will be much lessened on being able to come pretty near the truth of his history. Every successful warrior, at least in his day, is denounced by the vanquished as a barbarian. Napoleon was thus branded by all the world—we ask no excuse for our chief on this score—all wars are barbarous, and hence those who wage them are barbarians! This we know to be strong language; but we are prepared to prove our assertion. When mankind shall have been cultivated and improved to that extent which human nature is capable of attaining,—when the causes of avarice and dissension are driven out of the human mind, by taking away the means which excite them,—then, and not till then, will wars and a multitude of attending calamities cease.

As a sample of the stories circulating about Colonel Brant, while the affairs of Wyoming and Cherry-valley were fresh in the recollections of all, we extract from Weld's travels the following:—

“With a considerable body of his troops he joined the forces under the command of Sir John Johnston.” “A skirmish took place with a body of American troops; the action was warm, and Brant was shot by a musket ball in his heel; but the Americans, in the end, were defeated, and an officer with about sixty men were taken prisoners. The officer, after having delivered up his sword, had entered into conversation with Colonel Johnston, who commanded the British troops, and they were talking together in the most friendly manner, when Brant having stolen slyly behind them, laid the American officer lifeless on the ground with a blow of his tomahawk. The indignation of Sir John Johnston, as may be readily supposed, was roused by such an act of treachery, and he resented it in the warmest terms.

Brant listened to him unconcernedly, and when he had finished, told him that he was sorry for his displeasure, but that, indeed, his heel was extremely painful at the moment, and he could not help revenging himself on the only chief of the party that he saw taken."

Upon this passage the author of the Annals of Tryon county observes: "I have heard a story somewhat similar told of him, but it was said that the officer was killed to prevent his being retaken by the Americans, who were in pursuit." This we should pronounce very dissimilar to the story told by Mr. Weld. But there was, no doubt, some circumstance out of which a story has grown, the truth of which, we apprehend, is now past finding out.

Colonel Brant was married, in the winter of 1779, to a daughter of Colonel Croghan by an Indian woman. He had lived with her some time *ad libitum*, according to the Indian manner, but at this time being present at the wedding of a Miss Moore, at Niagara, (one of the captives taken from Cherry-valley,) insisted on being married himself; and thus his consort's name was no longer Miss Croghan, but Mrs. Brant. The ceremony was performed by his companion-in-arms, Colonel John Butler, who, although he had left his country, yet carried so much of his magistrate's commission with him, as to solemnise marriages according to law.

King George conferred on his famous ally a valuable tract of land situated upon the west shore of Lake Ontario, where he finally settled and lived after the English fashion. His wife, however, would never conform to this mode of life, but would adhere to the custom of the Indians; and on the death of her husband, which happened November 24th, 1807, she repaired to Grand river, there to spend her days in a wigwam, with some of her children, while she left behind others in a commodious dwelling. A son, of whom we have spoken, with a sister, lately occupied this mansion of their father, and constituted an amiable and hospitable family. This son, whose name is John, is a man of note, and is the same who was in England in 1822, as has been mentioned; and the same, we conclude, who has been returned a member of the colonial assembly of Upper Canada. His place of residence was in the county of Haldiman, in Brantford, so called, probably, in honor of the old chief. Several other places are mentioned as having been the residence of Brant—Unadilla, or Anaquaqua, (which is about thirty-six miles southwest from the present site of Cooperstown,) and Niagara. He resided at these places before the Mohawks removed to Canada, which was soon after the war of the revolution was ended. They made their principal residence upon Grand river, which falls into Lake Erie on the north side, about sixty miles from the town of Newark, or Niagara. At one time, he had no less than thirty or forty negroes, who took care of his horses and lands. "These poor creatures," says Mr. Weld, "are kept in the greatest subjection, and they dare not attempt to make their escape, for he has assured them, that if they did so, he would follow them himself, though it were to the confines of Georgia, and would tomahawk them wherever he met them. They knew his disposition too

well not to think that he would strictly adhere to his word." The same author says that Brant received presents, which, together with his half-pay as captain, amounted to £500 per annum.

An idea of the importance of this chief, in 1795, may be formed from the circumstance, that a gentleman considered himself a loser to the amount of £100, at least, by not being able to arrive at Niagara in season to attend to some law case for him. Contrary winds had prevented his arrival, and the business had been given to another.

"Whenever the affairs of his nation shall permit him to do so, Brant declares it to be his intention to sit down to the further study of the Greek language, of which he professes himself to be a great admirer, and to translate from the original, into the Mohawk language, more of the New Testament; yet this same man, shortly before we arrived at Niagara, killed his own son, with his own hand. The son, it seems, was a drunken, good-for-nothing fellow, who had often avowed his intention of destroying his father. One evening, he absolutely entered the apartment of his father, and had begun to grapple with him, perhaps with a view to put his unnatural threats in execution, when Brant drew a short sword, and felled him to the ground. He speaks of this affair with regret, but, at the same time, without any of that emotion which another person than an Indian might be supposed to feel. He consoles himself for the act, by thinking that he has benefitted the nation by ridding it of a rascal."

With regard to the dress of the sachem, there has been some contradiction. Mr. Weld, though he did not see him, says he wore his hair in the Indian fashion, as he also did his clothes; except that, instead of the blanket, he wore a kind of hunting frock. This was in 1796. But it was reported, that, in 1792, Brant having waited on Lord Dorchester, the Governor of Canada, upon some business, his lordship told him, that as he was an officer in the British service, he ought to lay aside the Indian dress, and assume that of an English captain; and that, if he persisted in wearing an Indian dress, he should stop his pay. It is added that thereupon he changed his dress.

When Colonel Brant arrived at any principal city, his arrival was publicly announced in the gazettes with great minuteness. Although we have given some specimens of these, we will add one more:—

"New York, June 20, 1792. On Monday last arrived in this city, from his settlement on Grand river, on a visit to some of his friends in this quarter, Captain Joseph Brant, of the British army, the famous Mohawk chief, who so eminently distinguished himself during the late war, as the military leader of the Six Nations. We are informed that he intends to visit the city of Philadelphia, and pay his respects to the President of the United States," General Washington, which he did. We have before mentioned his visit to that city.

The very respectable traveller, Rochefoucauld, thus notices our chief: "At twenty-four miles from this place, (Newark, U. C.) upon Grand river, is an establishment which I had been curious to visit. It is that of Colonel Brant. But the colonel not being at home, and being assured that I should see little else than what I had already seen

among those people, I gave over my intention. Colonel Brant is an Indian who took part with the English, and having been in England, was commissioned by the king, and politely treated by every one. His manners are half European. He is accompanied by two negro servants, and is in appearance like an Englishman. He has a garden and farm under cultivation; dresses almost entirely like an European, and has great influence over the Indians. He is at present (1795) at Miami, holding a treaty with the United States, in company with the Indians of the west. He is equally respected by the Americans, who extol so much his character, that I regret much not to have seen him."

The great respect in which Brant was held in England will be very apparent from a perusal of the following letter, dated December 12th, 1785: "Monday last, Colonel Joseph Brant, the celebrated king of the Mohawks, arrived in this city, (Salisbury,) from America, and after dining with Colonel de Peister, at the head-quarters here, proceeded immediately on his journey to London. This extraordinary personage is said to have presided at the late grand congress of confederate chiefs of the Indian nation in America, and to be by them appointed to the conduct and chief command in the war which they now meditate against the United States of America. He took his departure for England immediately as that assembly broke up; and it is conjectured that his embassy to the British court is of great importance. This country owes much to the services of Colonel Brant during the late war in America. He was educated at Philadelphia, (at the Moor's charity school in Lebanon, Connecticut,) is a very shrewd, intelligent person, possesses great courage and abilities as a warrior, and is inviolably attached to the English nation."

It has been denied that Brant was in any way engaged in the massacres at Wyoming, but it seems hardly possible that so many should have been deceived at that time; and, moreover, we do not find that it was denied until almost every one of that age had left the stage of action. Those who deny that he was at Wyoming should at least prove an alibi, or they cannot expect to be believed.

Brant was said to have been sixty-five years old at his death. A daughter of his married William J. Ker, Esq., of Niagara, and he had several other children besides those we have mentioned. The son who visited England in 1822, and another named Jacob, entered Moor's school, at Hanover, N. H., in 1801, under the care of Dr. Wheelock. The former son, John, died in the winter of 1831.

CHAPTER V.

TECUMSEH—HIS GREAT EXERTIONS TO PREVENT THE WHITES FROM OVER-RUNNING HIS COUNTRY—BATTLE OF TIPPECANOE—BATTLE OF THE THAMES, AND DEATH OF TECUMSEH.

Tecumseh, by birth a Shawanec, and brigadier-general in the army of Great Britain in the war of 1812, was born about 1770, and, like

his great prototype, Pometacom, the Wampanoag, seems always to have made his aversion to civilisation appear a prominent trait in his character; and it is not presumed that he joined the British army, and received the red sash and other badges of office, because he was fond of imitating the whites, but he employed them, more probably, as a means of inspiring his countrymen with that respect and veneration for himself which was so necessary in the work of expulsion which he had undertaken.

The first exploit in which we find Tecumseh engaged was upon a branch of Hacker's Creek, in May, 1792. With a small band of warriors, he came upon the family of John Waggoner about dusk. They found Waggoner a short distance from the house, sitting upon a log, resting himself after the fatigues of the day. Tecumseh directed his men to capture the family, while himself was engaged with Waggoner. To make sure work, he took deliberate aim with his rifle, but fortunately he did not even wound him, though the ball passed next to his skin. Waggoner threw himself off the log, and ran with all his might, and Tecumseh followed. Having the advantage of an accurate knowledge of the ground, Waggoner made good his escape. Meanwhile his men succeeded in carrying off the family, some of whom they barbarously murdered. Among these were Mrs. Waggoner and two of her children. Several of the children remained a long time with the Indians.

This persevering and extraordinary man had made himself noted and conspicuous in the war which terminated by the treaty of Greenville, in 1795. He was brother to that famous impostor, well known by the name of the Prophet, and seems to have joined in his views just in season to prevent his falling into entire disrepute among his own followers. His principal place of rendezvous was near the confluence of the Tippecanoe with the Wabash, upon the north bank of the latter. This tract of country was none of his, but had been possessed by his brother, the Prophet, in 1808, with a motley band of about one thousand young warriors from among the Shawanese, Delawares, Wyandots, Pottawatomies, Ottawas, Kikkapoos, and Chippewas. The Miamies were very much opposed to this intrusion into their country, but were not powerful enough to repel it, and many of their chiefs were put to death in the most barbarous manner for remonstrating against their conduct. The mal-administration of the Prophet, however, in a short time very much reduced his numbers, so that in about a year his followers consisted of but about three hundred, and these in the most miserable state of existence. Their habits had been such as to bring famine upon them, and but for the provisions furnished by General Harrison from Vincennes, starvation would doubtless have ensued. At this juncture Tecumseh made his appearance among them, and although in the character of a subordinate chief, yet it was known that he directed every thing afterwards, although in the name of the Prophet. His exertions now became immense to engage every tribe upon the continent in a confederacy,

with the open and avowed object of arresting the progress of the whites.

Agreeably to the direction of government, Governor Harrison purchased of the Delawares, Miamies, and Pottawatomies, a large tract of country on both sides of the Wabash, and extending up the river sixty miles above Vincennes. This was in 1809, about a year after the Prophet settled with his colony upon the Wabash, as before stated. Tecumseh was absent at this time, and his brother, the Prophet, was not considered as having any claim to the country, being there without the consent of the Miamies. Tecumseh did not view it in this light, and at his return was exceedingly vexed with those chiefs who had made the conveyance, many of whom, it is asserted, he threatened with death. Tecumseh's displeasure and dissatisfaction reached Governor Harrison, who despatched a messenger to him to state, "that any claims he might have to the lands which had been ceded were not affected by the treaty; that he might come to Vincennes and exhibit his pretensions, and if they were found to be solid, that the land would either be given up, or an ample compensation made for it." This, it must be confessed, was not in a strain calculated to soothe a mighty mind when once justly irritated, as was that of Tecumseh. However, upon the 12th of August, 1810, (a day which cannot fail to remind the reader of the fate of his great archetype, Philip, of Pokanoket,) he met the governor in council at Vincennes, with many of his warriors, at which time he spoke to him as follows:

"It is true I am a Shawanee. My forefathers were warriors. Their son is a warrior. From them I only take my existence; from my tribe I take nothing. I am the maker of my own fortune; and oh! that I could make that of my red people, and of my country, as great as the conceptions of my mind, when I think of the Spirit that rules the universe. I would not then come to Governor Harrison to ask him to tear the treaty, and to obliterate the landmark; but I would say to him, Sir, you have liberty to return to your own country. The being within, communing with past ages, tells me that once, nor until lately, there was no white man on this continent. That it then all belonged to red men, children of the same parents, placed on it by the Great Spirit that made them, to keep it, to traverse it, to enjoy its productions, and to fill it with the same race. Once a happy race, since made miserable by the white people, who are never contented, but always encroaching. The way, and the only way, to check and to stop this evil is, for all the red men to unite in claiming a common and equal right in the land, as it was at first, and should be yet; for it never was divided, but belongs to all, for the use of each. That no part has a right to sell, even to each other, much less to strangers,—those who want all, and will not do with less. The white people have no right to take the land from the Indians; because they had it first, it is theirs. They may sell, but all must join. Any sale not made by all is not valid. The late sale is bad. It was made by a part only. Part do not know how to sell. It requires all to make a bar-

gain for all. All red men have equal rights to the unoccupied land. The right of occupancy is as good in one place as in another. There cannot be two occupations in the same place. The first excludes all others. It is not so in hunting or travelling, for there the same ground will serve many, as they may follow each other all day; but the camp is stationary, and that is occupancy. It belongs to the first who sits down on his blanket or skins which he has thrown upon the ground, and till he leaves it no other has a right."

How near this is to the original is unknown to us, but it appears too much Americanised to correspond with our notions of Tecumseh; nevertheless it may give the true meaning. One important paragraph ought to be added, which we do not find in the author from which we have extracted the above, which was, "that the Americans had driven them from the sea-coasts, and that they would shortly push them into the lakes, and that they were determined to make a stand where they were." This language forcibly reminds us of what the ancient Britons said of their enemies, when they besought aid of the Romans: "The barbarians (said they) drive us to the sea, and the sea beats us back upon them; between these extremes we are exposed either to be slain with the sword or drowned in the waves."

Tecumseh, having thus explained his reasons against the validity of the purchase, took his seat amidst his warriors. Governor Harrison, in his reply, said, "that the white people, when they arrived upon this continent, had found the Miamies in possession of all the country on the Wabash, and at that time the Shawanese were residents of Georgia, from which they were driven by the Creeks. That the lands had been purchased from the Miamies, who were the true and original owners of it. That it was ridiculous to assert that all the Indians were one nation; for if such had been the intention of the Great Spirit, he would not have put six different tongues into their heads, but have taught them all to speak a language that all could understand. That the Miamies found it for their interest to sell a part of their lands, and receive for them a further annuity, the benefit of which they had long experienced, from the punctuality with which the seventeen fires (the seventeen United States) complied with their engagements; and that the Shawanese had no right to come from a distant country and control the Miamies in the disposal of their own property." The governor then took his seat, and the interpreter proceeded to explain to Tecumseh what he had said, who, when he had nearly finished, suddenly interrupted him, and exclaimed, "It is all false!" at the same time giving to his warriors a signal, they seized their war-clubs, and sprang upon their feet from the green grass on which they had been sitting. The governor now thought himself in imminent danger, and, freeing himself from his arm-chair, drew his sword, and prepared to defend himself. He was attended by some officers of his government, and many citizens, more numerous than the Indians, but all unarmed; most of whom, however, seized upon some weapon, such as stones and clubs. Tecumseh continued to make gestures and speak with great emotion, and a guard of twelve armed men stationed by the

governor in the rear were ordered up. For a few minutes it was expected blood would be shed. Major G. R. Floyde, who stood near the governor, drew his dirk, and Winnemack cocked his pistol, which he had ready primed; he said Tecumseh had threatened his life for having signed the treaty and sale of the disputed land. A Mr. Winas, the Methodist minister, ran to the governor's house, and taking a gun, stood in the door to defend the family.

On being informed what Tecumseh had said, the governor replied to him, that "he was a bad man—that he would have no further talk with him—that he must return to his camp, and set out for his home immediately." Thus ended the conference. Tecumseh did not leave the neighborhood, but the next morning, having reflected on the impropriety of his conduct, sent to the governor to have the council renewed, and apologised for the affront offered; to which the governor after some time consented, having taken the precaution to have two additional companies of armed men in readiness in case of insult.

Having met a second time, Tecumseh was asked whether he had any other grounds than those he had stated, by which he could lay claim to the land in question; to which he replied, "No other." Here, then, was an end to all argument. The indignant soul of Tecumseh could not but be enraged at the idea of an "equivalent for a country," or, what meant the same thing, a compensation for land, which, often repeated, as it had been, would soon amount to a country! "The behaviour of Tecumseh at this interview was very different from what it had been the day before. His deportment was dignified and collected, and he showed not the least disposition to be insolent. He denied having any intention of attacking the governor, but said he had been advised by white men" to do as he had done; that two white men had visited him at his place of residence, and told him that half the white people were opposed to Governor Harrison, and willing to relinquish the land, and told him to advise the tribes not to receive pay for it; for that the governor would be soon put out of office, and a "good man" sent in his place, who would give up the land to the Indians. The governor asked him whether he would prevent the survey of the land; he replied that he was determined to adhere to the old boundary. Then arose a Wyandot, a Kikkapoo, a Pottawatomie, an Ottowas, and a Winnebago chief, each declaring his determination to stand by Tecumseh, whom they had chosen their chief. After the governor had informed Tecumseh that his words should be truly reported to the president, alleging, at the same time, that he knew the land would not be relinquished, and that it would be maintained by the sword, the council closed.

The governor wished yet to prolong the interview, and thought that possibly Tecumseh might appear more submissive should he meet him in his own tent. Accordingly he took with him an interpreter, and visited the chief in his camp the next day. The governor was received with kindness and attention, and Tecumseh conversed with him a considerable time. On being asked by the governor if his determination really was as he had expressed himself in the

council, he said "Yes," and added, "that it was with great reluctance he would make war with the United States, against whom he had no other complaint but their purchasing the Indians' land; that he was extremely anxious to be their friend, and if he (the governor) would prevail upon the president to give up the lands lately purchased, and agree never to make another treaty without the consent of all the tribes, he would be their faithful ally, and assist them in all their wars with the English," whom he knew were always treating the Indians like dogs, clapping their hands and hallooing *sau-boy*; that he would much rather join the seventeen fires; but if they would not give up said lands, and comply with his request in other respects, he would join the English. When the governor told him there was no probability that the president would comply, he said, "Well, as the great chief is to determine the matter, I hope the Great Spirit will put sense enough into his head to induce him to direct you to give up this land. It is true, he is so far off he will not be injured by the war. He may sit still in his town, and drink his wine, whilst you and I will have to fight it out." He had said before, when asked if it were his determination to make war unless his terms were complied with, "It is my determination; nor will I give rest to my feet until I have united all the red men in the like resolution."

Thus is exhibited the determined character of Tecumseh, in which no duplicity appears, and whose resentment might have been expected, when questioned, again and again, upon the same subject. Most religiously did he prosecute this plan; and could his extraordinary and wonderful exertions be known, no fiction, it is believed, could scarcely surpass the reality. The tribes to the west of the Mississippi, and those about Lakes Superior and Huron, were visited and revisited by him previous to the year 1811. He had raised in these tribes the high expectation that they should be able to drive the Americans to the east of the Ohio. The famous Blue-Jacket was as sanguine as Tecumseh, and was his abettor in uniting distant tribes.

The following characteristic circumstance occurred at one of the meetings at Vincennes. After Tecumseh had made a speech to Governor Harrison, and was about to seat himself in a chair, he observed that none had been placed for him. One was immediately ordered by the governor, and, as the interpreter handed it to him, he said, "Your father requests you to take a chair." "My father?" says Tecumseh, with great indignity of expression; "the sun is my father, and the earth is my mother, and on her bosom I will repose;" and immediately seated himself, in the Indian manner, upon the ground.

The fight at Tippecanoe followed soon after. This affair took place in the night of November 6, 1811, in which sixty-two Americans were killed and one hundred and twenty-six wounded. Tecumseh was not in this fight, but his brother, the Prophet, conducted or ordered the attack. During the action, he was performing conjurations on an eminence not far off, but out of danger. His men displayed great bravery, and the fight was long and bloody. Harrison lost some of his bravest officers. The late Colonel Snelling, of Boston, then a

captain, was in this fight, and took prisoner with his own hands an Indian chief, the only Indian taken by the Americans. The name of the captured chief we do not learn, but from his fear of being taken for a Shawanee, it is evident he was not of that tribe. When he was seized by Capt. Snelling, he ejaculated, with hurried accents, "Good man, me no Shawanee." The chiefs White-Lion (Wapamangwa,) Stone-Eater (Sanamahonga,) and Winnemack, were conspicuous at this time. The latter had been the pretended friend of the governor, but now appeared his enemy. He was killed the next year by the lamented Logan.

Just before hostilities commenced, in a talk Governor Harrison had with Tecumseh, the former expressed a wish, if war must follow, that cruelty to prisoners should not be allowed on either side. Tecumseh assured him that he would do all in his power to prevent it; and it is believed he strictly adhered to this resolution. Indeed, we have one example, which has never been called in question, and is worthy the great mind of this chief. When Colonel Dudley was cut off, and near four hundred of his men, not far from Fort Meigs, by falling into an ambush, Tecumseh arrived at the scene of action when the Americans could resist no longer. He exerted himself to put a stop to the massacre of the soldiers which was then going on, and meeting with a Chippewa chief who would not desist by persuasion nor threats, he buried his tomahawk in his head.

It is said that Tecumseh had been in almost every important battle with the Americans, from the destruction of General Harmer's army till his death upon the Thames. He was under the direction of General Proctor in this last great act of his life, but was greatly dissatisfied with his course of proceedings, and is said to have remonstrated against retreating before the Americans in very pointed terms. Perry's victory had just given the Americans the command of Lake Erie; and immediately after, Proctor abandoned Detroit, and marched his majesty's army up the river Thames, accompanied by General Tecumseh, with about fifteen hundred warriors. Harrison overtook them near the Moravian town, Oct. 5, 1813, and, after a bloody battle with the Indians, routed and took prisoners nearly the whole British army, Proctor saving himself only by flight. After withstanding almost the whole force of the Americans for some time, Tecumseh received a severe wound in the arm, but continued to fight with desperation, until a shot in the head from an unknown hand laid him prostrate in the thickest of the fight. Of his warriors one hundred and twenty were left upon the field of battle.

Thus fell Tecumseh, in the forty-fourth year of his age. He was about five feet ten inches in height, of a noble appearance, and a perfectly symmetrical form. "His carriage was erect and lofty—his motions quick—his eyes penetrating—his visage stern, with an air of hauteur in his countenance which arose from an elevated pride of soul. It did not leave him even in death." He is thus spoken of by one who knew him.

At the battle of the Thames, a chief by the name of Shane served

as a guide to Colonel Johnson's regiment. He informs us that he knew Tecumseh well, and that he once had his thigh broken, which, not being properly set, caused a considerable ridge in it always after. This was published in a Kentucky newspaper lately, as necessary to prove that the Indian killed by Colonel Johnson was Tecumseh. From the same paper it would seem that, even on the day of battle, it was doubted by some whether the chief killed were Tecumseh, and that a critical inquest was held over his body; and although it was decided to be he, yet to the fact that the colonel killed him, there was a demur even then. But no doubt many were willing it should so pass, thinking it a matter of not much consequence, so long as Tecumseh, their most dreaded enemy, was actually slain; and perhaps, too, so near the event, many felt a delicacy in dissenting from the report of Colonel Johnson's friends; but when time had dispelled such jealousy, those came out frankly with their opinion, and hence resulted the actual truth of the case.

That the American soldiers should have dishonored themselves, after their victory, by outraging all decency by acts of astonishing ferocity and barbarity upon the lifeless body of the fallen chief, is grievous to mention, and cannot meet with too severe condemnation. Pieces of his skin were taken away by some of them as mementoes!* He is said to have borne a personal enmity to General Harrison, at this time, for having just before destroyed his family. The celebrated speech, said to have been delivered by the great "Shawanese warrior" to General Proctor, before the battle of the Thames, is believed by many not to be genuine. It may be seen in every history of the war, and every periodical of that day, and not a few since, even to this. Therefore we omit it here. The speech of Logan, perhaps, has not circulated wider. Another, in our opinion, more worthy the mighty mind of Tecumseh, published in a work said to be written by one who heard it, is now generally (on the authority of a public journal) discarded as a fiction.

Among the skirmishes between the belligerents, before General Hull surrendered the northwestern army, Tecumseh and his Indians acted a conspicuous part.

Malden, situated at the junction of Detroit river with Lake Erie, was considered the Gibraltar of Canada, and it was expected that General Hull's first object would be to possess himself of it. In a movement that way, Colonel M'Arthur came very near being cut off by a party of Indians led by Tecumseh. About four miles from Malden, he found a bridge in possession of a body of the enemy; and although the bridge was carried by a force under Colonel Cass, in effecting which, eleven of the enemy were killed, yet it seems, that in a "few days afterwards" they were in possession of it again, and again the Americans stood ready to repeat the attack. It was in an

* We have often heard it said, but whether in truth we do not aver, that there are those who still own razor strops made of it.

attempt to reconnoitre, that Colonel M^r Arthur "advanced too near the enemy, and narrowly escaped being cut off from his men" by several Indians who had nearly prevented his retreat.

Major Vanhorn was detached on the 4th of August from Aux Canards, with two hundred men, to convoy one hundred and fifty Ohio militia and some provisions from the river Raisin. In his second day's march, near Brownstown, he fell into an ambush of seventy Indians under Tecumseh, who, firing upon him, killed twenty men; among whom were Captains M^rCulloch, Bostler, Gilcrease, and Ubry: nine more were wounded. The rest made a precipitate retreat.

Major Vanhorn having failed in his attempt, Colonel Miller was sent on the 8th of August, with six hundred men to protect the same provisions and transports. The next day, August 9th, about four o'clock in the afternoon, the vanguard, commanded by Captain Snelling, was fired upon by an extensive line of British and Indians, at the lower end of the village of Magaugo, fourteen miles from Detroit. The main body was half a mile in the rear when the attack began. Captain Snelling maintained his position in a most gallant manner, under a heavy fire, until the line was formed and advanced to his relief. The force against which the Americans were now contending was made up of a body of five hundred Indians under Tecumseh, Walk-in-the-water, Marpot, and the since famous Blackhawk, and a considerable number of whites under Major Muir. They were formed behind a breastwork of felled trees. When Colonel Miller had brought his men into line, the enemy sprang from their hiding-places, and formed in line-of-battle, and a fierce and appalling strife ensued. The British and Indian force was one-third greater than the American, but nothing could withstand them, when led on by such officers as Miller and Snelling, and the ground was disputed inch by inch for near two miles, to the village of Brownstown. Here the British took to their boats, and the Indians to the woods, and thus the battle closed. It was owing to a disobedience of orders on the part of the cavalry, that the British escaped entire destruction; for Colonel Miller ordered them to rush upon them and cut them up when their guns were unloaded, and their ranks were in confusion, but they would not, although Captain Snelling offered to lead them in person. In this affair the Indians and British lost one hundred killed and two hundred wounded, and the Americans had eighteen killed and fifty-eight wounded.

A British writer upon the late war, after having related the battle of the Thames, in which Tecumseh fell, says: "It seems extraordinary that General Harrison should have omitted to mention, in his letter, the death of a chief, whose fall contributed so largely to break down the Indian spirit, and to give peace and security to the whole northwestern frontier of the U. States. Tecumseh, although he had received a musket-ball in the left arm, was still seeking the hottest of the fire," when he received the mortal wound in the head, of which he in a few moments expired. The error, which for some time

prevailed, of his being shot by Colonel Johnson, is copied into this author's work. The following descriptions, though in some respects erroneous, are of sufficient value to be preserved.

Tecumseh was endowed "with more than the usual stoutness, possessed all the agility and perseverance, of the Indian character. His carriage was dignified; his eye penetrating; his countenance, which, even in death, betrayed the indications of a lofty spirit, rather of the sterner cast. Had he not possessed a certain austerity of manners, he could never have controlled the wayward passions of those who followed him to battle. He was of a silent habit; but, when his eloquence became roused into action by the reiterated encroachments of the Americans, his strong intellect could supply him with a flow of oratory, that enabled him, as he governed in the field, so to prescribe in the council. Those who consider that, in all territorial questions, the ablest diplomatists of the U. States are sent to negotiate with the Indians, will readily appreciate the loss sustained by the latter in the death of their champion. The Indians, in general, are full as fond as other savages of the gaudy decoration of their persons; but Tecumseh was an exception. Clothes and other valuable articles of spoil had often been his; yet he invariably wore a deer-skin coat and pantaloons. He had frequently levied subsidies to, comparatively, a large amount; yet he preserved little or nothing for himself. It was not wealth, but glory, that was Tecumseh's ruling passion. Fatal day! when the 'Christian people' first penetrated the forests, to teach the arts of 'civilisation' to the poor Indian. Till then water had been his only beverage, and himself and his race possessed all the vigor of hardy savages. Now, no Indian opens his lips to the stream that ripples by his wigwam, while he has a rag of clothes on his back, wherewith to purchase rum; and he and his squaw and his children wallow through the day in beastly drunkenness. Instead of the sturdy warrior, with a head to plan, and an arm to execute, vengeance upon the oppressors of his country, we behold the puny, besotted wretch, squatting on his hams, ready to barter his country, his children, or himself, for a few gulps of that deleterious compound, which, far more than the arms of the United States, (Great Britain and France,) is hastening to extinguish all traces of his name and character. Tecumseh, himself, in early life, had been addicted to intemperance; but no sooner did his judgment decide against, than his resolution enabled him to quit, so vile a habit. Beyond one or two glasses of wine, he never afterwards indulged."

It was said not to be from good will to the Americans, that he would not permit his warriors to exercise any cruelty upon them, when fallen into their power, but from principle alone. When Detroit was taken by the British and Indians, Tecumseh was in the action at the head of the latter. After the surrender, General Brock requested him not to allow his Indians to ill-treat the prisoners; to which he replied, "No! I despise them too much to meddle with them."

Some of the English have said that there were few officers in the U. States' service so able to command in the field as Tecumseh. This

it will not behoove us to question; but it would better have become such speechmakers, if they had added, "in his peculiar mode of warfare." That he was a more wily chief than Mishikinakwa, may be doubted; that either had natural abilities inferior to those of General Wayne, or General Brock, we see no reason to believe. But this is no argument that they could practise European warfare as well as those generals. It is obvious, from his intercourse with the whites, that Tecumseh must have been better skilled in their military tactics than most, if not all, of his countrymen, whether predecessors or contemporaries.

A military man,* as we apprehend, says, "He (Tecumseh) was an excellent judge of position, and not only knew, but could point out the localities of the whole country through which he had passed." "His facility of communicating the information he had acquired, was thus displayed before a concourse of spectators. Previous to General Brock's crossing over to Detroit, he asked Tecumseh what sort of a country he should have to pass through in case of his proceeding farther. Tecumseh, taking a roll of elm-bark, and extending it on the ground by means of four stones, drew forth his scalping-knife, and with the point presently etched upon the bark a plan of the country, its hills, woods, rivers, morasses, and roads; a plan which, if not as neat, was, for the purpose required, fully as intelligible as if Arrowsmith himself had prepared it. Pleased with this unexpected talent in Tecumseh, also with his having, by his characteristic boldness, induced the Indians, not of his immediate party, to cross the Detroit, prior to the embarkation of the regulars and militia, General Brock, as soon as the business was over, publicly took off his sash, and placed it round the body of the chief. Tecumseh received the honor with evident gratification, but was, the next day, seen without his sash. General Brock, fearing something had displeased the Indian, sent his interpreter for an explanation. The latter soon returned with an account that Tecumseh, not wishing to wear such a mark of distinction, when an older, and, as he said, abler warrior than himself was present, had transferred the sash to the Wyandot chief, Round-head."

The place of this renowned warrior's birth was upon the banks of the Scioto river, near what is now Chillicothe. His father's name was Pukeesheno, which means, I light from flying. He was killed in the battle of Kanhawa, in 1774. His mother's name was Meetheetashe, which signifies, a turtle laying her eggs in the sand. She died among the Cherokees. She had, at one birth, three sons:—Ellskwatawa, which signifies, a door opened, was called the Prophet; Tecumseh, which is a tiger crouching for his prey; and Kumskaka, a tiger that flies in the air.

We will here present the reader with a specimen of the Shawanee language, in the Lord's prayer:—

Coe-thin-a, spim-i-key yea-taw-yan-oe, o-wes-sa-yeg yey-sey-tho-

* Mr. James, *ut supra*.

yan-ae: Day-pale-i-tum-any-pay-itch tha-key, yea-issi-tay-hay-yon-ae issi-nock-i-key, yoe-ma-assis-key-kie pi-sey spim-i-key. Me-li-na-key oe noo-ki cos-si-kie ta-wa-it-thin oe yea-wap-a-ki tuck-whan-a; puck-i-tum-i-wa-loo kne-won-ot-i-they-way. Yea-se-puck-i-tum-a ma-chil-i-tow-e-ta thick-i ma-chaw-ki tus-sy-neigh-puck-sin-a wa-aun-si-loo wau po won-ot-i-they ya key-la tay pale-i-tum-any way wis-sa kie was-sa-cut-i-we-way thay-pay-we-way.

In 1826, the only surviving son of Tecumseh, whose name is Puchethai, which signifies crouching or watching his prey, left the Ohio to settle beyond the Mississippi. This son, when his father was slain, was fighting by his side. "The prince regent," says Mr. James, "in 1814, out of respect to the memory to the old, sent out as a present to the young Tecumseh a handsome sword;" and then closes this paragraph with this most savage lamentation: "Unfortunately, however, for the Indian cause and country, faint are the prospects that Tecumseh the son will ever equal, in wisdom or prowess, Tecumseh the father."

CHAPTER VI.

FACTS IN THE HISTORY OF THE SENECA NATION—SAGOYEWATHA, OR RED-JACKET—HIS FAMOUS SPEECH TO A MISSIONARY—GOVERNOR CLINTON'S ACCOUNT OF HIM—WITCHCRAFT AFFAIR—ONE OF HIS PEOPLE PUT TO DEATH FOR BEING A WITCH—HE DEFENDS THE EXECUTIONER—HIS INTERVIEW WITH LAFAYETTE—COUNCIL AT CANANDAIGUA—FARMERS' BROTHER—NARRATIVE OF HIS CAPTURE DURING THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

Sagoyewatha, called by the whites, Red-Jacket. His place of residence was, for many years previous to his death, (which happened January 20th, 1830, at his own house,) about four miles from Buffalo, and one mile north of the road that leads through the land reserved for the remnant of the Seneca nation, called the Reservation. His house was a log-cabin, situated in a retired place. Some of his tribe are Christians, but Red-Jacket would never hear to any thing of the kind. He was formerly considered of superior wisdom in council, and of a noble and dignified behaviour, which would have honored any man. But, like nearly all his race, he could not withstand the temptation of ardent spirits, which, together with his age, rendered him latterly less worthy of notice. Formerly, scarce a traveller passed near his place of residence, who would not go out of his way to see this wonderful man, and to hear his profound observations.

In the year 1805, a council was held at Buffalo, in the State of New York, at which were present many of the Seneca chiefs and warriors, assembled at the request of a missionary, Mr. Cram, from Massachusetts. It was at this time that Red-Jacket delivered his famous speech, about which so much has been said and written, and which we propose to give here at length, and correctly; as some omissions and errors

were contained in it as published at the time. It may be taken as genuine, at least as nearly so as the Indian language can be translated, in which it was delivered, for Red-Jacket would not speak in English, although he understood it. The missionary first made a speech to the Indians, in which he explained the object for which he had called them together; namely, to inform them that he was sent by the missionary society of Boston to instruct them "how to worship the Great Spirit," and not to get away their lands and money; that there was but one religion, and unless they embraced it they could not be happy; that they had lived in darkness and great errors all their lives; he wished that, if they had any objections to his religion, they would state them; that he had visited some smaller tribes, who waited their decision before they would consent to receive him, as they were their "older brothers."

After the missionary had done speaking, the Indians conferred together about two hours, by themselves, when they gave an answer by Red-Jacket, which follows:—

"Friend and brother, it was the will of the Great Spirit that we should meet together this day. He orders all things, and he has given us a fine day for our council. He has taken his garment from before the sun, and caused it to shine with brightness upon us; our eyes are opened, that we see clearly; our ears are unstopped, that we have been able to hear distinctly the words that you have spoken; for all these favors we thank the Great Spirit, and him only.

"Brother, this council fire was kindled by you; it was at your request that we came together at this time; we have listened with attention to what you have said; you have requested us to speak our minds freely; this gives us great joy, for we now consider that we stand upright before you, and can speak what we think; all have heard your voice, and all speak to you as one man; our minds are agreed.

"Brother, you say you want an answer to your talk before you leave this place. It is right you should have one, as you are a great distance from home, and we do not wish to detain you; but we will first look back a little, and tell you what our fathers have told us, and what we have heard from the white people.

"Brother, listen to what we say. There was a time when our forefathers owned this great island.* Their seats extended from the rising to the setting sun. The Great Spirit had made it for the use of Indians. He had created the buffalo, the deer, and other animals for food. He made the bear and the beaver, and their skins served us for clothing. He had scattered them over the country, and taught us how to take them. He had caused the earth to produce corn for bread. All this he had done for his red children because he loved them. If we had any disputes about hunting-grounds they were generally settled without the shedding of much blood: but an evil day came among us; your forefathers crossed the great waters, and landed

* A general opinion among all the Indians, that this country was an island.

on this island. Their numbers were small; they found friends, and not enemies; they told us they had fled from their own country for fear of wicked men, and come here to enjoy their religion. They asked for a small seat; we took pity on them, granted their request, and they sat down amongst us; we gave them corn and meat; they gave us poison* in return. The white people had now found our country, tidings were carried back, and more came amongst us; yet we did not fear them,—we took them to be friends; they called us brothers; we believed them, and gave them a larger seat. At length their numbers had greatly increased; they wanted more land; they wanted our country. Our eyes were opened, and our minds became uneasy. Wars took place; Indians were hired to fight against Indians, and many of our people were destroyed. They also brought strong liquors among us: it was strong and powerful, and has slain thousands.

“Brother, our seats were once large, and yours were very small; you have now become a great people, and we have scarcely a place left to spread our blankets; you have got our country, but are not satisfied; you want to force your religion upon us.

“Brother, continue to listen. You say that you are sent to instruct us how to worship the Great Spirit agreeably to his mind, and if we do not take hold of the religion which you white people teach, we shall be unhappy hereafter; you say you are right, and we are lost; how do we know this to be true? We understand that your religion is written in a book; if it was intended for us as well as you, why has not the Great Spirit given it to us, and not only to us, but why did he not give to our forefathers the knowledge of that book, with the means of understanding it rightly? We only know what you tell us about it; how shall we know when to believe, being so often deceived by the white people?

“Brother, you say there is but one way to worship and serve the Great Spirit; if there is but one religion, why do you white people differ so much about it; why not all agree, as you can all read the book?

“Brother, we do not understand these things; we are told that your religion was given to your forefathers, and has been handed down from father to son. We also have a religion which was given to our forefathers, and has been handed down to us, their children. We worship that way. It teacheth us to be thankful for all the favors we receive; to love each other, and to be united; we never quarrel about religion.

“Brother, the Great Spirit has made us all, but he has made a great difference between his white and red children; he has given us a different complexion, and different customs; to you he has given the arts; to these he has not opened our eyes; we know these things to be true. Since he has made so great a difference between us in other things, why may we not conclude that he has given us a different

* Spirituous liquor is alluded to, it is supposed.

religion according to our understanding; the Great Spirit does right; he knows what is best for his children; we are satisfied.

"Brother, we do not wish to destroy your religion, or take it from you; we only want to enjoy our own.

"Brother, you say you have not come to get our lands or our money, but to enlighten our minds. I will now tell you that I have been at your meetings, and saw you collecting money from the meeting. I cannot tell what this money was intended for; but suppose it was for your minister; and if we should conform to your way of thinking, perhaps you may want some from us.

"Brother, we are told that you have been preaching to white people in this place; these people are our neighbors; we are acquainted with them; we will wait a little while and see what effect your preaching has upon them. If we find it does them good, makes them honest, and less disposed to cheat Indians, we will then consider again what you have said.

"Brother, you have now heard our answer to your talk, and this is all we have to say at present. As we are going to part, we will come and take you by the hand, and hope the Great Spirit will protect you on your journey, and return you safe to your friends."

The chiefs and others then drew near the missionary to take him by the hand; but he would not receive them, and hastily rising from his seat, said, "that there was no fellowship between the religion of God and the works of the Devil, and, therefore, could not join hands with them." Upon this being interpreted to them, "they smiled, and retired in a peaceable manner."

The Indians cannot well conceive how they have any participation in the guilt of the crucifixion, inasmuch as they do not believe themselves of the same origin as the whites, and there being no dispute but that they committed this act. Red-Jacket once said to a clergyman who was importuning him on this subject,

"Brother, if you white men murdered the Son of the Great Spirit, we Indians had nothing to do with it, and it is none of our affair. If he had come among us, we would not have killed him; we would have treated him well. You must make amends for that crime yourselves."*

Red-Jacket took part with the Americans in the war of 1812, but was not distinguished for that prodigality of life which marked the character of Tecumseh, and many others, but on all occasions was cool and collected. He had become attached to Colonel Snelling during the war, and when he heard that that officer was ordered to a distant station, he went to take his farewell of him. At that interview he said,

"Brother, I hear you are going to a place called Governor's Island.

* "This occurred in a conversation between Red-Jacket and the Rev. Mr. Brackenridge; Tommy-Jemmy, Jack-Berry, and myself were present. I heard the remark, and will vouch for it."—W. J. Snelling.

I hope you will be a governor yourself. I understand that you white people think children a blessing. I hope you may have a thousand. And, above all, I hope, wherever you go, you may never find whiskey more than two shillings a quart."

Grand Island, in Niagara river, just above the famous Niagara falls, is owned by the Senecas. When it was rumored that the British had taken possession of it, in their last war with the Americans, Red-Jacket assembled his people to consult with Mr. Granger, their agent. After having stated to him the information, the old chief made the following profound speech:

"Brother, you have told us that we had nothing to do with the war that has taken place between you and the British. But we find the war has come to our own doors. Our property is taken possession of by the British and their Indian friends. It is necessary now for us to take up the business, defend our property, and drive the enemy from it. If we sit still upon our seats, and take no means of redress, the British (according to the customs of you white people) will hold it by conquest. And should you conquer the Canadas, you will claim it upon the same principles, as (though) conquered from the British. We therefore request permission to go with our warriors, and drive off those bad people, and take possession of our lands." Whereupon such of the Senecas as had an inclination were permitted to join the American army.

In one action Red-Jacket acted a conspicuous part, and is most honorably mentioned by the commanding general. The action took place near Fort George on the 17th of August, 1813, between about three hundred volunteers and Indians, supported by two hundred regulars. These surprised the British and Indian camp at daylight, killed seventy-five and took sixteen prisoners. The success of the expedition was almost entirely owing to a stratagem of the Indians, who, when they had formed their plan of attack, decoyed their brethren on the British side into an ambush, by giving a war-whoop which they mistook for that of their friends. General Boyd, who commanded here, says, "The principal chiefs who led the warriors this day were Farmer's-Brother, Red-Jacket, Little Billy, Pollard, Black Snake, Johnson, Silver-Heels, Captain Half-Town, Major Henry Obeal, (Corn-Planter's son,) and Captain Cold, chief of Onondaga, who was wounded. In a council which was held with them yesterday, they covenanted not to scalp or murder; and I am happy to say that they treated the prisoners with humanity, and committed no wanton cruelties upon the dead." "Their bravery and humanity were equally conspicuous. Already the quietness in which our pickets are suffered to remain evinces the benefit arising from their assistance."

Governor De Witt Clinton, in his most valuable discourse before the Historical Society of New York, thus notices Red-Jacket: "Within a few years an extraordinary orator has risen among the Senecas; his real name is Saguoaha. Without the advantages of illustrious descent, and with no extraordinary talents for war, he has attained the first distinctions in the nation by the force of his eloquence."

Red-Jacket having by some means lost the confidence of his countrymen, in order, as it is reported, to retrieve it, prevailed upon his brother to announce himself a prophet, commissioned by the Great Spirit to redeem the miserable condition of his countrymen. It required nothing but an adroit and skilful reasoner to persuade the ignorant multitude, given to the grossest superstition, of his infallibility in the pretended art or mystery. If good ever came out of evil, it did at this time. The Onondagas were, at that period, the most drunken and profligate of all the Iroquois. They were now so far prevailed upon as almost entirely to abstain from ardent spirits, became sober and industrious, and observed and respected the laws of morality. This good effect was not confined to the Onondagas, but shed its benign influence through the nations adjacent. But as this reform was begun in hypocrisy, it necessarily ended with its hypocritical author. The greatest check, perhaps, which can be thrown in the way of imposture is its own exposition. In this case, like witchcraft among us in former times, it was stayed by its own operations. Many were denounced as witches, and some would have been executed but for the interference of their white neighbors. Red-Jacket was denounced in a great council of Indians, held at Buffalo creek, as the chief author of their troubles. He was accordingly brought to trial, and his eloquence saved his life, and greatly increased his reputation. His defence was near three hours long. And, in the language of Governor Clinton, "the iron brow of superstition relented under the magic of his eloquence: he declared the prophet (his brother) an impostor and a cheat; he prevailed; the Indians divided, and a small majority appeared in his favor. Perhaps the annals of history cannot furnish a more conspicuous instance of the triumph and power of oratory, in a barbarous nation, devoted to superstition, and looking up to the accuser as a delegated minister of the Almighty. I am well aware that the speech of Logan will be triumphantly quoted against me, and it will be said, that the most splendid exhibition of Indian eloquence may be found out of the pale of the Six Nations. I fully subscribe to the eulogium of Mr. Jefferson, when he says, 'I may challenge the whole orations of Demosthenes and Cicero, and of any more eminent orator, if Europe has furnished more eminent, to produce a single passage superior to the speech of Logan.' But let it be remembered that Logan was a Mingo chief," that is, an Iroquois.

The time is not far distant, if not already arrived, when the name of Red-Jacket will be heard, in the most august assemblies, to give weight to the mightiest efforts of eloquence. In the debate on the Indian bill, in 1830, in Congress, Mr. Crockett,* of Tennessee, said, "I am forcibly reminded of the remark made by the famous Red-Jacket, in the rotunda of this building, when he was shown the panel

* The pitiful crusade in which this brave man lost his life, will as long be remembered for its unjustifiable origin, as the many valuable but misguided men who have been sacrificed in it. Having joined the army of Texas, Colonel Crockett was there murdered with the rest of a garrison which fell into the hands of the Mexicans in 1836.

which represented in sculpture the first landing of the Pilgrims, with an Indian chief presenting to them an ear of corn, in token of friendly welcome. The aged Indian said, 'That was good.' He said he knew they came from the Great Spirit, and he was willing to share the soil with his brothers. But when he turned round to view another panel, representing Penn's treaty, he said, 'Ah! all's gone now.' There was a great deal of truth in this short saying."

Red-Jacket and his council, in 1821, made a formal complaint to the Governor of New York, of the arbitrary conduct of some teachers among his people, and of their undue influence generally. Considering it to contain a most important and valuable piece of information, we will give it entire:—

"Brother Parish, I address myself to you, and through you to the governor. The chiefs of Onondaga have accompanied you to Albany, to do business with the governor; I also was to have been with you, but I am sorry to say that bad health has put it out of my power. For this you must not think hard of me. I am not to blame for it. It is the will of the Great Spirit that it should be so. The object of the Onondagas is to purchase our lands at Tonnewanta. This and all other business that they may have to do at Albany must be transacted in the presence of the governor. He will see that the bargain is fairly made, so that all parties may have reason to be satisfied with what shall be done; and when our sanction shall be wanted to the transaction, it will be freely given. I much regret that, at this time, the state of my health should have prevented me from accompanying you to Albany, as it was the wish of the nation that I should state to the governor some circumstances which show that the chain of friendship between us and the white people is wearing out and wants brightening. I proceed now, however, to lay them before you by letter, that you may mention them to the governor, and solicit redress. He is appointed to do justice to all, and the Indians fully confide that he will not suffer them to be wronged with impunity. The first subject to which we would call the attention of the governor, is the depredations that are daily committed by the white people upon the most valuable timber on our reservations. This has been a subject of complaint with us for many years; but now, and particularly at this season of the year, it has become an alarming evil, and calls for the immediate interposition of the governor in our behalf. Our next subject of complaint is, the frequent thefts of our horses and cattle by the white people, and their habit of taking and using them whenever they please and without our leave. These are evils which seem to increase upon us with the increase of our white neighbors, and they call loudly for redress. Another evil arising from the pressure of the whites upon us, and our unavoidable communication with them, is the frequency with which our chiefs, and warriors, and Indians, are thrown into jail, and that, too, for the most trifling cause. This is very galling to our feelings, and ought not to be permitted to the extent to which, to gratify their bad passions, our white neighbors now carry this practice. In our hunting and fishing, too, we are

greatly interrupted by the whites. Our venison is stolen from the trees where we have hung it to be reclaimed after the chase. Our hunting camps have been fired into, and we have been warned that we shall no longer be permitted to pursue the deer in those forests which were so lately all our own. The fish which, in the Buffalo and Tonnewanta creeks, used to supply us with food, are now, by the dams and other obstructions of the whites, prevented from multiplying, and we are almost entirely deprived of that accustomed sustenance. Our great father, the president, has recommended to our young men to be industrious, to plough, and to sow. This we have done, and we are thankful for the advice, and for the means he has afforded us of carrying it into effect. We are happier in consequence of it. But another thing recommended to us has created great confusion among us, and is making us a quarrelsome and divided people, and that is, the introduction of preachers into our nation. These black-coats contrive to get the consent of some of the Indians to preach among us, and wherever this is the case, confusion and disorder are sure to follow, and the encroachments of the whites upon our lands are the invariable consequences. The governor must not think hard of me for speaking thus of the preachers. I have observed their progress, and when I look back to see what has taken place of old, I perceive that whenever they came among the Indians they were the forerunners of their dispersion; that they always excited enmities and quarrels among them; that they introduced the white people on their lands, by whom they were robbed and plundered of their property; and that the Indians were sure to dwindle, and decrease, and be driven back, in proportion to the number of preachers that came among them. Each nation has its own customs and its own religion. The Indians have theirs, given to them by the Great Spirit, under which they were happy. It was not intended that they should embrace the religion of the whites, and be destroyed by the attempt to make them think differently on that subject from their fathers. It is true, these preachers have got the consent of some of the chiefs to stay and preach among us, but I and my friends know this to be wrong, and that they ought to be removed; besides, we have been threatened by Mr. Hyde, who came among us as a school-master and a teacher of our children, but has now become a black-coat, and refused to teach them any more, that unless we listen to his preaching and become Christians, we will be turned off our lands. We wish to know from the governor if this is to be so, and if he has no right to say so, we think *he* ought to be turned off our lands, and not allowed to plague us any more. We shall never be at peace while he is among us. Let them be removed, and we will be happy and contented among ourselves. We now cry to the governor for help, and hope that he will attend to our complaints, and speedily give us redress.

RED-JACKET."

"This letter was dictated by Red-Jacket, and interpreted by Henry

Obeal,* in the presence of the following Indians: Red-Jacket's son, Corn-planter, John-Cobb, Peter, Young-kings-brother, Tom-the-infant, (Onnonggaiheko,) Blue-sky, (Towyocauna,) John-sky, Jemmy-johnson, Marcus, Big-fire, Captain-Jemmy."

The success this petition met with, it is presumed, was full and satisfactory to him, in respect to one particular; for no ministers, for some time afterwards, were admitted upon the reservation.

In the spring of 1821, a man of Red-Jacket's tribe fell into a languishment and died. His complaint was unknown, and some circumstances attended his illness which caused his friends to believe that he was bewitched. The woman that attended him was fixed upon as the witch, and by the law, or custom, of the nation, she was doomed to suffer death. A chief by the name of Tom-jemmy, called by his own people, Soo-nong-gise, executed the decree by cutting her throat. The Americans took up the matter, seized Tom-jemmy, and threw him into prison.† Some time after, when his trial came on, Red-Jacket appeared in court as an evidence. The counsel for the prisoner denied that the court had any jurisdiction over the case, and after it was carried through three terms, Soo-nong-gise was finally cleared. Red-Jacket and the other witnesses testified that the woman was a witch, and that she had been tried, condemned and executed in pursuance of their laws, which had been established from time immemorial—long before the English came into the country. The witch doctrine of the Senecas was much ridiculed by some of the Americans, to which Red-Jacket thus aptly alludes in a speech which he made while upon the stand:—

"What! do you denounce us as fools and bigots, because we still continue to believe that which you yourselves sedulously inculcated two centuries ago? Your divines have thundered this doctrine from the pulpit, your judges have pronounced it from the bench, your courts of justice have sanctioned it with the formalities of law, and you would now punish our unfortunate brother for adherence to the superstitions of his fathers! Go to Salem! Look at the records of your government, and you will find hundreds executed for the very crime which has called forth the sentence of condemnation upon this woman, and drawn down the arm of vengeance upon her. What have our brothers done more than the rulers of your people have done? and what crime has this man committed by executing, in a summary way, the laws of his country, and the injunctions of his God?" Before Red-Jacket was admitted to give evidence in the case, he was asked if he believed in future rewards and punishments, and the existence of God. With a piercing look into the face of his interrogator, and with no little indignation of expression, he replied: "Yes! much more than the white men, if we are to judge by their actions." Upon the appearance of Red-Jacket upon this occasion,

* Son of Corn-planter, or Corn-plant.

† Information of a gentleman (W. J. Snelling, Esq.,) who was on the spot, and saw him brought to Buffalo. This was the next day after the murder, and the blood was yet upon his hands.

one observes: "There is not, perhaps, in nature, a more expressive eye than that of Red-Jacket; when fired by indignation or revenge, it is terrible; and when he chooses to display his unrivalled talent for irony, his keen sarcastic glance is irresistible."

When Lafayette, in 1825, was at Buffalo, among the persons of distinction who called upon him, was Red-Jacket. Of the old chief, M. Levasseur observes: This extraordinary man, although much worn down by time and intemperance, preserves yet, in a surprising degree, the exercise of all his faculties. He had ever remembered Lafayette, since 1784, at which time he, with others, met a great council of all the Indian nations at Fort Schuyler, when the interest of all those nations, friends and enemies, was regulated with the U. States. He asked the general if he recollected that meeting. He replied that he had not forgotten that great event, and asked Red-Jacket if he knew what had become of the young chief, who, in that council, opposed with such eloquence the "burying of the tomahawk." Red-Jacket replied, "He is before you." His speech was a masterpiece, and every warrior who heard him was carried away with his eloquence. He urged a continuation of the war against the Americans, having joined against them in the revolution. The general observed to him that time had much changed them since that meeting. "Ah!" said Red-Jacket, "time has not been so severe upon you as it has upon me. It has left to you a fresh countenance, and hair to cover your head; while to me, behold!" and taking a handkerchief from his head, with an air of much feeling, showed his head, which was almost entirely bald.

At this interview, was fully confirmed what we have before stated. Levasseur continues: Red-jacket obstinately refuses to speak any language but that of his own country, and affects a great dislike to all others; although it is easy to discern that he perfectly understands the English; and refused, nevertheless, to reply to the general before his interpreter had translated his questions into the Seneca language. The general spoke a few words in Indian, which he had learned in his youth, at which Red-Jacket was highly pleased, and which augmented much his high opinion of Lafayette.

The author of the following passage is unknown to us; but presuming it to be authentic, we quote it. "More than thirty years have rolled away since a treaty was held on the beautiful acclivity that overlooks the Canandaigua lake. The witnesses of the scene will never forget the powers of native oratory. Two days had passed away in negotiation with the Indians for a cession of their lands. The contract was supposed to be nearly completed, when Red-Jacket arose. With the grace and dignity of a Roman senator, he drew his blanket around him, and, with a piercing eye, surveyed the multitude. All was hushed. Nothing interposed to break the silence, save the gentle rustling of the tree tops under whose shade they were gathered. After a long and solemn, but not unmeaning pause, he commenced his speech in a low voice and sententious style. Rising gradually with his subject, he depicted the primitive simplicity and happiness of

his nation, and the wrongs they had sustained from the usurpations of white men, with such a bold but faithful pencil, that every auditor was soon roused to vengeance or melted into tears. The effect was inexpressible. But ere the emotions of admiration and sympathy had subsided, the white men became alarmed. They were in the heart of an Indian country, surrounded by more than ten times their number, who were inflamed by the remembrance of their injuries, and excited to indignation by the eloquence of a favorite chief. Appalled and terrified, the white men cast a cheerless gaze upon the hordes around them. A nod from the chiefs might be the onset of destruction. At this portentous moment Farmers-Brother interposed. He replied not to his brother chief, but, with a sagacity truly aboriginal, he caused a cessation of the council, introduced good cheer, commended the eloquence of Red-Jacket, and, before the meeting had re-assembled, with the aid of other prudent chiefs, he had moderated the fury of his nation to a more salutary review of the question before them. Suffice it to say, the treaty was concluded, and the western district, at this day, owes no small portion of its power and influence to the counsels of a savage, in comparison with whom for genius, heroism, virtue, or any other quality that can adorn the bauble of a diadem, not only George the Fourth, and Louis le Desire, but the German emperor and the Czar of Muscovy, alike dwindle into insignificance."

Red-Jacket was of the number who visited Philadelphia in 1792, at which time he was welcomed by the Governor of Pennsylvania to that city, and addressed by him in behalf of the commonwealth, in the council-chamber. The following is the closing paragraph of the governor's speech: "Brothers, I know the kindness with which you treat the strangers that visit your country, and it is my wish that, when you return to your families, you may be able to assure them that the virtues of friendship and hospitality are also practised by the citizens of Pennsylvania." He had before observed that the government had furnished every thing to make them comfortable during their stay at Philadelphia. This was on the 28th of March, 1792, and on the 2d of April following they again met, when Red-Jacket spoke in answer to the governor as follows:—

"Brother, Onas* Governor, open unprejudiced ears to what we have to say. Some days since you addressed us, and what you said gave us great pleasure. This day the Great Spirit has allowed us to meet you again in this council-chamber. We hope that your not receiving an immediate answer to your address will make no improper impression upon your mind. We mention this, lest you should suspect that your kind welcome and friendly address has not had a proper effect upon our hearts. We assure you it is far otherwise. In your address to us the other day in this ancient council-chamber, where our forefathers have often conversed together, several things

* Onas was the name the Indians gave William Penn, and they continue the same name to all the governors of Pennsylvania.

struck our attention very forcibly. When you told us this was the place in which our forefathers often met on peaceable terms, it gave us sensible pleasure, and more joy than we could express. Though we have no writings like you, yet we remember often to have heard of the friendship that existed between our fathers and yours. The picture* to which you drew our attention brought fresh to our minds the friendly conferences that used to be held between the former governors of Pennsylvania and our tribes, and showed the love which your forefathers had of peace, and the friendly disposition of our people. It is still our wish, as well as yours, to preserve peace between our tribes and you, and it would be well if the same spirit existed among the Indians to the westward, and through every part of the United States. You particularly expressed that you were well pleased to find that we differed in disposition from the Indians westward. Your disposition is that for which the ancient Onas governors were remarkable. As you love peace, so do we also; and we wish it could be extended to the most distant part of this great country. We agreed in council, this morning, that the sentiments I have expressed should be communicated to you, before the delegates of the Five Nations, and to tell you that your cordial welcome to this city, and the good sentiments contained in your address, have made a deep impression on our hearts, have given us great joy, and from the heart I tell you so. This is all I have to say."

When Red-Jacket had finished, another chief, called Agwelondongwas, (and sometimes Good-Peter,†) addressed the assembly. His speech is much in the style of Red-Jacket's, and was chiefly a repetition, in other words, of it. It was short, and contained this passage: "What is there more desirable than that we, who live within hearing of each other, should unite for the common good? This is my wish. It is the wish of my nation, although I am sorry I can't say so of every individual in it; for there are differences of opinion among us, as well as among our white brethren."

Since we have here introduced Dominie-Peter, we will so far digress as to relate what follows concerning him. He was one of those who took part against the Americans in the revolutionary war, and when hostilities commenced, he retired and joined the remote tribes towards Canada. Colonel John Harper, (one of the family from whom Harpersfield, New York, takes its name,) was stationed at the fort at Schorrie, in the State of New York. Early in the spring of 1777, in the season of making maple sugar, when all were on the look-out to avoid surprise by the Indians, Colonel Harper left the garrison and proceeded through the woods to Harpersfield, thence by an Indian path to Cherry-valley. In his way, as he was turning the point of a hill, he saw a company of Indians, who at the same time saw him. He dared not attempt flight, as he could expect no other than to be shot down in such attempt. He therefore determined to advance and

* A fine picture representing Penn's treaty with the Indians.

† And often Dominie-Peter. 2 Coll. N. Y. Hist. Soc. 74.

meet them without discovering fear. Concealing his regimentals as well as he could with his great-coat, he hastened onward to meet them. Before they met him, he discovered that Peter was their chief, with whom he had formerly traded much at Oquago, but who did not know him. Harper was the first to speak as they met, and his words were, "How do you do, brothers?" The chief answered, "Well—how do you do, brother? Which way are you bound?" The colonel replied, "On a secret expedition. And which way are you bound, brothers?" They answered without hesitation or distrust, thinking, no doubt, they had fallen in with one of the king's men, "Down the Susquehanna, to cut off the Johnstone settlement." This place, since called Sidney Plains, consisted of a few Scottish families, and their minister's name was Johnstone, hence the name of the settlement. The colonel next asked them where they lodged that night, and they told him "At the mouth of Scheneva's Creek." After shaking hands, they separated. As soon as they were out of sight, Harper made a circuit through the woods with all speed, and soon arrived at the head of Charlotte river, where were several men making sugar. This place was about ten miles from Decatur hill, where he met the Indians. He ordered them to take each a rope and provisions in their packs, and assemble at Evan's Place, where he would soon meet them; thence he returned to Harpersfield and collected the men there, which, including the others and himself, made fifteen, just equal to Peter's force. When they arrived at Evan's Place, upon the Charlotte, Harper made known his project. They set off, and before day next morning came into the neighborhood of the Indians' camp. From a small eminence, just at dawn of day, their fire was seen burning, and Peter, amidst his warriors, lying upon the ground. All were fast asleep. Harper and his companions each crept silently up, with their ropes in their hands, man to man, and each standing in a position to grasp his adversary, waited for the word to be given by their leader. The colonel jogged his Indian, and as he was waking, said to him, "Come, it is time for men of business to be on their way." This was the watchword, and no sooner was it pronounced, than each Indian felt the warm grasp of his foe. The struggle was desperate, though short, and resulted in the capture of every one of the party. When it was sufficiently light to distinguish countenances, Peter, observing Colonel Harper, said, "Ha! Colonel Harper! Now I know you! Why did I not know you yesterday?" The colonel observed, "Some policy in war, Peter." To which Peter replied, "Ah! me find em so now." These captives were marched to Albany, and delivered up to the commanding officer. By this capital exploit no doubt many lives were saved.

As has been noted, Red-Jacket died at his residence near Buffalo, on the 20th of January, 1830, aged about eighty years. In 1833, a grandson of his was chosen chief of the Senecas.

The famous Seneca chief, called the Farmers-Brother, is often mentioned in the accounts of Red-Jacket. His native name was Ho-na-ya-wus.

In 1792, Farmers-Brother was in Philadelphia, and was among those who attended the burial of Mr. Peter Jaquette, and is thus noticed in the Pennsylvania Gazette of 28th March, of that year: "On Monday last, the chiefs and warriors of the Five Nations assembled at the state-house, and were welcomed to the city of Philadelphia in an address delivered by the governor. Three of the chiefs made a general acknowledgment for the cordial reception which they had experienced, but postponed their formal answer until another opportunity. The room in which they assembled was mentioned as the ancient council-chamber, in which their ancestors and ours had often met to brighten the chain of friendship; and this circumstance, together with the presence of a great part of the beauty of the city, had an evident effect upon the feelings of the Indians, and seemed particularly to embarrass the elocution of the Farmers-Brother." This last clause does not correspond with our ideas of the great chief.

Through his whole life, Farmers-Brother seems to have been a peace-maker. In the spring of the next year, there was a great council held at Niagara, consisting of the chiefs of a great many nations, dwelling upon the shores of the western lakes. At this time, many long and laborious speeches were made, some for and others against the conduct of the United States. Farmers-Brother shone conspicuous at this time. His speech was nearly three hours long, and the final determination of the council was peace. We know of no speeches being preserved at this time, but if there could have been, doubtless much true history might have been collected from them. He seems not only to have been esteemed by the Americans, but also by the English.

Of Peter Jaquette, whom we have several times incidentally mentioned, we will give some account, before proceeding with Honayawus. He was one of the principal sachems of the Oneidas. This chief died in Philadelphia, March 19th, 1792. He had been taken to France by General Lafayette, at the close of the revolutionary war, where he received an education. Mr. Jaquette, having died on Monday, was interred on the following Wednesday. "His funeral was attended from Oeler's hotel to the Presbyterian burying-ground in Mulberry street. The corpse was preceded by a detachment of the light infantry of the city, with arms reversed, drums muffled, music playing a solemn dirge. The corpse was followed by six of the chiefs as mourners, succeeded by all the warriors; the reverend clergy of all denominations; secretary of war, and the gentlemen of the war department; officers of the federal army, and of the militia; and a number of citizens."

One of the most celebrated speeches of Farmers-Brother was delivered in a council at Genesee river, in 1798, and, after being interpreted, was signed by the chiefs present, and sent to the Legislature of New York. It follows:—

"Brothers, as you are once more assembled in council for the purpose of doing honor to yourselves and justice to your country, we, your brothers, the sachems, chiefs and warriors of the Seneca

nation, request you to open your ears and give attention to our voice and wishes.—You will recollect the late contest between you and your father, the great King of England. This contest threw the inhabitants of this whole island into a great tumult and commotion, like a raging whirlwind which tears up the trees, and tosses to and fro the leaves, so that no one knows from whence they come, or where they will fall.—This whirlwind was so directed by the Great Spirit above, as to throw into our arms two of your infant children, Jasper Parrish and Horatio Jones.* We adopted them into our families, and made them our children. We loved them and nourished them. They lived with us many years. At length the Great Spirit spoke to the whirlwind, and it was still. A clear and uninterrupted sky appeared. The path of peace was opened, and the chain of friendship was once more made bright. Then these our adopted children left us, to seek their relations; we wished them to remain among us, and promised, if they would return and live in our country, to give each of them a seat of land for them and their children to sit down upon.—They have returned, and have for several years past been serviceable to us as interpreters. We still feel our hearts beat with affection for them, and now wish to fulfil the promise we made them, and reward them for their services. We have, therefore, made up our minds to give them a seat of two square miles of land, lying on the outlets of Lake Eric, about three miles below Black-rock, beginning at the mouth of a creek known by the name of Scoyguquoydes creek, running one mile from the river Niagara up said creek, thence northerly as the river runs two miles, thence westerly one mile to the river, thence up the river as the river runs, two miles, to the place of beginning, so as to contain two square miles.—We have now made known to you our minds. We expect and earnestly request that you will permit our friends to receive this our gift, and will make the same good to them, according to the laws and customs of your nation. Why should you hesitate to make our minds easy with regard to this our request? To you it is but a little thing; and have you not complied with the request and confirmed the gifts of our brothers, the Oneidas, the Onondagas and Cayugas, to their interpreters? And shall we ask and not be heard? We send you this our speech, to which we expect your answer before the breaking up our great council fire."

A gentleman,† who visited Buffalo in 1810, observes that Farmers-Brother was never known to drink ardent spirits, and although then ninety-four years old, walked perfectly upright, and was remarkably straight and well formed; very grave, and answered his inquiries with great precision, but through his interpreter, Mr. Parrish, before named. His account of the mounds in that region will not give satisfaction. He told Dr. King that they were thrown up against the

* Taken prisoners at the destruction of Wyoming by the torics and Indians under Butler and Brant.

† Dr. William King, the celebrated electrician, who gives the author this information verbally.

incursions of the French, and that the implements found in them were taken from them; a great army of French having been overthrown and mostly cut off, the Indians became possessed of their accoutrements, which, being of no use to them, were buried with their owners.

He was a great warrior, and although "eighty snows in years" when the war of 1812 began, yet he engaged in it, and fought with the Americans. He did not live till its close, but died at Seneca village, just after the battle of Bridgewater, and was interred with military honors by the fifth regiment of United States Infantry. He usually wore a medal presented him by General Washington. In the revolution, he fought successfully against the Americans. Perhaps there never flowed from the lips of man a more sublime metaphor than that made use of by this chief, in the speech given above, when alluding to the revolutionary contest. It is worth repeating: "The Great Spirit spoke to the whirlwind, and it was still."

This celebrated chief was engaged in the cause of the French, in the old French war, as it is termed, and he once pointed out the spot to a traveller, where, at the head of a band of his warriors, he ambushed a guard that accompanied the English teams, employed between the Falls of Niagara and Fort Niagara, which had then recently surrendered to the English under Sir William Johnson. The place of the ambush is now called the Devil's Hole, and is a very noted place to inquisitive visitors of that romantic region, as it is but three and a half miles below the great Falls, and upon the American shore. It is said of this place, that "the mind can scarcely conceive of a more dismal-looking den. A large ravine, made by the falling in of the perpendicular bank, darkened by the spreading branches of the birch and cedar, which had taken root below, and the low murmuring of the rapids in the chasm, added to the solemn thunder of the cataract itself, contribute to render the scene truly awful. The English party were not aware of the dreadful fate that awaited them. Unconscious of danger, the drivers were gaily whistling to their dull ox-teams. Farmers-Brother and his band, on their arrival at this spot, rushed from the thicket which had concealed them, and commenced a horrid butchery." So unexpected was the attack, that all presence of mind forsook the English, and they made little or no resistance. The guard, the teamsters, the oxen, and the wagons were precipitated down into the gulf. But two of the men escaped; a Mr. Stedman, who lived at Sclosser, above the falls, who, being mounted on a fleet horse, effected his escape; and one of the soldiers, who was caught on the projecting root of a cedar, which sustained him until the Indians had left the place. He soon after got to Fort Niagara, and there gave an account of what had happened. The small rivulet that runs into the Niagara through the Devil's Hole, was, it is said, colored with the blood of the slain on that unfortunate day, and it now bears the name of Bloody-Run.

Farmers-Brother fought against the Americans in the revolution, and was no inconsiderable foe; but his acts were probably mostly in council, as we hear of no important achievements by him in the field.

The following remarkable incident should not be omitted in the life of this chief. In the war of 1812, a fugitive Mohawk from the enemy had endeavored to pass for a Seneca, and accordingly came under those of Red-Jacket and Farmers-Brother. The latter discovered him, and immediately appeared in his presence, and thus accosted him. "I know you well. You belong to the Mohawks. You are a spy. Here is my rifle, my tomahawk, my scalping-knife. Say which I shall use. I am in haste." The young Mohawk knew there was no reprieve, nor time to deliberate. He chose the rifle. The old chief ordered him to lie down upon the grass, and with one foot upon his breast, he discharged his rifle into his head.

The following letter will, besides exhibiting the condition of the Senecas, develope some other interesting facts in their biographical history.

"To the Honorable WILLIAM EUSTIS,

Secretary at War.

"The sachems and chief warriors of the Seneca nation of Indians, understanding you are the person appointed by the great council of your nation to manage and conduct the affairs of the several nations of Indians with whom you are at peace and on terms of friendship, come, at this time, as children to a father, to lay before you the trouble which we have on our minds.

"Brother, we do not think it best to multiply words; we will, therefore, tell you what our complaint is. Brother, listen to what we say. Some years since, we held a treaty at Big-tree, near the Genesee river. This treaty was called by our great father, the President of the United States. He sent an agent, Col. Wadsworth, to attend this treaty, for the purpose of advising us in the business, and seeing that we had justice done us. At this treaty, we sold to Robert Morris the greatest part of our country; the sum he gave us was one hundred thousand dollars. The commissioners, who were appointed on your part, advised us to place this money in the hands of our great father, the President of the United States. He told us our father loved his red children, and would take care of our money, and plant it in a field where it would bear seed forever, as long as trees grow, or waters run. Our money has heretofore been of great service to us; it has helped us to support our old people, and our women and children; but we are told the field where our money was planted has become barren. Brother, we do not understand your way of doing business. This thing is very heavy on our minds. We mean to hold our white brethren of the United States by the hand; but this weight lies heavy; we hope you will remove it. We have heard of the bad conduct of our brothers towards the setting sun. We are sorry for what they have done; but you must not blame us; we have had no hand in this bad business. They have had bad people among them. It is your enemies have done this. We have persuaded our agent to take this talk to your great council. He knows our situations, and will speak our minds.

(Subscribed with the marks of)

| | |
|-------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Farmers-Brother, (Honoyawus,) | Wheelbarrow, |
| Little Billy, (Gishkaka,) | Jack-Berry, |
| Young King, (Koyingquautah,) | Twenty Canoes, (Cachaunwasse,) |
| Pollard, (Kaoundoowand,) | Big-Kettle, (Sessewa ?) |
| Chief-Warrior, (Lunuchshewa,) | Half-Town, (Achiout,) |
| Two-Guns, | Keyandeande, |
| John Sky, | Captain-Cold, |
| Parrot-Nose, (Soocoowa,) | Esq. Binkley, |
| John Pierce, (Teskaiy,) | Capt. Johnson, (Talwinaha,) |
| Strong, (Kahalsta.) | |

"N. B. The foregoing speech was delivered in council by Farmers-Brother, at Buffalo creek, Dec. 19th, 1811, and subscribed to in my presence by the chiefs whose names are annexed.

ERASTUS GRANGER."

Eight thousand dollars* was appropriated immediately upon receipt of the above.

We find among the acts of the Pennsylvania Legislature of 1791, one "for granting eight hundred dollars to Corn-Planter, Half-Town and Big-Tree, Seneca chiefs, in trust for the Seneca nation." At this time much was apprehended from an Indian war. Settlers were intruding themselves upon their country, and all experience has shown that whenever the whites have gone among them, trouble was sure to follow. Every movement of the Indians was looked upon with jealousy by them at this period. Half-Town was the "white man's friend," and communicated to the garrisons in his country every suspicious movement of tribes of whom doubts were entertained. It is evident that hostile bands, for a long time, hovered about the post at Venango, and, but for the vigilance of Half-Town, and other friendly chiefs, it would have been cut off. In April this year, (1791,) Corn-Plant and Half-Town had upwards of one hundred warriors in and about the garrison, and kept runners out continually, "being determined to protect it at all events." Their spies made frequent discoveries of war-parties. On the 12th of August, 1791, Half-Town and New-Arrow gave information at Fort Franklin, that a sloop full of Indians had been seen on Lake Erie, sailing for Presqu'Isle; and their object was supposed to be Fort Franklin; but the conjecture proved groundless.

The Indian name of Half-Town was Achiout. We hear of him at Fort Harmer, in 1789, where, with twenty-three others, he executed a treaty with the United States. The commissioners on the part of the latter were General Arthur St. Clair, Oliver Wolcut, Richard Butler and Arthur Lee. Among the signers on the part of the Senecas were also Big-Tree, or Kiandogewa, Corn-Planter, or Gyan-twaia, besides several others whose names are familiar in history. Big-Tree was often called Great-Tree, which, in the language of the

* "In lieu of the dividend on the bank shares, held by the President of the U. States, in trust for the Seneca nation, in the bank of the U. States."

Five Nations, was Nihorontagowa, which also was the name of the Oneida nation. Big-Tree was with General Washington during the summer of 1778, but returned to the Indian nations in the autumn. He proceeded to the Senecas, and used his eloquence to dissuade them from fighting under Brant against the Americans. The Oneidas were friendly at this time, and Big-Tree was received among them with hospitality, in his way upon this mission. Having staid longer than was expected among the Senecas, the Oneidas sent a messenger to know the reason. He returned answer that when he arrived among his nation, he found them all in arms, and their villages, Kanadaseago and Jennessee, crowded with warriors from remote tribes; that they at first seemed inclined to hearken to his wishes, but soon learning by a spy that the Americans were about to invade their country, all flew to arms, and Big-Tree put himself at their head, "determined to chastise," he said, "the enemy that dared presume to think of penetrating their country." But we do not learn that he was obliged to maintain that hostile attitude, and doubtless returned soon after.

Corn-Planter was a warrior at Braddock's defeat, but whether a chief I do not learn; we will, however, according to our design, give an account of that signal disaster, in this connection. The French having established themselves upon the Ohio, within the territory claimed by the English, and built a fort upon it, as low down as the confluence of that river with the Monongahela, the latter were determined to dispossess them. This was undertaken by a force of about twenty-two hundred men, under the command of General Edward Braddock. With about thirteen hundred of these he proceeded on the expedition, leaving the rest to follow under Colonel Dunbar. Through nearly the whole course of his march, he was watched by spies from Fort Duquesne, (the name of the French fort on the Ohio,) and the earliest intelligence of his movements was carried there by Indian runners with the utmost despatch. When it was told among the Indians that the army was marching upon them in solid columns, they laughed with surprise, and said, one to another, "We'll shoot 'em down, all one pigeon!" and it will always be acknowledged that, in this, the Indians were not mistaken.

The French, it seems, formed but a small part of the force that defeated Braddock's army; the Indians planned and executed the operations chiefly themselves, and their whole force is said not to have exceeded four hundred men; but from the accounts of the French themselves, it is evident there were about six hundred Indians, and not far from two hundred and fifty French, who marched out to meet Braddock.

Early in the morning of the 9th of July, 1775, the English army arrived at a fording-place on the Monongahela, at the junction of the Youghiogany, which it passed in fine order, and pursued its march upon the southern margin of the river, to avoid the high and rugged ground on the north, which they would have had to encounter upon the other side. Washington often said afterwards, "that the most beautiful spectacle which he had ever beheld was the display of the

British troops on this eventful morning." They were in full uniform, and marched in the most perfect order, and dreamed of nothing but an easy conquest. About noon they arrived at their second crossing place, which was distant only ten miles from Fort Duquesne. It was here that the Indians and French had intended to commence their attack; but owing to some delay, they did not arrive in season, and therefore took a position further in advance, and awaited the approach of the English.

The French were commanded by M. de Beaujeu, who had for his lieutenant, M. Dumas. The place chosen for the ambush was the best possible, and the Indians never showed greater courage and firmness. It is said by the French, that they were for some time opposed to going out to fight the English, but that after several solicitations from M. Beaujeu, they consented; but the Indian account is as we have before stated.

Immediately on crossing the river the army were formed in three divisions, which was the order of march. A plain, or kind of prairie, which the army had to cross, extended from the river about half a mile, and then its route lay over an ascending ground, of very gentle ascent, covered with trees and high prairie grass. At the commencement of this elevation, began a ravine, which, as it extended up the rising ground, formed a figure resembling nearly that of a horse-shoe, and about one hundred and fifty yards in extent. Into this inclosure two divisions of the army had passed when the attack began.

Notwithstanding Washington had urged upon the general the propriety of keeping out scouting parties to avoid surprise, yet he would take no advice, and it is said, that on one occasion, he boisterously replied, "that it was high times for a young buckskin to teach a British general how to fight!" Such was his contempt for scouting-parties, that he accepted with cold indifference the services of George Croghan, who had offered himself with one hundred Indians for the important business of scouring the woods. The consequence was, the Indians, one after another, left the army in its march, much to the regret of Washington and other provincial officers, who knew how to appreciate their value.

When the first division of the army had nearly ascended the hill, as the rising ground was called, the Indians broke the silence of the morning with a most appalling yell, and at the same moment poured a most deadly fire from their coverts upon the devoted column. The first shocks were sustained with firmness, and the fire was returned, by which a few Indians were killed, and the French commander-in-chief, M. Beaujeu, mortally wounded. It is said that the Indians now began to waver, and but for the good conduct of M. Dumas, second in command, would have fled; but by his exertions order was restored, and the firing, which had not ceased, was redoubled.

The advanced column was commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Gage, since so well known as Governor of Massachusetts, in 1775. This column was about one hundred yards in advance of the second, which had just begun to ascend the hill when the attack began, and the main

body, under the general in person, was but a few rods in the rear of this, and on hearing the firing he pressed forward to support the engaged party.

Meanwhile the extensive line of Indians upon the right flank made an onset from their section of the ravine, and from their superior numbers, the shock could not be withstood, and the column was immediately broken, and began to retreat in disorder down the hill—confusion and dismay ensued—no exertions of the officers could prevent the panic from spreading among the regular troops, and the fight was afterwards continued in the utmost irregularity. Emboldened by the confusion of the English, the Indians now rushed upon them with their tomahawks, which, after near two hours, terminated the battle, and the field was left in their possession. Not only the field of battle, but all the killed and many of the wounded, all the artillery, (eleven pieces of cannon,) all the general's baggage, and even private papers, and all the ammunition and provisions, fell into the hands of the victors.

All but the Virginians fought for some time in the most wretched confusion; but the officers were mournfully sacrificed—sometimes charging the enemy in a body by themselves, hoping by their example to draw out their men in a manner to repel their adversaries; but all to no purpose: and it is not doubted but that the confused multitude of regulars killed many of their companions, as they often fired, fifty or a hundred in a huddle together, seemingly for no other object but to get rid of their ammunition. The Virginians fought in the Indian manner, behind trees and coverts; and it was owing to their good conduct that any of the wretched army escaped.

After having five horses shot under him, Gen. Braddock received a wound in his lungs, of which he died on the 13th of July, four days after the battle, at Fort Cumberland, whither he had arrived with a part of his shattered army. Washington had been suffering, for some time before arriving at the fatal battle-field, from a fever; and in a letter which he wrote to his mother, dated July 18th, he thus speaks of himself:—"The Virginia troops showed a good deal of bravery, and were nearly all killed; for I believe, out of three companies that were there, scarcely thirty men are left alive. Captain Peyrouny, and all his officers down to a corporal, were killed. Captain Polson had nearly as hard a fate, for only one of his were left. In short, the dastardly behaviour of those they call regulars exposed all others, that were inclined to do their duty, to almost certain death; and at last, in despite of all the efforts of the officers to the contrary, they ran, as sheep pursued by dogs, and it was impossible to rally them." "Sir Peter Halket was killed in the field, where died many other brave officers. I luckily escaped without a wound, though I had four bullets through my coat, and two horses shot under me. Captains Orme and Morris, two of the aids-de-camp, were wounded early in the engagement, which rendered the duty harder upon me, as I was the only person left to distribute the general's orders, which I was scarcely able to do, as I was not half recovered from a violent illness, that had confined me to my bed and wagon for above ten days."

We know of no battle in which so great a proportion of officers fell. There were eighty-six engaged in it, and sixty-three were killed and wounded, of whom twenty-six were killed. Besides those already named, there were among the wounded Colonel Burton, Sir John St. Clair, Colonel Orme, and Major Sparks. Of the private soldiers there were killed and wounded seven hundred and fourteen, half of whom were killed, or fell into the hands of the Indians, and suffered a cruel death afterwards. Mr. John Field, then a lieutenant, and Mr. Charles Lewis, two distinguished officers afterwards, escaped the carnage of Braddock's field to fall in a more fortunate place. They were colonels under General Andrew Lewis, and were killed in the battle of Point Pleasant, as will be found mentioned in the life of Logan.

In the year 1790, Big-Tree, Corn-Plant and Half-Town appeared at Philadelphia, and, by their interpreter, communicated to President Washington as follows:—

“Father: The voice of the Seneca nation speaks to you, the great counsellor, in whose heart the wise men of all the thirteen fires (thirteen United States) have placed their wisdom. It may be very small in your ears, and we, therefore, entreat you to hearken with attention; for we are able to speak of things which are to us very great.

“When your army entered the country of the Six Nations, we called you the town destroyer; to this day, when your name is heard, our women look behind them and turn pale, and our children cling close to the necks of their mothers.”

“When our chiefs returned from Fort Stanwix, and laid before our council what had been done there, our nation was surprised to hear how great a country you had compelled them to give up to you, without your paying to us any thing for it. Every one said, that your hearts were yet swelled with resentment against us for what had happened during the war, but that one day you would consider it with more kindness. We asked each other, What have we done to deserve such severe chastisement?

“Father: when you kindled your thirteen fires separately, the wise men assembled at them told us that you were all brothers, the children of one great father, who regarded the red people as his children. They called us brothers, and invited us to his protection. They told us that he resided beyond the great water, where the sun first rises; and that he was a king whose power no people could resist, and that his goodness was as bright as the sun. What they said went to our hearts. We accepted the invitation, and promised to obey him. What the Seneca nation promises, they faithfully perform. When you refused obedience to that king, he commanded us to assist his beloved men in making you sober. In obeying him, we did no more than yourselves had led us to promise.” “We were deceived, but your people, teaching us to confide in that king, had helped to deceive us, and we now appeal to your breast. Is all the blame ours?

“Father: when we saw that we had been deceived, and heard the invitation which you gave us to draw near to the fire you had kindled,

and talk with you concerning peace, we made haste towards it. You told us you could crush us to nothing, and you demanded from us a great country as the price of that peace which you had offered to us, as if our want of strength had destroyed our rights. Our chiefs had felt your power, and were unable to contend against you, and they therefore gave up that country. What they agreed to has bound our nation, but your anger against us must by this time be cooled, and although our strength is not increased, nor your power become less, we ask you to consider calmly,—Were the terms dictated to us by your commissioners reasonable and just."

They also remind the president of the solemn promise of the commissioners, that they should be secured in the peaceable possession of what was left to them, and then ask, "Does this promise bind you?" And that no sooner was the treaty of Fort Stanwix concluded, than commissioners from Pennsylvania came to purchase of them what was included within the lines of their State. These they informed that they did not wish to sell, but being further urged, consented to sell a part. But the commissioners said that "they must have the whole," for it was already ceded to them by the King of England at the peace following the revolution; but still, as their ancestors had always paid the Indians for land, they were willing to pay them for it. Being not able to contend, the land was sold. Soon after this they empowered a person to let out a part of their land, who said Congress had sent him for the purpose, but who, it seems, fraudulently procured a *deed* instead of a *power* to lease; for there soon came another person claiming all their country northward of the line of Pennsylvania, saying that he had purchased it of the other, and for which he had paid 20,000 dollars to him and 20,000 more to the United States. He now demanded the land, and, on being refused, threatened immediate war. Knowing their weak situation, they held a council, and took the advice of a white man, whom they took to be their friend, but who, as it proved, had plotted with the other, and was to receive some of the land for his agency. He therefore told them they must comply. "Astonished at what we heard from every quarter," they say, "with hearts aching with compassion for our women and children, we were thus compelled to give up all our country north of the line of Pennsylvania, and east of the Genesee river, up to the great forks, and east of a south line drawn up from that fork to the line of Pennsylvania." For this he agreed to give them 10,000 dollars down, and 1,000 dollars a year forever. Instead of that, he paid them 2,500 dollars, and some time after offered 500 dollars more, insisting that that was all he owed them, which he allowed to be yearly. They add,

"Father: you have said that we were in your hand, and that by closing it you could crush us to nothing. Are you determined to crush us? If you are, tell us so, that those of our nation who have become your children, and have determined to die so, may know what to do. In this case, one chief has said he would ask you to put him out of his pain. Another, who will not think of dying by the hand of

his father or his brother, says he will retire to the Chataughque, eat of the fatal root, and sleep with his fathers in peace.

"All the land we have been speaking of belonged to the Six Nations. No part of it ever belonged to the King of England, and he could not give it to you."

"Hear us once more. At Fort Stanwix we agreed to deliver up those of our people who should do you any wrong, and that you might try them and punish them according to your law. We delivered up two men accordingly. But instead of trying them according to your law, the lowest of your people took them from your magistrate, and put them immediately to death. It is just to punish the murderer with death, but the Senecas will not deliver up their people to men who disregard the treaties of their own nation."

There were many other grievances enumerated, and all in a strain which, we should think, would have drawn forth immediate relief. In his answer, President Washington said all, perhaps, which could be said in his situation, and his good feelings are manifest throughout; still there is something like evasion in answering some of their grievances, and an omission of notice to others. His answer, nevertheless, gave them much encouragement. He assured them that the lands obtained from them by fraud was not sanctioned by the government, and that the whole transaction was declared null and void; and that the persons who murdered their people should be dealt with as though they had murdered white men, and that all possible means would be used for their apprehension, and rewards should continue to be offered to effect it. But we have not learned that they were ever apprehended. The land conveyed by treaty, the president informed them, he had no authority to concern with, as that act was before his administration.

The above speech, although appearing to be a joint production, is believed to have been dictated by Corn-Planter. It however was no doubt the sentiments of the whole nation, as well as those of himself, Half-Town, and Big-Tree. Of this last named chief we will here speak as follows:—In 1791, an act passed the legislature of Pennsylvania, "to empower the governor to grant a patent to Big-Tree, a Seneca chief, for a certain island in the Alleghany river." He lamented the disaster of St. Clair's army, and was heard to say afterwards that he would have two scalps for General Butler's, who fell and was scalped in that fight. John Deckard, another Seneca chief, repeated the same words. Being on a mission to Philadelphia in April, 1792, he was taken sick at his lodgings, and died after about twenty hours' illness. Three days after, being Sunday, the 22d, he was buried with all requisite attention. The river Big-Tree was probably named from the circumstance of this chief having lived upon it. His name still exists among some of his descendants, or others of his tribe, as we have seen it subscribed to several instruments within a few years. To return to Corn-Planter.

His Indian name, as we have before noted, was Gyantwaia, and most of our knowledge concerning him is derived from himself, and

is contained in a letter sent from him to the Governor of Pennsylvania; and, although written by an interpreter, is believed to be the real production of Corn-Planter. It was dated "Alleghany river, 2d mo. 2d, 1822," and is as follows:

"I feel it my duty to send a speech to the Governor of Pennsylvania at this time, and inform him the place where I was from, which was at Conewaugus, on the Genesee river.

"When I was a child, I played with the butterfly, the grasshopper, and the frogs; and as I grew up, I began to pay some attention and play with the Indian boys in the neighborhood, and they took notice of my skin being a different color from theirs, and spoke about it. I inquired of my mother the cause, and she told me that my father was a resider in Albany. I still eat my victuals out of a bark dish. I grew up to be a young man, and married me a wife, and I had no kettle or gun. I then knew where my father lived, and went to see him, and found he was a white man, and spoke the English language. He gave me victuals whilst I was at his house, but when I started to return home, he gave me no provision to eat on the way. He gave me neither kettle nor gun, neither did he tell me that the United States were about to rebel against the government of England.

"I will now tell you, brothers, who are in session of the legislature of Pennsylvania, that the Great Spirit has made known to me that I have been wicked, and the cause thereof was the revolutionary war in America. The cause of Indians having been led into sin, at that time, was that many of them were in the practice of drinking and getting intoxicated. Great Britain requested us to join with them in the conflict against the Americans, and promised the Indians land and liquor. I myself was opposed to joining in the conflict, as I had nothing to do with the difficulty that existed between the two parties. I have now informed you how it happened that the Indians took a part in the revolution, and will relate to you some circumstances that occurred after the close of the war. General Putnam, who was then at Philadelphia, told me there was to be a council at Fort Stanwix, and the Indians requested me to attend on behalf of the Six Nations, which I did, and there met with three commissioners who had been appointed to hold the council. They told me they would inform me of the cause of the revolution, which I requested them to do minutely. They then said that it had originated on account of the heavy taxes that had been imposed upon them by the British government, which had been for fifty years increasing upon them; that the Americans had grown weary thereof, and refused to pay, which affronted the king. There had likewise a difficulty taken place about some tea, which they wished me not to use, as it had been one of the causes that many people had lost their lives. And the British government now being affronted, the war commenced, and the cannons began to roar in our country. General Putnam then told me, at the council at Fort Stanwix, that by the late war the Americans had gained two objects: they had established themselves an independent nation, and had obtained some land to live upon, the division line of which, from

Great Britain, run through the lakes. I then spoke, and said that I wanted some land for the Indians to live on, and General Putnam said that it should be granted, and I should have land in the State of New York for the Indians. General Putnam then encouraged me to use my endeavors to pacify the Indians generally, and, as he considered it an arduous task to perform, wished to know what I wanted for pay therefor. I replied to him, that I would use my endeavors to do as he had requested with the Indians, and for pay thereof I would take land. I told him not to pay me money or dry goods, but land. And for having attended thereto I received the tract of land on which I now live, which was presented to me by Governor Mifflin. I told General Putnam that I wished the Indians to have the exclusive privilege of the deer and wild game, which he assented to. I also wished the Indians to have the privilege of hunting in the woods, and making fires, which he likewise assented to.

"The treaty that was made at the afore-mentioned council has been broken by some of the white people, which I now intend acquainting the governor with. Some white people are not willing that Indians should hunt any more, whilst others are satisfied therewith, and those white people who reside near our reservation tell us that the woods are theirs, and they have obtained them from the governor. The treaty has been also broken by the white people using their endeavors to destroy all the wolves, which was not spoken about in the council at Fort Stanwix by General Putnam, but has originated lately.

"It has been broken again, which is of recent origin. White people wish to get credit from Indians, and do not pay them honestly according to their agreement. In another respect it has also been broken by white people who reside near my dwelling; for when I plant melons and vines in my field, they take them as their own. It has been broken again by white people using their endeavors to obtain our pine-trees from us. We have very few pine-trees on our land, in the State of New York, and white people and Indians often get into dispute respecting them. There is also a great quantity of whiskey brought near our reservation by white people, and the Indians obtain it and become drunken. Another circumstance has taken place which is very trying to me, and I wish the interference of the governor.

"The white people, who live at Warren, called upon me, some time ago, to pay taxes for my land; which I objected to, as I had never been called upon for that purpose before; and having refused to pay, the white people became irritated, called upon me frequently, and at length brought four guns with them and seized our cattle. I still refused to pay, and was not willing to let the cattle go. After a time of dispute, they returned home, and I understood the militia was ordered out to enforce the collection of the tax. I went to Warren, and, to avert the impending difficulty, was obliged to give my note for the tax, the amount of which was forty-three dollars and seventy-nine cents. It is my desire that the governor will exempt me from paying taxes for my land to white people; and also cause that the money I am now obliged to pay, may be refunded to me, as I am very poor. The

governor is the person who attends to the situation of the people, and I wish him to send a person to Alleghany, that I may inform him of the particulars of our situation, and to be authorised to instruct the white people in what manner to conduct themselves towards the Indians.

"The government has told us that when any difficulties arose between the Indians and white people, they would attend to having them removed. We are now in a trying situation, and I wish the governor to send a person authorised to attend thereto, the forepart of next summer, about the time that grass has grown big enough for pasture.

"The governor formerly requested me to pay attention to the Indians, and take care of them. We are now arrived at a situation that I believe Indians cannot exist, unless the governor should comply with my request, and send a person authorised to treat between us and the white people, the approaching summer. I have now no more to speak."

Whether the government of Pennsylvania acted at all, or, if at all, what order they took, upon this pathetic appeal, our author does not state. But that an independent tribe of Indians should be taxed by a neighboring people, is absurd in the extreme; and we hope we shall learn that not only the tax was remitted, but a remuneration granted for the vexation and damage.

Corn-Plant was very early distinguished for his wisdom in council, notwithstanding he confirmed the treaty of Fort Stanwix of 1784; five years after, at the treaty of Fort Harmer, he gave up an immense tract of their country, and for which his nation very much reproached him, and even threatened his life. Himself and other chiefs committed this act for the best of reasons. The Six Nations having taken part with England in the revolution, when the king's power fell in America, the Indian nations were reduced to the miserable alternative of giving up so much of their country as the Americans required, or the whole of it. In 1790, Corn-Plant, Half-Town and Big-Tree, made a most pathetic appeal to Congress for an amelioration of their condition, and a reconsideration of former treaties, in which the following memorable passage occurs:—

"Father: we will not conceal from you that the great God, and not men, has preserved the Corn-Plant from the hands of his own nation. For they ask continually, 'Where is the land on which our children, and their children after them, are to lie down upon? You told us that the line drawn from Pennsylvania to Lake Ontario would mark it forever on the east, and the line running from Beaver creek to Pennsylvania would mark it on the west, and we see that it is not so; for, first one, and then another, come and take it away by order of that people which you tell us promised to secure it to us.' He is silent, for he has nothing to answer. When the sun goes down, he opens his heart before God, and earlier than the sun appears, again upon the hills he gives thanks for his protection during the night. For he feels that when men become desperate by the injuries they

sustain, it is God only that can preserve him. He loves peace, and all he had in store he has given to those who have been robbed by your people, lest they should plunder the innocent to repay themselves. The whole season, which others have employed in providing for their families, he has spent in endeavors to preserve peace; and this moment his wife and children are lying on the ground, and in want of food."

In President Washington's answer, we are gratified by his particular notice of this chief. He says, "The merits of the Corn-Plant, and his friendship for the United States, are well known to me, and shall not be forgotten; and, as a mark of esteem of the United States, I have directed the secretary of war to make him a present of two hundred and fifty dollars, either in money or goods, as the Corn-Plant shall like best."

There was, in 1789, a treaty held at Marietta, between the Indians and Americans, which terminated "to the entire satisfaction of all concerned. On this occasion, an elegant entertainment was provided. The Indian chiefs behaved with the greatest decorum throughout the day. After dinner, we were served with good wine, and Corn-Planter, one of the first chiefs of the Five Nations, and a very great warrior, took up his glass and said, 'I thank the Great Spirit for this opportunity of smoking the pipe of friendship and love. May we plant our own vines—be the fathers of our own children—and maintain them.'"

In 1790, an act passed the Legislature of Pennsylvania, for "granting eight hundred dollars to Corn-Planter, Half-Town and Big-Tree, in trust for the Seneca nation, and other purposes therein mentioned." In February, 1791, Corn-Plant was in Philadelphia, and was employed in an extremely hazardous expedition to undertake the pacification of the western tribes, that had already shown themselves hostile. The mission terminated unfavorably, from insurmountable difficulties. There were many, at this time, as in all Indian wars, who entertained doubts of the fidelity of such Indians as pretended friendship. Corn-Plant did not escape suspicion; but, as his after-conduct showed, it was entirely without foundation. In the midst of these imputations, a letter written at Fort Franklin says, "I have only to observe that the Corn-Plant has been here, and, in my opinion, he is as friendly as one of our own people. He has advised me to take care; 'for,' said he, 'you will soon have a chance to let the world know whether you are a soldier or not.' When he went off, he ordered two chiefs and ten warriors to remain here, and scout about the garrison, and let me know if the bad Indians should either advance against me, or any of the frontiers of the United States. He thinks the people at Pittsburg should keep out spies towards the salt licks, for he says, by and by, he thinks, the bad Indians will come from that way."

In 1772, the following advertisement appeared, signed by Corn-Plant: "My people having been charged with committing depredations on the frontier inhabitants near Pittsburg, I hereby contradict the assertion, as it is certainly without foundation, and pledge myself to

those inhabitants, that they may rest perfectly secure from any danger from the Senecas residing on the Alleghany waters, and that my people have been and still are friendly to the U. States."

About the time Corn-Plant left his nation to proceed on his mission to the hostile tribes, as three of his people were travelling through a settlement upon the Genesee, they stopped at a house to light their pipes. There happened to be several men within, one of whom, as the foremost Indian stooped down to light his pipe, killed him with an axe. One of the others was badly wounded with the same weapon, while escaping from the house. They were not pursued, and the other, a boy, escaped unhurt. (The poor wounded man, when nearly well of the wound, was bitten by a snake, which caused his immediate death.) When Corn-Plant knew what happened, he charged his warriors to remain quiet, and not to seek revenge, and was heard only to say, "It is hard, when I and my people are trying to make peace for the whites, that we should receive such reward. I can govern my young men and warriors better than the thirteen fires can theirs." How is it that this man should practise upon the maxims of Confucius, of whom he never heard? (Do ye to others as ye would that they should do unto you;) and the monster in human form, in a gospel land, taught them from his youth, should show, by his actions, his utter contempt of them, and even of the divine mandate?

In 1816, the Reverend Timothy Alden, then president of Alleghany college, in Meadville, Pennsylvania, visited the Seneca nation. At this time, Corn-Plant lived seven miles below the junction of the Connewango with the Alleghany, upon the banks of the latter, "on a piece of first-rate bottom land, a little within the limits of Pennsylvania." Here was his village, which exhibited signs of industrious inhabitants. He then owned thirteen hundred acres of land, six hundred of which comprehended his town. "It was grateful to notice," observes Mr. Alden, "the present agricultural habits of the place, from the numerous enclosures of buckwheat, corn and oats. We also saw a number of oxen, cows and horses; and many logs designed for the saw-mill and the Pittsburg market." Corn-Plant had, for some time, been very much in favor of the Christian religion, and hailed with joy such as professed it. When he was apprised of Mr. Alden's arrival, he hastened to welcome him to his village, and wait upon him. And notwithstanding his high station as a chief, having many men under his command, he chose rather, "in the ancient patriarchal style," to serve his visitors himself; he, therefore, took care of their horses, and went into the field, cut and brought oats for them.

The Western Missionary Society had, in 1815, at Corn-Plant's "urgent request," established a school at his village, which, at this time, promised success.

Corn-Plant received an annuity from the United States of two hundred and fifty dollars, besides his proportion of nine thousand dollars, divided equally among every member of the nation.

Gos-kuk-ke-wa-na-kon-ne-di-yu, commonly called the Prophet, was

brother to Corn-Plant, and resided in his village. He was of little note, and died previous to 1816. Corn-Plant, we believe, was, when living, like all other unenlightened people, very superstitious. Not long since, he said the Good Spirit had told him not to have any thing to do with the whites, or even to preserve any mementos or relics they had from time to time given him; whereupon, among other things, he burnt up his belt and broke his elegant sword. He often mentions his having been at Braddock's defeat. Henry Obeal, his son, he sent to be educated among the whites. He became a drunkard on returning to his home, and is now discarded by his father. Corn-Plant has other sons; but he says no more of them shall be educated among the whites, for he says, "It entirely spoil Indian." And although he countenances Christianity, he does not do it, it is thought, from a belief of it, but probably from the same motives as too many whites do.

The following story, M. Bayard says, was told him by Corn-Planter. We have often heard a similar one, and as often a new origin; but never before that it originated with William Penn. However, as our author observes, as we have more respect for truth than great names, we will relate it. Penn proposed to the Indians to sell him as much land as he could encompass with the hide of a bullock. They, supposing he meant only what ground would be covered by it, when it was spread out, and looking upon what was offered as a good price, consented to the proposition. Penn, like Didon, cut the skin into a line of immense length, to the astonishment of the venders, who, in silent indignation, religiously observed their contract. The quantity of land encompassed by the line is not mentioned; but, more or less, the Indians had passed their word, and they scorned to break it, even though they would have been justified by the discovery of the fraud. We do not vouch for the truth of this matter, nor do we believe William Penn ever practised a trick of the kind. No doubt some person did; and perhaps Corn-Planter had been told that it was Penn.

We have now to record the death of the venerable Corn-Plant. He died at his residence on the Seneca reservation, on the 7th of March last, 1836, aged upwards of one hundred years.

Teaslaegee, or Charles Corn-Planter, was a party of the treaty of Moscow, N. Y., in 1823. He was probably a son of Koeentwahk, Gyantwaia.

CHAPTER VII.

CAPTAIN PIPE—SITUATION OF AFFAIRS ON THE FRONTIERS AT THE PERIOD OF THE REVOLUTION—SAD CONDITION OF THE MORAVIAN INDIANS AT THIS PERIOD—REMARKABLE DELIVERANCE—COLO. BROADHEAD'S EXPEDITION—BRUTAL MASSACRE OF A CHIEF—MURDER OF MAJOR TRUEMAN AND OTHERS, IN THE BATTLE OF PRESQU'ISLE—HIS GREAT INTREPIDITY—EXPEDITION AND DEFEAT OF COLONEL CRAWFORD, WHO IS BURNT AT THE STAKE, AND MANY MORE—DEFEAT OF GEN. ST. CLAIR'S ARMY—INCIDENTS IN THAT AFFAIR—ANECDOTES—BLUE JACKET—DEFEATED BY GENERAL WAYNE IN THE BATTLE OF PRESQU'ISLE.

Pipe, or Captain Pipe,* as he is usually called, from his having been a most conspicuous war-captain among the Delawares, during the period of the revolution, in particular, was chief of the Wolf tribe. His character is a very prominent one, in the memorable troubles among the frontier settlements, at the breaking out of the war. Situated as were the Delawares between the English of Canada and the Americans, it was hardly to be expected but that they should be drawn into that war. They could not well weigh its merits or demerits upon either side. A speech of the renowned Corn-Plant contains the best commentary upon this matter. The English stood much the best chance of gaining the Indians to their interest, inasmuch as they were profuse in their presents of what was useful to them, as well as ornamental, whereas the Americans required all their resources to carry on the war. The commanding officer at Detroit, believing that the Moravian Indians upon the Susquehanna favored the Americans, ordered them, dead or alive, with their priests, to be brought into Canada. The Iroquois agreed that it should be done, but, unwilling to do it themselves, sent messengers to the Chippewas and Ottawas, to intimate that, if they would do it, "they should have them to make soup of." These two tribes, however, refused, and the Half-King of the Hurons undertook it himself. He had been formerly very friendly to the believing Indians, and now pretended that he only concluded to seize upon them, to save them from destruction; and, Mr. Loskiel adds, "even the Half-King would certainly never have agreed to commit this act of injustice, had not the Delaware, Captain Pipe, a noted enemy of the gospel and of the believing Indians, instigated him to do it." Pipe and his company of Delawares, joined by Half-King and his warriors, and some Shawanese, held a war-feast, roasted a whole ox, and agreed upon the manner of proceeding. The captains only of this expedition knew fully its destination. With such secrecy did they proceed, that the Moravian settlements knew nothing of their approach, until they were in their vicinity. They bore an English flag, and an English officer was among them. It was now August 10th, 1781. Half-King sent in a message to Salem, requesting the inhabitants not to be alarmed, for they should receive no injury, and that he had good words to speak to them, and wished to know at which of the settlements they might hold a council with them.

* For a description of this chief, see Chapter XVI. of Indian Biography.

Gnadenhuetten being fixed upon, all assembled there upon the 11th of August.

Meanwhile, the numbers of Pipe's expedition had increased from one hundred and forty to three hundred, and about ten days after, Half-King made a speech to the believing Indians and their teachers.

One circumstance, illustrative of savage superstition, we will notice here. When Pipe's warriors were about to force the brethren to leave their dwellings, it was almost unanimously concluded at one time by the chiefs that the white brethren should be put to death. They, however, would not adventure upon such a deed without the advice of one of their common warriors, who was considered a great sorcerer. His answer was, "he could not understand what end it would answer to kill them." Upon this the chiefs held a council, in which it was resolved to kill not only the white brethren and their wives, but the Indian assistants also. When they made this resolution known to the sorcerer, he said to them, "Then you have resolved to kill my friends, for most of their chief people are my friends; but this I tell you, that if you hurt any one of them, I know what I will do!" This threat deterred them; thus were the missionaries as well as many others saved.

Blood having now begun to flow, barbarities followed in quick succession. Early in the spring of 1781,* Colonel Broadhead arrived near the Moravian town of Salem, and notified the inhabitants that he was on an expedition against the hostile Indians, and gave them that timely notice that they might collect their people, if any were abroad, that they might not be taken for enemies. "However," says Mr. Heckewelder, "whilst the colonel was assuring me that our Indians had nothing to fear, an officer came with great speed from one quarter of the camp, and reported that a particular division of the militia 'were preparing to break off for the purpose of destroying the Moravian settlements up the river, and he feared they could not be restrained from so doing.' They were, however, by the exertions of the commander-in-chief, aided by Colonel Shepherd, of Wheeling, partially prevented from their murderous design. Thus these Christian Indians were situated precisely like many of those of New England in Philip's war. But we have no instance to record of the latter, equal in extent for diabolical atrocity, to that of the massacre of Gnadenhuetten, elsewhere mentioned.

Meanwhile Colonel Broadhead proceeded to Coshocton, a hostile settlement near the forks of the Muskingum, and with such secrecy did he proceed that not a person escaped. How many fell into the hands of the army is not mentioned, but not long after, sixteen warriors were put to death with shocking manifestations of depravity. There accompanied Col. Broadhead's army a Delaware chief named Pekillon.† Sixteen of the captive warriors were designated by him

* Doddridge, Notes, 291, says this "campaign" was in the summer of 1780.

† The same who, afterwards, as I conclude, was a party to Wayne's treaty.

as perpetrators of murders, and they were forthwith tomahawked and scalped. They were executed pursuant to the decree of a court-martial.

Some extenuation had been urged for this revolting transaction, and that alone in which, perhaps, the mind can find any relief. But a short time before Broadhead's expedition, a large Indian force, called by the whites an army, collected, and set out for the destruction of northwestern Virginia. This army was divided into two parts, and their expectations were wrought up to a very high degree, which, when suddenly blasted, were changed into rage and fury. Having, in their march, taken a large number of captives, they retreated to a place of safety, and there tied them to trees and put them to death in their barbarous manner. This massacre was, however, confined to their male prisoners. Fathers, in presence of their families, were led forth to execution, amid tears and lamentations, which no creature but infuriated man could withstand. This barbarity was the more aggravating when it was contemplated that those who fell into their hands had made no resistance! Nothing, therefore, like just retribution was to be expected from an army of frontier militia, when vengeance was the only pursuit.

After every thing had been destroyed in the Indian country through which the Americans had passed, they returned to Pittsburg. Before leaving Coshocton, a shocking circumstance occurred, which alone was sufficient to have tarnished the most brilliant exploits. An Indian came to the side of the river over against the encampment, and called to the sentinels, who asked him what he wanted. He answered that he wished to see the "big captain" (the name by which Indians commonly designate the commander-in-chief). Colonel Broadhead appeared and asked him what he wanted, who replied, "To make peace." Then, said the colonel, send over some of your chiefs. The Indian interrogatively said, "May be you kill?" No, said the colonel, they shall come and go in safety. Hereupon a chief of most elegant appearance crossed to the encampment, and—I hesitate to relate it—while the chief was conversing with the colonel, a monster, of the militia, came up, and with a tomahawk, which he had concealed in his clothes, laid him dead with a single stroke! The name of this fiend was Wetzel. The army soon began its retreat, and Colonel Broadhead having put his prisoners, (about twenty in number,) into the care of the soldiers, they immediately began to massacre them; all except a few women and children were killed. These were taken to Pittsburg, and afterwards exchanged for an equal number of white prisoners. Thus the peace which might have been concluded was unhappily suspended, and the war afterwards might well have been expected to exhibit scenes no less bloody than before.

A chief, called Pachgantschihilas, distinguished himself upon the frontiers, immediately upon the retreat of Colonel Broadhead's army; not as many others have, but by magnanimity and address. And subsequently his name was set to many treaties between his nation and the United States, from that of General Wayne at Greenville to

that of St. Mary's in 1818: if, indeed, Petchenanalas, Bokongahelas, and several other variations, stand for the same person. His name, according to Heckewelder, signified a fulfiller, or one who succeeds in all he undertakes. He was a son of a great chief, whose name is written Wewandochwalend, which signified one employed on important messages; and who in the French war was a great captain, and in peace a great counsellor. He had upon his under lip and chin tattooed the figure of a water lizard, on which account he was often called Tweegachschasu. Bokongahelas was head warrior of all the Delawares who lived on the Miami and White rivers.

Petchenanalas, at the head of eighty warriors, appeared suddenly at Gnadenhuetten, surrounding it before day, allowing no one a chance for escape. Not knowing his object, the people were filled with terror. But he soon dispelled their fears, by telling them that he came to take the chief Gelelemend, and a few other head men, whom he would have, either dead or alive. As it happened, not one of those he sought after was there at the time. Having satisfied himself of this fact, the chief demanded that deputies from the three Christian towns should meet to hear what he had to say to them. When the deputies and others had met, he spoke to them as follows:—

“Friends and kinsmen, listen to what I say to you. You see a great and powerful nation divided. You see the father fighting against the son, and the son against the father.—The father has called on his Indian children to assist him in punishing his children, the Americans, who have become refractory. I took time to consider what I should do; whether or not I should receive the hatchet of my father, to assist him. At first I looked upon it as a family quarrel, in which I was not interested. At length it appeared to me, that the father was in the right, and his children deserved to be punished a little.—That this must be the case, I concluded from the many cruel acts his offspring had committed, from time to time, on his Indian children—in encroaching on their lands, stealing their property—shooting at and murdering, without cause, men, women, and children:—yes, even murdering those, who at all times had been friendly to them, and were placed for protection under the roof of their father's house;* the father himself standing sentry at the door, at the time!—Friends and relatives, often has the father been obliged to settle and make amends for the wrongs and mischiefs done us, by his refractory children; yet these do not grow better. No! they remain the same, and will continue to be so, as long as we have any land left us! Look back at the murders committed by the Long-Knives on many of our relations, who lived peaceable neighbors to them on the Ohio! Did they not kill them without the least provocation?—Are they, do you think, better now, than they were then? No! indeed not; and many days are not elapsed, since you had a number of these very men near your doors, who panted to kill you, but fortunately were prevented from so

* Alluding to the murder of the Conestoga Indians, which was as atrocious as that at Gnadenhuetten, and of which we shall in due course give a relation.

doing, by the Great Sun, who, at that time, had by the Great Spirit been ordained to protect you!"

The chief then spoke with respect to their peaceable mode of life, and commended their desire to live in friendship with all mankind; but said, they must be aware of their exposed situation—living in the very road the hostile parties must pass over, in going to fight each other; that they had just escaped destruction from one of these parties; that therefore no time should be lost, but they should go to the country on the Miami, where they would be entirely out of danger.

The Christian Indians replied, that, as they had never injured the Americans, they thought they need not fear injury from them; that if their friends at war wished them well, in truth, they would not make their settlement upon the path they took to go to war, as it would lead their antagonists the same way; and that they could not remove without great detriment; and therefore, as they were then situated, they could not consent to go.

Pachgantschihilas consulted in the mean time with his chief men, and answered very feelingly to what the brethren had said. He observed that he was sorry that they should differ from him in opinion, but that he had no intention to use compulsion, and only requested that those might be permitted to go whose fears prompted them to it. This was readily assented to, and the council broke up, and the warriors departed. At Salem they made a short stay, where they conducted themselves as they had done at Gnadenhuetten. Here a family of old people joined them, through fear of what Pachgantschihilas had predicted, and the event justified the proceeding! The massacre at Gnadenhuetten will ever be remembered with the deepest regret and indignation.

Nothing was feared from the good Petchenanalas; but the prowling monsters, M-Kee, Girty, Elliot, and perhaps others, calling themselves white, were the plotters of the ruin of the innocent people at Gnadenhuetten, which followed not long after.

Bokongahelas was not only a great, but a noble warrior. He took no delight in shedding blood; and when he raised the hatchet on the side of the British in the revolution, it was for the best of reasons; and would that numerous other allies we could name had acted from as pure motives! Our next notice of Bokongahelas is in 1792, when he showed himself no less magnanimous than at Gnadenhuetten and Salem. Colonel Hardin, Major Trueman, and several others, were sent, in May of this year, by Washington, with a flag of truce, to the Indian nations of the west, particularly the Maumee towns. They having arrived near the Indian town of Au Glaize, on the southwest branch of the Miami of the lake, fell in with some Indians, who treated them well at first, and made many professions of friendship, but in the end took advantage of them, while off their guard, and murdered nearly all of them. The interpreter made his escape, after some time, and gave an account of the transaction. His name was William Smally; and he had been some time before with the Indians, and had learned their manners and customs, which gave him some advantage in being

able to save himself. He was at first conducted to Au Glaize, and soon after to "Bokongahelas, king of the Delawares, by his captors." The chief told those that committed the murder, he was very sorry they had killed the men. That instead of so doing, they should have brought them to the Indian towns; and, if what they had to say had not been liked, it would have been time enough to have killed them then. Nothing, he said, could justify them for putting them to death, as there was no chance for them to escape. The truth was, they killed them to plunder their effects. Bokongahelas took Mr. Smally into his cabin, and showed him great kindness; told him to stay there until he could go safely to his former Indian friends. (He having been adopted into an Indian family, in place of one who had been killed, in his former captivity.) While here with Bokongahelas, which was near a month, Mr. Smally said the chief would not permit him to go abroad alone, for fear, he said, that the young Indians would kill him.

From another source we learn the names of several of the murdered. "A letter from Paris (in the new French settlement,) dated July 17th, states, that intelligence had been received at Fort Jefferson, of the death of Major Trueman, Mr. Freeman, Debachi and Jarrat. That this information was brought by two prisoners, who were laboring in a corn-field, and made their escape. The one had been taken prisoner at the time General Harmier was defeated—the other is Wm. Duer, of Capt. Buchanan's company of levies. They further inform, that on the 15th of June a party of Indians took eight men prisoners, who were making hay near Fort Jefferson; that when they had moved the prisoners some distance from the fort, they divided them—four were given to the Chippewas, and four to the Shawanese—that the Shawanese burnt the four unfortunately assigned to them—that the Chippewas took theirs home, to the intent of making laborers of them—that the Indians are determined for war, and will not treat, but will kill every white person that attempts to go to them, either with or without a flag—that their present plan is to cut off the escorts of provisions destined to the outposts, and by that means oblige the troops stationed there to surrender; and that for this purpose they kept two spies constantly out."

It is said that the conduct of the British, at the battle of Presqu'Isle, forever changed the mind of this chief, as it did that of many others, in regard to them. Bokongahelas said he would henceforth trust them no more. The fort at Maumee was critically situated, but by its own imprudence. The officers of it had told the Indians that if the battle turned against them, they should have protection in the fort. Immediately after, General Wayne informed them, that if they did protect the Indians in that event, he would treat them as though found in arms against him; therefore, thinking their own safety of more consequence than keeping their faith with the Indians, they barred the gates, and were idle spectators of those they had basely betrayed, cut down in great numbers by the swords of the horsemen, under their very ramparts!

It would seem, from a passage in the Memoirs of General Harrison,

that Bokongahelas died soon "after the treaty of 1804;" that if he had been alive, Mr. Dawson thinks, when Tecumseh and the Prophet enlisted so many nations against the Americans, he would not have suffered their plans to have been matured. The same author relates an incident of peculiar interest, concerning our subject, which is as follows:—After the fight with Wayne's army before mentioned, Bokongahelas collected the remnant of his band, and embarked with them in canoes, and passed up the river, to send a flag of truce to Fort Wayne. When the chief arrived against the British fort, he was requested to land, which he did. When he approached the sentinel, he demanded, "What have you to say to me?" He was answered that the commandant desired to speak with him. "Then he may come here," was the reply. The sentry then said the officer would not do that, and that he would not be allowed to pass the fort, if he did not comply with its rules. "What shall prevent me?" said the intrepid chief. Pointing to the cannon of the fort, the sentry said, "Those." The chief replied indignantly, "I fear not your cannon: after suffering the Americans to defile your spring, without daring to fire on them, you cannot expect to frighten Bokongahelas." He re-embarked, and passed the fort without molestation. By "defiling their spring," he meant an ironical reproach to the British garrison for their treachery to the Indians, which has been mentioned.

It is said that Bokongahelas was present at Fort M^cIntosh, at the treaty of 1785; but as his name is not among the signers, we suppose he was opposed to it. General George R. Clark, Arthur Lee, and Richard Butler, were the American commissioners; the former had been a successful warrior against the Indians, which gained him the respect of Bokongahelas; and when he had an opportunity, he passed the others without noticing them, but went and took General Clark by the hand and said, "I thank the Great Spirit for having this day brought together two such great warriors as Bokongahelas and General Clark."

Gelelemend, one of the most conspicuous of those noticed in the provision of the treaty of Fort M^cIntosh, we will proceed to consider in this place. His name signified a leader, but he was called Kill-Buck, because the whites had so called his father, and, to distinguish him, junior was added. Upon the death of White-Eyes, he, as that chief had done, accepted the office of chief, until the young heir should be old enough to fill the important place. He continued the course of measures carried on by his predecessor, but in spite of all he could do, Captain Pipe succeeded in defeating his designs. Such was the power of Pipe, that Gelelemend and his party were forced through fear to abandon their council-house at Goshocking, and retire under the protection of the Americans near Pittsburg. Here they supposed themselves safe, but they were soon disappointed; "for while the friendly chiefs, together with a number of their people, were peaceably living together on an island just below the town of Pittsburg, they were suddenly surprised and attacked by the murdering party which had returned from killing near a hundred of the Christian

Indians, and partly killed and partly put to flight; from whence this chief (Kill-Buck) saved his life only by taking to the river and swimming across to the point, or town, (of Pittsburg) leaving all his property behind; among which was the bag containing all the wampum speeches and written documents of William Penn and his successors for a great number of years, which had for so long a time been carefully preserved by them, but now had fallen into the hands of a murdering band of white savages, who killed at the same time the promising young Delaware chief above mentioned." The many services he rendered to Pennsylvania were known and appreciated; which services, however, being obnoxious to the enemy, drew their hatred upon him, so much so, that they ordered any that should meet with him to shoot him dead. He therefore remained concealed some time after the peace with the Indians, with his family, at Pittsburg. He finally joined the Christian Indians and lived under their protection; never venturing far from home, lest the Munseys should meet with and kill him. He was baptised by the name of William Henry, a name he had been long known under, and which was that of a distinguished member of Congress, conferred by himself. Kill-Buck died in the faith in January, 1811, aged about eighty.

At the time these peaceable Indians were murderously driven from their island, as just noticed, Big-Cat narrowly escaped the slaughter. He retired to the Miami country, where he afterwards died. He had been an able counsellor, and afterwards a chief of the Turtle tribe.

The name of Captain Pipe is unfortunately associated with the history of the lamented Colonel William Crawford, who perished at the stake, after suffering the most horrible and excruciating tortures possible for Indians to inflict. He was particularly obnoxious to them, from having been many years a successful commander against them. He fell into the hands of the Indians not far from Upper Sandusky, in the latter end of May, 1782. At this time he was arrived there at the head of a band of about five hundred volunteers, who were attacked and put to flight without having acquitted themselves like soldiers in any degree, except indeed some individual instances. At least a hundred were killed and taken, and of the latter but two are said ever to have escaped.

Captain Pipe, if not the principal, was probably one of the chief leaders of the Indians at this time. When the rout of the army began, instead of retreating in a body, they fled in small parties, and thus fell an easy prey into the hands of their pursuers. Colonel Crawford became separated from the main body of his soldiers by his extreme anxiety for his son and two or three other relations, who he suspected were in the rear, and therefore waited for them an unreasonable time. He at length fled, in company with a Dr. Knight and two others. Unfortunately, after travelling nearly two days, they were, with several others, surprised by a party of Delawares, and conducted to the old Wyandot town. Here Captain Pipe, with his own hands, painted Crawford and Knight black in every part of their bodies. A place called the new Wyandot town was not far off. To this place

they were now ordered, and Pipe told Crawford that when he arrived there his head should be shaved, of which, it seems, he did not understand the import. These miserable men were accompanied by Pipe and another noted Delaware chief, named Wingenim. Several other captives had been sent forward, and in the way, as Knight and Crawford passed along, they saw four of the mangled bodies of their friends lying upon the ground, dead and scalped. Nine others had been picked up at the same time the two just named were, and four of these were those murdered in the way. The other five met a like fate from the hands of the Indian squaws and boys at the destined village. Here Crawford and Knight saw Simon Girty, of whom no human being since, we apprehend, has spoken or written without indignation. He is represented to have witnessed the torture of Crawford with much satisfaction!

After the colonel was tied to the fatal post, Captain Pipe addressed the assembled Indians in an earnest speech, which, when he had closed, they all joined in a hideous yell, and fell to torturing the prisoner, which continued for about three hours, when he sunk down upon his face, and with a groan expired.

Dr. Knight was reserved for the same fate, and was present, and obliged to hear the agonising ejaculations of his friend, and at last to see him expire, without being able to render him even the assistance of a consoling word! Indeed, the thoughts of his own condition, and the end that awaited him, were as much, nay more, perhaps, than a rational mind could bear. There seemed no possibility of a deliverance, but it came in an unexpected hour. He was to be sent to the Shawanee town, and for this purpose was intrusted to a young warrior, who watched him incessantly. The distance was about forty miles, and during their march he found means to knock down his driver and make good his escape. He was twenty-one days in the wilderness alone, and was nearly famished when he arrived at Fort McIntosh. At the place to which he was destined by the Indians, Colonel Crawford's son, son-in-law, and several others, were put to death about the same time.

Wingenund, Winganond, or Wingaynoond, had an interview with Colonel Crawford immediately before his execution, and as the substance of what passed between the victim and the chief has been preserved, it shall here be given, not merely for the history which it contains, but as it strikingly brings to view the manner in which an Indian exercises his views of justice in an extraordinary case.

This chief had been known to Crawford some time before, and had been on terms of true friendship with him, and kindly entertained by him at his own house; and such acts of kindness all red men remember with gratitude. Wingenund does not appear to have been present when the first preparations were made for burning the prisoner, but resided not far from the fatal spot, and had retired to his cabin that he might not see the sentence of his nation executed upon one calling himself his friend; but Crawford requested that he might be sent for, cheering his almost rayless mind with the faint hope that he would

interpose and save him. Accordingly, Wingenund soon appeared in the presence of the bound and naked white man. He was asked by Crawford if he knew him, and said he believed he did, and asked, "Are you not Colonel Crawford?" "I am," said the colonel. The chief discovered much agitation and embarrassment, and ejaculated, "So!—Yes!—Indeed!" "Do you not recollect the friendship that always existed between us, and that we were always glad to see each other?" said Crawford. "Yes," said the chief, "I remember all this, and that we have often drank together, and that you have been kind to me." "Then I hope," added Crawford, "the same friendship still continues." "It would, of course," said Wingenund, "were you where you ought to be, and not here." "And why not here?" said the colonel; "I hope you would not desert a friend in time of need. Now is the time for you to exert yourself in my behalf, as I should do for you were you in my place." "Colonel Crawford," replied Wingenund, "you have placed yourself in a situation which puts it out of my power and that of others of your friends to do any thing for you." "How so, Captain Wingenund?" said the colonel. He added, "By joining yourself to that execrable man, Williamson, and his party,—the man who but the other day murdered such a number of the Moravian Indians, knowing them to be friends; knowing that he ran no risk in murdering a people who would not fight, and whose only business was praying." "But I assure you, Wingenund," said Crawford, "that had I been with him at the time, this would not have happened. Not I alone, but all your friends, and all good men, wherever they are, reprobate acts of this kind." "That may be," said Wingenund, "yet these friends, these good men, did not prevent him from going out again to kill the remainder of these inoffensive yet foolish Moravian Indians! I say foolish, because they believed the whites in preference to us. We had often told them that they would be one day so treated by those people who called themselves their friends! We told them that there was no faith to be placed in what the white men said; that their fair promises were only intended to allure us, that they might the more easily kill us, as they have done many Indians before they killed these Moravians." "I am sorry to hear you speak thus," said Crawford; "as to Williamson's going out again, when it was known that he was determined on it, I went out with him to prevent him from committing fresh murders." "This," said Wingenund, "the Indians would not believe, were even I to tell them so." Crawford then asked, "And why would they not believe it?" "Because," replied Wingenund, "it would have been out of your power to prevent his doing what he pleased." "Out of my power?" exclaimed the colonel; and asked, "Have any Moravian Indians been killed or hurt since we came out?" "None," answered the chief; "but you went first to their town, and finding it empty and deserted, you turned on the path towards us. If you had been in search of warriors only, you would not have gone thither. Our spies watched you closely. They saw you while you were embodying yourselves on the other side of the Ohio. They saw you cross

that river—they saw where you encamped at night—they saw you turn off from the path to the deserted Moravian town—they knew you were going out of your way—your steps were constantly watched, and you were suffered quietly to proceed until you reached the spot where you were attacked.”

Crawford, doubtless, with this sentence, ended his last rays of hope. He asked, with faint emotion, “What do they intend to do with me?” when Wingenund frankly replied, “I tell you with grief. As Williamson, with his whole cowardly host, ran off in the night at the whistling of our warriors’ balls, being satisfied that now he had no Moravians to deal with, but men who could fight, and with such he did not wish to have any thing to do,—I say, as he escaped, and they have taken you, they will take revenge on you in his stead.” “And is there no possibility of preventing this?” said Crawford; “can you devise no way to get me off? You shall, my friend, be well rewarded if you are instrumental in saving my life.” “Had Williamson been taken with you,” answered the chief, “I and some friends, by making use of what you have told me, might perhaps have succeeded in saving you, but as the matter now stands, no man would dare to interfere in your behalf. The King of England himself, were he to come to this spot, with all his wealth and treasure, could not effect this purpose. The blood of the innocent Moravians, more than half of them women and children, cruelly and wantonly murdered, calls aloud for revenge. The relatives of the slain, who are among us, cry out and stand ready for revenge. The nation to which they belonged will have revenge. The Shawanese, our grandchildren, have asked for your fellow-prisoner; on him they will take revenge. All the nations connected with us cry out, revenge! revenge! The Moravians whom you went to destroy, having fled, instead of avenging their brethren, the offence is become national, and the nation itself is bound to take revenge!” “My fate, then, is fixed,” said the wretched man, “and I must prepare to meet death in its worst form.” “Yes, colonel,” said the chief; “I am sorry for it, but cannot do any thing for you. Had you attended to the Indian principle, that as good and evil cannot dwell together in the same heart, so a good man ought not to go into evil company, you would not be in this lamentable situation. You see now, when it is too late, after Williamson has deserted you, what a bad man he must be! Nothing now remains for you but to meet your fate like a brave man. Farewell, Colonel Crawford! they are coming. I will retire to a solitary spot.”

Accordingly, a host of executioners were immediately upon him, and he died by their cruel hands, as we have already written. It is said that Wingenund shed tears at parting with his friend, and that ever after, when the circumstance was mentioned, he seemed very sensibly affected.

Colonel Crawford’s son was compelled to witness this cruel death of his father, and suffered the same fate immediately after.

The expedition of Colonel Crawford was not so laudably undertaken as many others, in as far as it was directed against the

Moravian towns upon the Muskingum, where many who composed it were determined that the Christian Indians, which they there expected to find, should glut their vengeance by their blood, as those at Gnadenhuetten had done but a short time before.

Chikatommo. In 1790, this chief succeeded in capturing many boats upon the Ohio river, killing many of those in them, and taking and destroying a vast amount of property. Among the boats which fell into the hands of Chikatommo, was one in which was a Mr. Charles Johnston, of Botetourt county, Virginia, and several others, and from whose narrative we derive much of this information,—a book replete with instruction, and one of the most valuable of its kind. As this company were descending the Ohio, in an unwieldy flat-bottomed boat, in which were a number of horses and considerable merchandise, two white men appeared upon the shore and called to them, affecting great distress, and begged to be taken on board. Before these two whites showed themselves, however, a smoke was seen above the trees, and for some time held them in doubt on which side of the river it was. They wished to ascertain this fact, as thereby they might keep close in upon the opposite shore, and so escape mischief in the event of an ambushment of Indians. They were thus wary, as the Indians were constantly doing mischief upon the rivers, and had but a short time before destroyed a settlement at a place called Kennedy's Bottom, in Kentucky.

It was before sunrise on the 30th of March, that the two white men before mentioned hailed the boat, which was safely out of the reach of fire-arms, having discovered the smoke to be upon the northwest shore, and therefore they kept upon the southwest. These white men, the more effectually to decoy the boat's crew, said they had been taken prisoners by the Indians at Kennedy's Bottom, and had just escaped from them, and unless they would take them on board, they must perish from hunger and cold. The truth was, one or both of them were abandoned wretches, who had leagued with a band of depredators under Chikatommo, and thus were the means of destroying many innocent lives in the most atrocious manner. When hailed by them, as we have just said, some in the boat were for listening to them, and some against it. In the mean time, the boat floated fast down the current, and left those on shore considerably in the rear, although they exerted themselves to keep abreast of the boat. Those who were against taking them on board had their objections well grounded; for when these men were asked the occasion of the smoke upon their side of the river, they denied that there had been any, or said they knew of no such thing; and this was urged as a sufficient reason why they should reject the other part of their story. Still, as the boat glided down, those on board debated the subject, and at length concluded, that if there were Indians where they first saw the men, they must then be far up the river, as it was thought impossible that they could have got through the woods so fast as they had floated down; and one of the company, a Mr. Flinn, whose kindness of heart brought upon them this calamity, proposed hazarding his own person

on shore, without in the least endangering the rest. His plan was as follows: that whereas they must now be out of the reach of the Indians, they should haul in, and barely touch upon the shore, and he would jump out, and the boat should at the same time haul off, so that, if the Indians should be coming, the boat would have time to get off safe, and as to himself, he could well outrun them, and would get on board the boat again at a certain point below. And thus was the humane plan laid of relieving supposed distress, the sad recompense of which we now proceed to relate.

One circumstance had not been taken into account by this devoted company. The current being rapid, it took them much longer than they had anticipated to gain the shore, and this gave some of the most swift-footed of Chikatommo's party time to arrive at the point at the same time with them. Having arrived close to the shore, Mr. Flinn had but barely cleared himself from the boat, when a large number of Indians, painted in the most frightful manner, came rushing upon them. Some of the boat's crew seized their guns, and determined to resist, while the others used every means to get their boat from the shore; but every thing seemed to conspire against them. Their boat became entangled in the branches of a large tree, and the whole body of Indians having arrived, being fifty-four in number, gave a horrible yell, and poured in their whole fire upon the boat. From the protection afforded by the side of the boat, one only was killed, Dolly Fleming, and Mr. Skyles wounded. All resistance was vain, and the others lay down upon the bottom of the boat, to prevent being immediately killed. The Indians kept up their fire until all the horses were shot down, which added much to the horror of the situation of those upon the bottom of the boat, as they were in great danger of being trampled to death by them before they fell, and afterwards from their strivings. When this was finished the firing ceased, and Mr. May stood up and held up a white cap in token of surrender, but he fell in a moment after, with a ball shot through his head. Several of the Indians now swam to the boat, and were helped into it by those within. Having now got possession of it, they seemed well pleased, and offered no further violence. All things were now taken on shore, and an immense fire kindled; the dead were scalped and thrown into the river, and the captives divested of most of their clothes. As several Indians were gathered around Mr. Johnston when he was stripped, one, observing that he had on a kind of red vest, approached and said to him in English, "Oh! you cappatin?" He said "No." Then the Indian pointed to his own breast, and said, "Mc cappatin—all dese my sogers." This was Chikatommo. An Indian, named Tom Lewis, discovered much humanity to Mr. Johnston, in that he covered him with his own blanket after he had lost his clothes.

Being all stationed about the fire, Chikatommo was at one end of it, (it being about fifty feet in length,) who, rising up, made a speech to the multitude. An old Shawanee chief, whose name is not mentioned, made the first speech, at the end of which Chikatommo conducted Johnston to another Shawanee chief, whose name was

Mes-shaw-a, to whom he was given or assigned, and informed that he was his friend. At the end of Chikatommo's speech, another prisoner was disposed of. The same ceremony was repeated with the third and last. Johnston, Skyles, and Flinn went to the Shawanese, and Peggy Fleming to the Cherokees. This band of robbers appears to have been made up of adventurers from the tribes just mentioned, with the addition of a few Delawares. The latter had none of the prisoners, as they did not wish to be known in the business, thinking it might involve their nation in a war with the United States.

The two white men who had decoyed the boat into the Indians' hands were still with them, and the next day all the captives were ordered to take a position upon the edge of the river, to decoy the first that should be passing. A boat soon appeared, and, repugnant as such an employment was to the feelings of these captives, yet they were obliged thus to do, or suffer a horrible death. Divine and Thomas were the names of the two whites so often mentioned: the former was the voluntary agent, and, as Mr. Johnston expresses it, the one who "alone had devised and carried into effect their destruction;" and, "ingenious in wicked stratagems, seemed to be perfectly gratified to aid the savages in their views, and to feel no scruples in suggesting means for their accomplishment. He fabricated a tale, that we were passengers down the Ohio, whose boat had suffered so great an injury that we were unable to proceed until it was repaired; but that for want of an axe, it was impossible for us to do the necessary work. These unsuspecting canoe-men turned towards us; but the current bore them down so far below us, as to preclude all chance of my putting them on their guard. (Mr. Johnston having intended by some sign to have given them warning of what awaited them.) The Indians, as they had acted in our case, ran down the river at such a distance from it, and under cover of the woods, that they were not discovered until the canoe was close to the shore, when they fired into it, and shot every one on board. As they tumbled into the water, their little bark was upset. Two, who were not yet dead, kept themselves afloat, but were so severely wounded that they could not swim off. The Indians leaped into the river, and after dragging them to the shore, despatched them with the tomahawk. The bodies of the four who were killed were also brought to land, and the whole six were scalped. All were then thrown into the river. Nothing I could then learn, or which has since come to my knowledge, has enabled me to understand who these unfortunate sufferers were."

After various successes and encounters upon the river, Chikatommo left it, and met a number of his company at an encampment about five miles from it. Here he left the rest, taking with him a select number and some of the Cherokees, with Miss Fleming; and the company with whom Johnston remained did not join him again for many days. After much delay and interesting incident, they reached the Indian town of Upper Sandusky. Here they squandered all their rich booty for whiskey, and, as usual, rioted in drunkenness for several days. Chikatommo at this time showed himself very savage to the prisoners,

and had he not been prevented by the humane and benevolent Mes-shawa, would have killed some of them. The unfortunate Skyles had some time before left them, and gone in an unknown direction with his cruel master.

A French trader at Sandusky, a Mr. Duchouquet, had used endeavors to ransom Johnston; but his master for some time would hear nothing of it. At length, having dissipated all his booty, and ashamed to return home in such a state, he concluded to sell Johnston for the most he could get; and accordingly six hundred silver broaches were paid him, equal in value to one hundred dollars, the amount agreed upon. Chikatommo and his party then took up their march for Detroit. Not long after this, Mr. Johnston returned home by way of that place. Before he left Sandusky, he was informed of the burning of the ill-fated Flinn: he suffered at the stake at the Miami village, and was eaten by his torturers. The Indian, who brought the news to Sandusky, said that he himself had feasted upon him.

King-Crane, a Wyandot chief, appears conspicuous in this narrative, and illustrates a valuable trait of character in Indian life. When Mr. Duchouquet and Johnston had arrived at Lower Sandusky, in their way to Detroit, the town was filled with alarm, and they soon learned the occasion to be from the arrival of some Cherokees in the neighborhood, with a female captive. The traders in the place immediately went to their camp, where they found Peggy Fleming, who some time before had been separated from Johnston and the other captives. Among those who went to see her, was a white man by the name of Whitaker, who, having been carried into captivity in his youth, had grown up in all the Indian habits, and being a man of considerable physical powers and enterprise, had become a chief among the Wyandots. He had been upon the frontiers with the Indians upon trading expeditions, and had lodged at times in Pittsburg, in the tavern of Miss Fleming's father. She immediately knew him, and besought him, in the most affecting manner, to deliver her from bondage. He went immediately to King-Crane, and told him that the woman with the Cherokees was his sister, and urged him to use means for her relief. King-Crane went without loss of time, and urged the Cherokees to restore her to her brother. They were enraged at the request, and there was danger of their murdering her lest she should be taken from them. He next tried to purchase her; but his benevolent offers were indignantly refused, and their rage was still increased. Resolved to rescue her out of their hands, King-Crane repaired to their camp early the next morning, accompanied with eight or ten young warriors. They found the Cherokees asleep, but the captive—it is shocking to humanity to relate—was without the least attire! extended and lashed to the stake! ready to be burned! her body painted all over with black. King-Crane silently cut the thongs with which she was bound, then awakened the murderers, and threw down upon the ground the price of a captive in silver broaches, (which are current money among them,) and departed. She was soon after sent forward for her home, disguised in the attire of a

squaw. The Cherokees prowled about seeking vengeance upon some white person for a few days, and then disappeared.

The reader may wish to know what became of Skyles:—he was taken to a place upon the Miami river, where he was doomed to be burnt, but made his escape the night previous to the day on which he was to have suffered. After enduring the most painful fatigues and hunger, from wandering alone in the wilderness, he met with some traders who conveyed him to Detroit, and from thence home to Virginia.

The sequel of the life of the old hard-hearted Chikatommo is as follows: For four years succeeding the events above related, he followed his depredating career, and was concerned in opposing the war parties of Americans until the time of General Wayne's famous expedition. As that veteran was advancing into the western region, Chikatommo met an advance party of his army at the head of a band of his desperate warriors, who were sent forward as the Indian forlorn hope. A sharp skirmish followed, and Chikatommo was slain. This was the action near Fort Defiance. King-Crane was also in arms to oppose General Wayne; but in the last war against England, he fought for the Americans, and is supposed to have died three or four years after its close. He was one of the signers of Wayne's famous treaty at Fort Greenville, and several others.

We now pass to a chief by far more prominent in Indian history than many who have received much greater notice from historians. This was Mishikinakwa, (a name by no means settled in orthography,) which, interpreted, is said to mean the Little-Turtle. To the different treaties bearing his name, we will find these spellings: Meshekunnoghquoh, Greenville, August 3rd, 1785; Meshekunnoghquoh, Fort Wayne, June 7th, 1803; Mashekanahquah, Vincennes, August 21st, 1805; Mesheknoghqua, Fort Wayne, Sept. 30th, 1809; and were we disposed to look into the various authors who have used the name, we might nearly finish out our page with its variations.

Little-Turtle was chief of the Miamies, and the scenes of his warlike achievements were upon the country of his birth. He had, in conjunction with the tribes of that region, successfully fought the armies of Harmer and St. Clair; and in the fight with the latter, he is said to have had the chief command; hence a detailed account of that affair belongs to his life.

It is well known that the Americans inveighed loudly against the English of Canada, in most instances, charging them with all the guilt of the enormities committed on their frontiers by the Indians. It is equally well known, at this day, by every judicious inquirer, that they were not so blameable as the Americans reported, nor so innocent as themselves and friends, even long after, pretended. That the British government encouraged depredations upon the frontiers in times of peace, should not too easily be received for truth; still, there is reason to believe that some who held inferior offices under it were secret abettors of barbarities. In the attack upon Gen. St. Clair's army, now about to be related, there was much cause of suspicion





against the Canadians, as it was known that many of them even exceeded in that bloody affair the Indians themselves. Mr. Weld, the intelligent traveller, says, "A great many young Canadians, and in particular many that were born of Indian women, fought on the side of the Indians in this action; a circumstance which confirmed the people of the States in the opinion they had previously formed, that the Indians were encouraged and abetted in their attacks upon them by the British. I can safely affirm, however, from having conversed with many of these young men who fought against St. Clair, that it was with the utmost secrecy they left their homes to join the Indians, fearful lest the government should censure their conduct."

The western Indians were only emboldened by the battles between them and detachments of Gen. Harmer's army, in 1790, and, under such a leader as Mishikinakwa, entertained sanguine hopes of bringing the Americans to their own terms. One murder followed another, in rapid succession, attended by all the horrors peculiar to their warfare, which caused President Washington to take the earliest opportunity of recommending Congress to adopt prompt and efficient measures for checking those calamities; and two thousand men were immediately raised and put under the command of General St. Clair, then governor of the northwestern Territory. He received his appointment the 4th of March, 1791, and proceeded to Fort Washington, by way of Kentucky, with all possible despatch, where he arrived May 15th. There was much time lost in getting the troops embodied at this place; Gen. Butler, with the residue, not arriving until the middle of September. There were various circumstances to account for the delays, which it is unnecessary to recount here.

Colonel Darke proceeded immediately on his arrival, which was about the end of August, and built Fort Hamilton, on the Miami, in the country of Little-Turtle; and soon after Fort Jefferson was built, forty miles farther onward. These two forts being left manned, about the end of October the army advanced, being about two thousand strong, militia included, whose numbers were not inconsiderable, as will appear by the miserable manner in which they not only confused themselves, but the regular soldiers also.

General St. Clair advanced but about six miles in front of Fort Jefferson, when sixty of his militia, from pretended disaffection, commenced a retreat; and it was discovered that the evil had spread considerably among the rest of the army. Being fearful they would seize upon the convoy of provisions, the general ordered Colonel Hamtramk to pursue them with his regiment, and force them to return. The army now consisted of but fourteen hundred effective men, and this was the number attacked by Little-Turtle and his warriors, fifteen miles from the Miami villages.

Colonel Butler commanded the right wing, and Colonel Darke the left. The militia were posted a quarter of a mile in advance, and were encamped in two lines. They had not finished securing their baggage, when they were attacked in their camp. It was their intention to have marched immediately to the destruction of the Miami



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ST. CLAIR'S DEFEAT.

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villages. Of this their movements apprised the Indians, who acted with great wisdom and firmness. They fell upon the militia before sunrise, Nov. 4th, who at once fled into the main camp, in the most disorderly and tumultuous manner: many of them, having thrown away their guns, were pursued and slaughtered. At the main camp the fight was sustained some time, by the great exertions of the officers, but with great inequality; the Indians under Little-Turtle amounting to about fifteen hundred warriors. Colonels Darke and Butler, and Major Clark, made several successful charges, which enabled them to save some of their numbers by checking the enemy while flight was more practicable.

Of the Americans, five hundred and ninety-three were killed and missing, beside thirty-eight officers; and two hundred and forty-two soldiers and twenty-one officers were wounded, many of whom died. Colonel Butler was among the slain. The account of his fall is shocking. He was severely wounded and left on the ground. The well known and infamous Simon Girty came up to him, and observed him writhing under severe pain from his wounds. Girty knew and spoke to him. Knowing that he could not live, the colonel begged of Girty to put an end to his misery. This he refused to do, but turned to an Indian, whom he told that the officer was the commander of the army; upon which he drove his tomahawk into his head. A number of others then came around, and after taking off his scalp, they took out his heart, and cut it into as many pieces as there were tribes in the action, and divided it among them. All manner of brutal acts were committed on the bodies of the slain. It need not be mentioned for the information of the observer of Indian affairs, that land was the main cause of this as well as most other wars between the Indians and whites; and hence it was very easy to account for the Indians filling the mouths of the slain with earth after this battle. It was actually the case, as reported by those who shortly after visited the scene of action and buried the dead.

General St. Clair was called to an account for the disastrous issue of this campaign, and was honorably acquitted. He published a narrative in vindication of his conduct, which, at this day, few will think it required. What he says of his retreat we will give in his own words. "The retreat was, you may be sure, a precipitate one; it was in fact a flight. The camp and the artillery were abandoned: but that was unavoidable, for not a horse was left alive to have drawn it off, had it otherwise been practicable. But the most disgraceful part of the business is, that the greatest part of the men threw away their arms and accoutrements, even after the pursuit, which continued about four miles, had ceased. I found the road strewn with them for many miles, but was not able to remedy it; for, having had all my horses killed, and being mounted upon one that could not be pricked out of a walk, I could not get forward myself, and the orders I sent forward, either to halt the front, or prevent the men from parting with their arms, were unattended to."

The remnant of the army arrived at Fort Jefferson the same day,

just before sunset, the place from which they fled being twenty-nine miles distant. General St. Clair did every thing that a brave general could do. He exposed himself to every danger, having during the action eight bullets shot through his clothes. In no attack related in our records did the Indians discover greater bravery and determination. After giving the first fire, they rushed forward with tomahawk in hand. Their loss was inconsiderable, but the traders afterwards learned among them that Little-Turtle had one hundred and fifty killed and many wounded. "They rushed on the artillery, heedless of their fire, and took two pieces in an instant. They were again retaken by our troops; and whenever the army charged them, they were seen to give way, and advance again as soon as they began to retreat, doing great execution both in the retreat and advance. They are very dexterous in covering themselves with trees; many of them however fell, both of the infantry and artillery." "Six or eight pieces of artillery fell into their hands, with about four hundred horses, all the baggage, ammunition, and provisions."

Whether the battle-ground of General St. Clair was visited by the whites previous to 1793, I do not learn; but in December of that year a detachment of General Wayne's army went to the place, and the account given of its appearance is most truly melancholy. This detachment was ordered to build a fort there, which having done, it was called Fort Recovery. Within a space of about three hundred and fifty yards were found five hundred skull bones, the most of which were gathered up and buried. For about five miles in the direction of the retreat of the army, the woods were strewn with skeletons and muskets. The two brass cannon which composed St. Clair's artillery, one a three and the other a six-pounder, were found in a creek adjacent.

It has been generally said, that had the advice of Little-Turtle been taken at the disastrous fight afterwards with General Wayne, there is very little doubt but he had met as ill success as General St. Clair* did before him. He was not for fighting General Wayne at Presqu'Isle, and inclined rather to peace than fighting him at all. In a council held the night before the battle, he argued as follows: "We have beaten the enemy twice under separate commanders. We cannot expect the same good fortune always to attend us. The Americans are now led by a chief who never sleeps: the night and the day are alike to him. And during all the time that he has been marching upon our villages, notwithstanding the watchfulness of our young men, we have never been able to surprise him. Think well of it. There is something whispers me, it would be prudent to listen to his offers of peace." For holding this language he was reproached by another chief with cowardice, which put an end to all further discourse.

* General Arthur St. Clair was of Edinburgh, Scotland. He came to America in the fleet which brought over Admiral Boscawen, in 1755, and having served through the revolutionary and Indian wars, died at his farm near Greensburg, Pa., Aug. 31st, 1818. *Amer. Mon. Mag.*, ii., 469, (New York, 1818.)

Nothing wounds the feelings of a warrior like the reproach of cowardice; but Little-Turtle stifled his resentment, did his duty in the battle, and its issue proved him a truer prophet than his accuser believed. His residence was upon Eel river, about twenty miles from Fort Wayne, where our government built him a house, and furnished him with means of living, much to the envy of his countrymen. Therefore, what had been bestowed upon him to induce others to a like mode of life by their own exertions, proved not only prejudicial to the cause, but engendered hatred against him in the minds of all the Indians. He was not a chief by birth, but was raised to that standing by his superior talents. This was the cause of so much jealousy and envy at this time, as also a neglect of his counsel heretofore. The same author from whom we got the facts in the preceding part of this paragraph, says, "Meshecunnaqua, or the Little-Turtle, was the son of a Miami chief, by a Mohecan woman. As the Indian maxim with regard to descents is precisely that of the civil law in relation to slaves, that the condition of the woman adheres to the offspring, he was not a chief by birth," &c.

Little-Turtle was alike courageous and humane, possessing great wisdom. "And," says my author, "there have been few individuals among aborigines who have done so much to abolish the rites of human sacrifice. The grave of this noted warrior is shown to visitors, near Fort Wayne. It is frequently visited by the Indians in that part of the country, by whom his memory is cherished with the greatest respect and veneration."

The grave of his great opponent was also in the same region; but his remains were not long since removed to the seat of his family. Ever after his successful expedition, the Indians called him the Big-Wind, or Tornado; some, however, on particular occasions, called him Sukach-Gook, which signified, in Delaware, a black snake; because, they said, he possessed all the art and cunning of that reptile. We hear yet of another name, which, though it may not have been his fault that acquired it, is less complimentary than the two just named. It is well known that the British bestowed a great many more presents upon the Indians than the Americans did; but some of the latter made large pretensions about what they would do. Gen. Wayne, the Indians said, made great promises to them of goods, but never got ready to fulfil them, (probably from being disappointed himself by the failure of his government in not forwarding what was promised;) therefore they called him Gen. Wabang, which signified General To-Morrow.

When the philosopher and famous traveller Volney was in America, in the winter of 1797, Little-Turtle came to Philadelphia, where he then was. Volney sought immediate acquaintance with the celebrated chief, for highly valuable purposes, which in some measure he effected. He made a vocabulary of his language, which he printed in the appendix to his Travels. A copy in manuscript, more extensive than the printed one, is said to be in the library of the Philosophical Society of Pennsylvania.

Having become convinced that all resistance to the whites was vain, Little-Turtle brought his nation to consent to peace, and to adopt agricultural pursuits. And it was with the view of soliciting Congress, and the benevolent society of Friends, for assistance to effect this latter purpose, that he now visited Philadelphia. While here, he was inoculated for the small-pox, and was also afflicted with the gout and rheumatism.

At the time of Mr. Volney's interview with him for information, he took no notice of the conversation while the interpreter was communicating with Mr. Volney, for he did not understand English, but walked about, plucking out his beard and eyebrows. He was dressed now in English clothes. His skin, where not exposed, Mr. Volney says, was as white as his; and on speaking upon the subject, Little-Turtle said, "I have seen Spaniards in Louisiana, and found no difference of color between them and me. And why should there be any? In them, as in us, it is the work of the Father of colors, the Sun, that burns us. You white people compare the color of your face with that of your bodies." Mr. Volney explained to him the notion of many, that his race was descended from the Tartars, and by a map showed him the supposed communication between Asia and America. To this Little-Turtle replied, "Why should not these Tartars, who resemble us, have come from America? Are there any reasons to the contrary? Or why should we not both have been born in our own country?" It is a fact that the Indians give themselves a name which is equivalent to our word *indigene*, that is, one sprung from the soil, or natural to it.

When Mr. Volney asked Little-Turtle what prevented him from living among the whites, and if he were not more comfortable in Philadelphia than upon the banks of the Wabash, he said, "Taking all things together, you have the advantage over us; but here I am deaf and dumb. I do not talk your language; I can neither hear, nor make myself heard. When I walk through the streets, I see every person in his shop employed about something: one makes shoes, another hats, a third sells cloth, and every one lives by his labor. I say to myself, Which of all these things can you do? Not one. I can make a bow or an arrow, catch fish, kill game, and go to war: but none of these is of any use here. To learn what is done here would require a long time." "Old age comes on." "I should be a piece of furniture useless to my nation, useless to the whites, and useless to myself." "I must return to my own country."

At the same time, (1797,) among other eminent personages to whom this chief became attached in Philadelphia, was the renowned Kosciusko. This old Polish chief was so well pleased with Little-Turtle, that when the latter went to take his final leave of him, the old "war-worn soldier" and patriot presented him with a beautiful pair of pistols, and an elegant robe made of sea-otter's skin, of the value of "several" hundred dollars.

Little-Turtle died in the summer of 1812, at his residence, but a short time after the declaration of war against England by the United

States. His portrait, by Stewart, graces the walls of the war-office of our nation. The following notice appeared in the public prints at the time of his death: "Fort Wayne, July 12th, 1812. On the 14th inst. the celebrated Miami chief, the Little-Turtle, died at this place, at the age of sixty-five years. Perhaps there is not left on this continent one of his color so distinguished in council and in war. His disorder was the gout. He died in a camp, because he chose to be in the open air. He met death with great firmness. The agent for Indian affairs had him buried with the honors of war, and other marks of distinction suited to his character." He was, generally, in his time, styled the Messissago chief,* and a gentleman who saw him soon after St. Clair's defeat, at Montreal, says he was six feet high. "about forty-five years of age, of a very sour and morose countenance, and apparently very crafty and subtle. His dress was Indian moccasins; a blue petticoat that came half way down his thighs; an European waistcoat and surtout; his head was bound with an Indian cap that hung half way down his back, and almost entirely filled with plain silver broaches, to the number of more than two hundred; he had two ear-rings to each ear, the upper part of each was formed of three silver medals, about the size of a dollar; the lower part was formed of quarters of dollars, and fell more than twelve inches from his ears—one from each ear over his breast, the other over his back: he had three very large nose jewels of silver, that were curiously painted. The account he gave of the action (with the Americans, Nov. 4th,) was, that they killed fourteen hundred of them, with the loss of nine only of their party, one of whom killed himself by accident." The person who gave this account said this chief was in Canada for the purpose of raising all the Indian force he could to go out again in the spring against the whites.

Mr. Dawson relates a pleasant anecdote of Little-Turtle, which happened while he was sitting for his portrait in Philadelphia. A native of the Emerald Isle was sitting for his at the same time, who prided himself upon his ability at joking. Little-Turtle was not backward in the same business, and they passed several meetings very pleasantly. One morning, Little-Turtle did not take much notice of his friend, and seemed rather sedate, which was construed by the Hibernian into an acknowledgment of victory on the part of the chief. In their joking game, and accordingly began to intimate as much. When Little-Turtle understood him, he said to the interpreter, "He mistakes; I was just thinking of proposing to this man, to paint us both on one board, and there I would stand face to face with him, and blackguard him to all eternity."

Among the chiefs associated in command, in the wars of which we have been speaking with the famous Mishikinaqua, was another of nearly equal note, familiarly called Blue-Jacket by the whites, but by his own nation, Weyapiersenwaw. He was the most distinguished

* Those of this tribe in the vicinity of Lake Ontario are of a much darker complexion than the other Indians of the west.

chief of the Shawanese, and we hear of him at Fort Industry, on the Miami of the lake, as late as 1805. By some particular arrangement, the chief command seems to have devolved on him of opposing Gen. Wayne. He was more bloody than Mishikinakwa, and possessed less discrimination and judgment. He was among the last of the chiefs who came in to treat with General Wayne. The Shawanese held out as long as they could, and came in very slowly. On the 24th of June, a boy, who had been a captive among them, (having been lately retaken,) confidently asserted that the Shawanese would not make peace. But one month after, 23d of July, Blue-Jacket made his appearance, and it was duly noticed by a gentleman at the time, who kept a journal of important matters at Greenville. He then adds, "deputations from all the hostile tribes north of the Ohio are, consequently, now at this place."

We find this notice of Blue-Jacket in August, 1792. "By a gentleman immediately from Montreal, we learn that about four weeks since, the famous Indian partisan, known by the name of Captain Blue-Jacket, was at Detroit, with about two thousand men, waiting for the Americans to come out into the woods: it is believed at Montreal, that in case the Americans did not go out, they will be divided into small parties to harass our frontiers." The tribes which furnished warriors to oppose the Americans were the Wyandots, Miamies, Pottowatomies, Delawares, Shawanese, Chippewas, Ottawas, and a few Senecas. Blue-Jacket was the director and leader of this mighty band of warriors.

In the treaty of September 29th, 1817, at the "foot of the rapids" of the Miami of the lakes, with the Wyandots, Senecas, Delawares, Shawanese, &c., there is a paragraph which it is presumed has reference to a daughter of this chief. It proposes to give "To Nancy Stewart, daughter of the late Shawanee chief Blue-Jacket, one section of land, to contain six hundred and forty acres, on the Great Miami river below Lewistown, to include her present improvements, three quarters of the said section to be on the southeast side of the river, and one quarter on the northwest side thereof."

From the time General St. Clair was defeated, in 1791, murders were continued upon the frontier, and all attempts on the part of government to effect a peace proved of no avail; and lastly the ambassadors sent to them were murdered, and that too while the army was progressing towards their country.

After building Fort Greenville, upon the Ohio, six miles above Fort Jefferson, General Wayne took possession of the ground where Gen. St. Clair had been defeated, and there erected a fort, to which he gave the name of Recovery, in which the army spent the winter of 1793-4. Many censures were passed on the general for his slow progress; but he knew much better what he was doing than newspaper writers did what they were writing, when they undertook to censure him, as the event proved.

It was the 8th of August, 1794, when the army arrived at the

confluence of the rivers Au Glaize and Maumee, where they built Fort Defiance. It was the general's design to have met the enemy unprepared in this move; but a fellow deserted his camp, and notified the Indians. He now tried again to bring them to an accommodation, and from the answers which he received from them, it was some time revolved in his mind, whether they were for peace or war; so artful was the manner in which their replies were formed. At length, being fully satisfied, he marched down the Maumee, and arrived at the rapids, August 18th, two days before the battle. His army consisted of upwards of three thousand men, two thousand of whom were regulars. Fort Deposit was erected at this place, for the security of their supplies. They now set out to meet the enemy, who had chosen his position upon the bank of the river, with much judgment. They had a breastwork of fallen trees in front, and the high rocky shore of the river gave them much security, as also did the thick wood of Presqu'Isle. Their force was divided, and disposed at supporting distances for about two miles. When the Americans arrived at proper distance, a body was sent out to begin the attack, "with orders to rouse the enemy from their covert with the bayonet; and when up, to deliver a close fire upon their backs, and press them so hard as not to give them time to reload." This order was so well executed, and the battle at the point of attack so short, that only nine hundred Americans participated in it. But they pursued the Indians with great slaughter through the woods to Fort Maumee, where the carnage ended. The Indians were so unexpectedly driven from their strong hold, that their numbers only increased their distress and confusion; and the cavalry made horrible havoc among them with their long sabres. Of the Americans, there were killed and wounded about one hundred and thirty. The loss of the Indians could not be ascertained, but must have been very severe. The American loss was chiefly at the commencement of the action, as they advanced upon the mouths of the Indians' rifles, who could not be seen until they had discharged upon them. They maintained their coverts but a short time, being forced in every direction by the bayonet. But until that was effected, the Americans fell fast, and we only wonder that men could be found thus to advance in the face of certain death.

This horrid catastrophe in our Indian annals is chargeable to certain white men, or at least mainly so; for some days before the battle, General Wayne sent a flag of truce to them, and desired them to come and treat with him. The letter which he sent was taken to Colonel M'Kee, who, it appears, was their ill-adviser, and he, by putting a false construction upon it, increased the rage of the Indians: he then informed them that they must forthwith fight the American army. Some of the chiefs, learning the truth of the letter, were for peace; but it was too late. Little-Turtle was known to have been in favor of making peace, and seemed well aware of the abilities of the American general; but such was the influence of traders among them, that no arguments could prevail. Thus, instances without number

might be adduced, where these people have been destroyed by placing confidence in deceiving white men.

The night before the battle, the chiefs assembled in council, and some proposed attacking the army in its encampment, but the proposal was objected to by others; finally the proposition of fighting at Presqu'Isle prevailed.

In this battle all the chiefs of the Wyandots were killed, being nine in number. Some of the nations escaped the slaughter by not coming up until after the defeat. This severe blow satisfied the western Indians of the folly of longer contending against the Americans; they therefore were glad to get what terms they could from them. The chiefs of twelve tribes met commissioners at Fort Greenville, August 3rd, 1795, and, as a price of their peace, gave up an extensive tract of country south of the lakes, and west of the Ohio; and such other tracts as comprehended all the military posts in the western region. The government showed some liberality to these tribes, on their relinquishing to it what they could not withhold, and as a gratuity gave them twenty thousand dollars in goods, and agreed to pay them nine thousand dollars a year forever; to be divided among those tribes in proportion to their numbers.*

CHAPTER VIII.

DESTRUCTION OF DEERFIELD, AND CAPTIVITY OF REVEREND JOHN WILLIAMS AND FAMILY, IN 1704.

Sometimes in a volume, and sometimes in a pamphlet, the narrative of this affair had often been given to the world previous to 1774, by one of the principal actors in it, whose name is at the beginning of this chapter, and which is doubtless familiar to every reader of New England legends. The edition of Mr. Williams's work, out of which I take this, was prepared by the renowned New England annalist, the Rev. Thomas Prince, and was the fifth, printed at Boston "by John Boyle, next door to the Three Doves in Marlborough street, 1774." It was a closely printed 8vo. pamphlet of seventy pages.

It will be necessary to relate some important facts of historical value before proceeding with the narrative. As at several other times, the plan was laid early in 1703, in Canada, for laying waste the whole English frontier, but like former and later plans, laid in that region, this but partially succeeded. Though the eastern settlements from Casco to Wells were destroyed, and one hundred and thirty people

*The terms of this treaty were the same as were offered to them before the battle, which should be mentioned, as adding materially to our good feelings towards its authors. It is generally denominated Wayne's treaty. It is worthy of him.

killed and captivated, the summer before, yet the towns on the Connecticut had neglected their precautionary duty. And although Gov. Dudley, of Massachusetts, had but a little while before been notified of the French, yet it was impossible to guard the eastern coast against the attack. Deerfield had been palisaded, and twenty soldiers placed in it, but had been quartered about in different houses, and, entirely forgetting their duty as soldiers, were surprised with the rest of the town. The snow was deep, which gave the enemy an easy entrance over the pickets. The French were commanded by Hertel de Rouville, but the commanders of the Indians remain unknown.

Mr. Williams thus begins his narrative: "On Tuesday the 29th of February, 1704, not long before break of day, the enemy came in like a flood upon us—our watch being unfaithful: an evil, whose awful effects, in a surprisal of our fort, should bespeak all watchmen to avoid, as they would not bring the charge of blood upon themselves. They came to my house in the beginning of the onset, and by their violent endeavors to break open doors and windows, with axes and hatchets, awakened me out of sleep; on which I leaped out of bed, and running towards the door, perceived the enemy making their entrance into the house. I called to awaken two soldiers in the chamber; and returning toward my bed-side for my arms, the enemy immediately broke into my room, I judge to the number of twenty, with painted faces, and hideous acclamations. I reached up my hands to the bed-tester, for my pistol, uttering a short petition to God, expecting a present passage through the valley of the shadow of death." "Taking down my pistol, I cocked it, and put it to the breast of the first Indian who came up; but my pistol missing fire, I was seized by three Indians who disarmed me, and bound me naked, as I was, in my shirt, and so I stood for near the space of an hour." Meanwhile the work of destruction and pillage was carried on with great fury. One of the three who captured Mr. Williams was a captain, against whom, says our captive, "the judgment of God did not long slumber; for by sun-rising he received a mortal shot from my next neighbor's house." This, though not a garrison, and containing but seven men, withstood the efforts of the three hundred French and Indians which now beset them. That house remains to this day, bearing upon its front door the marks of the hatchet.

After about two hours the enemy took up their march from the town, having plundered and burnt it, and put forty-seven persons to death, including those killed in making defence. Mrs. Williams having lately lain in, was feeble, which, without the scene now acting before her, rendered her case hopeless; but to this was added the most shocking murders in her presence—two of her children were taken to the door and killed, also a black woman belonging to the family.

"About sun an hour high," continues the redeemed captive, "we were all carried out of the house for a march, and saw many of the houses of my neighbors in flames, perceiving the whole fort, one house excepted, to be taken!" "We were carried over the river, to the foot of the mountain, about a mile from my house, where we

found a great number of our Christian neighbors, men, women, and children, to the number of one hundred; nineteen of whom were afterward murdered by the way, and two starved to death near Coos, in a time of great scarcity, or famine, the savages underwent there. When we came to the foot of our mountain, they took away our shoes, and gave us Indian shoes, to prepare us for our journey." The army had left their packs at this place, and while they were getting ready to decamp, the few English that had escaped at the town, and a few from Hatfield, who had been notified of the fate of Deerfield by one or two, who had escaped there, pursued, and in a meadow between the town and the main body, met a party of the enemy, and a sharp fight ensued. The small band of Englishmen did not retreat until the main body under Rouville were about to encircle them, and then they left nine of their number slain. Such was the success of the English in the beginning of the fight, that, fearing a defeat, Rouville had ordered the captives to be put to death; but, fortunately, the bearer of the fatal message was killed by the way.

Three hundred miles of a trackless wilderness was now to be traversed, and that too at a season of all others the most to be dreaded; boughs of trees formed the beds of *enciente* women and little children for forty days, which was the time taken for the journey. The first day's journey was but about four miles, and although one child was killed, in general the children were treated well; probably, the historians say, that by delivering them at Canada, the Indians would receive a valuable ransom for them. Mr. Williams proceeds: "God made the heathen so to pity our children, that though they had several wounded persons of their own to carry upon their shoulders, for thirty miles before they came to the river, (the Connecticut, thirty miles above Deerfield,) yet they carried our children, incapable of travelling, in their arms, and upon their shoulders."

At the first encampment some of the Indians got drunk with liquor they found at Deerfield, and in their rage killed Mr. Williams's negro man, and caused the escape of a Mr. Alexander. In the morning Mr. Williams was ordered before the commander-in-chief, (he considering him the principal of the captives,) and ordered to inform the other captives that if any more attempted to escape, the rest should be put to death. In the second day's march occurred the death of Mrs. Williams, the affecting account of which we will give nearly in the language of her husband. At the upper part of Deerfield meadow it became necessary to cross Green river. The Indian that captured Mr. Williams was unwilling that he should speak to the other captives; but on the morning of the second day, that Indian captain being appointed to command in the rear, he had another master put over him, who not only allowed him to speak to others, but to walk with his wife, and assist her along. This was their last meeting, and she very calmly told him that her strength was failing fast, and that he would soon lose her. She spoke no discouraging words, or complained of the hardness of her fortune. The company soon came to a halt,

and Mr. Williams's old master resumed his former station, and ordered him into the van, and his wife was obliged to travel unaided. They had now arrived at Green river, as we have related. This they passed by wading, although the current was very rapid, (which was the cause, no doubt, of its not being frozen over,) and about two feet in depth. After passing this river, they had to ascend a steep mountain. "No sooner," says Mr. Williams, "had I overcome the difficulty of that ascent, but I was permitted to sit down and be unburthened of my pack. I sat pitying those who were behind, and entreated my master to let me go down and help my wife, but he refused. I asked each prisoner as they passed by me after her, and heard, that passing through the said river, she fell down and was plunged all over in the water; after which she travelled not far, for at the foot of that mountain the cruel and blood-thirsty savage who took her slew her with his hatchet at one stroke." The historians have left us no record of the character of this lady, but from the account left us by her husband, she was a most amiable companion. She was the only daughter of Reverend Eleazer Mather, minister of Northampton, by his wife Esther, daughter of Reverend John Warham, who came from England in 1630.

The second night was spent at an encampment in the northerly part of what is now Bernardstown, and in the course of the preceding day a young woman and child were killed and scalped. At this camp a council was held upon the propriety of putting Mr. Williams to death, but his master prevailed on the rest to save his life; for the reason, no doubt, that he should receive a high price for his ransom. The fourth day brought them to Connecticut river, about thirty miles above Deerfield. Here the wounded, children, and baggage were put upon a kind of sleigh, and passed with facility upon the river. Every day ended the suffering and captivity of one or more of the prisoners. The case of a young woman, named Mary Brooks, was one to excite excessive pity, and it is believed, that had the Indians been the sole directors of the captives, such cases could hardly have occurred. This young woman, being *enciente*, and walking upon the ice in the river, often fell down upon it, probably with a burthen upon her, which caused premature labor the following night. Being now unfitted for the journey, her master deliberately told her she must be put to death. With great composure she got liberty of him to go and take leave of her minister. She told him she was not afraid of death, and after some consoling conversation, she returned and was executed! This was March 18.

At the mouth of a river since known as Williams's river, upon a Sunday, the captives were permitted to assemble around their minister, and he preached a sermon to them from Lam. i. 18. At the mouth of White river Rouville divided his force into several parties, and they took different routes to the St. Lawrence.

In a few instances the captives were purchased of the Indians, by the French, and the others were at the different lodges of the Indians.

During his captivity, Mr. Williams visited various places on the St.

Lawrence. At Montreal he was humanely treated by Governor Vaudreuil. In his interviews with the French Jesuits, he uniformly found them using every endeavor to convert him and others to that religion. However, most of the captives remained steady in the Protestant faith. And in 1706, fifty-seven of them were by a flag-ship conveyed to Boston. A considerable number remained in Canada, and never returned, among whom was Eunice Williams, daughter of the minister. She became a firm Catholic, married an Indian, by whom she had several children, and spent her days in a wigwam. She visited Deerfield with her Indian husband, dressed in Indian style, and was kindly received by her friends. All attempts to regain her were ineffectual. Rev. Eleazer Williams, late a missionary to the Green Bay Indians, is a descendant. He was educated by the friends of missions in New England.

In the History of Canada by Charlevoix, the incursions undertaken by the French and Indians are generally minutely recorded; but this against Deerfield he has unaccountably summed up in a dozen lines of his work. The following is the whole passage:

In the end of autumn, 1703, the English, despairing of securing the Indians, made several excursions into their country, and massacred all such as they could surprise. Upon this, the chiefs demanded aid of M. de Vaudreuil, and he sent them during the winter two hundred and fifty men, under the command of the Sieur Hertel de Rouville, a reformed lieutenant, who took the place of his already renowned father, whose age and infirmities prevented his undertaking such great expeditions. Four others of his children accompanied Rouville, who in their tour surprised the English, killed many of them, and made one hundred and forty of them prisoners. The French lost but three soldiers, and some savages, but Rouville was himself wounded.

CHAPTER IX.

NARRATIVE OF THE LIFE OF LOGAN, A MINGO CHIEF—CRESAP'S WAR—BATTLE OF POINT PLEASANT—LOGAN'S FAMOUS SPEECH—THE GENUINENESS OF IT DOUBTED—CORNSTOCK—HIS HISTORY—MELANCHOLY DEATH OF LOGAN.

Logan was called a Mingo chief, whose father, Shikellimus, was chief of the Cayugas, whom he succeeded. Shikellimus was attached in a remarkable degree to the benevolent James Logan, from which circumstance, it is probable, his son bore his name. The name is still perpetuated among the Indians. For magnanimity in war, and greatness of soul in peace, few, if any, in any nation, ever surpassed Logan. He took no part in the French wars which ended in 1760, except that of a peacemaker; was always acknowledged the friend of the white people, until the year 1774, when his brother and several others of his family were murdered, the particulars of which follow. In the spring of 1774, some Indians robbed the people upon the Ohio

river, who were in that country exploring the lands, and preparing for settlements. These land-jobbers were alarmed at this hostile carriage of the Indians, as they considered it, and collected themselves at a place called Wheeling Creek, the site on which Wheeling is now built, and, learning that there were two Indians on the river a little above, one Captain Michael Cresap, belonging to the exploring party, proposed to fall upon and kill them. His advice, although opposed at first, was followed, and a party led by Cresap proceeded and killed the two Indians. The same day, it being reported that some Indians were discovered below Wheeling upon the river, Cresap and his party immediately marched to the place, and at first appeared to show themselves friendly, and suffered the Indians to pass by them unmolested, to encamp still lower down, at the mouth of Grave creek. Cresap soon followed, attacked and killed several of them, having one of his own men wounded by the fire of the Indians. Here some of the family of Logan were slain. The circumstance of the affair was exceedingly aggravating, inasmuch as the whites pretended no provocation.

Soon after this, some other monsters in human shape, at whose head were Daniel Greathouse and one Tomlinson, committed a horrid murder upon a company of Indians about thirty miles above Wheeling. Greathouse resided at the same place, but on the opposite side of the river from the Indian encampment. A party of thirty-two men were collected for this object, who secreted themselves, while Greathouse, under a pretence of friendship, crossed the river and visited them, to ascertain their strength; on counting them, he found they were too numerous for his force in an open attack. These Indians, having heard of the late murder of their relations, had determined to be avenged of the whites, and Greathouse did not know the danger he was in, until a squaw advised him of it, in a friendly caution, "to go home." The sad requital this poor woman met with will presently appear. This abominable fellow invited the Indians to come over the river and drink rum with him: this being a part of his plot to separate them, that they might be the easier destroyed. The opportunity soon offered; a number being collected at a tavern in the white settlement, and considerably intoxicated, were fallen upon, and all murdered, except a little girl. Among the murdered was a brother of Logan, and his sister, whose delicate situation greatly aggravated the horrid crime.

The remaining Indians, upon the other side of the river, on hearing the firing, set off two canoes with armed warriors, who, as they approached the shore, were fired upon by the whites, who lay concealed, awaiting their approach. Nothing prevented their taking deadly aim, and many were killed and wounded, and the rest were obliged to return. This affair took place May 24th, 1774. These were the events that led to a horrid Indian war, in which many innocent families were sacrificed to satisfy the vengeance of an incensed and injured people.

A calm followed these troubles, but it was only such as goes before

the storm, and lasted only while the tocsin of war could be sounded among the distant Indians. On the 12th of July, 1774, Logan, at the head of a small party of only eight warriors, struck a blow on some inhabitants upon the Muskingum, where no one expected it. He had left the settlements on the Ohio undisturbed, which every one supposed would be the first attacked, in case of war, and hence the reason of his great successes. His first attack was upon three men who were pulling flax in a field. One was shot down, and the two others taken. These were marched into the wilderness, and, as they approached the Indian town, Logan gave the scalp halloo, and they were met by the inhabitants, who conducted them in. Running the gauntlet was next to be performed. Logan took no delight in tortures, and he in the most friendly manner instructed one of the captives how to proceed, to escape the severities of the gauntlet. This same captive, whose name was Robinson, was afterwards sentenced to be burned; but Logan, though not able to rescue him by his eloquence, with his own hand cut the cords that bound him to the stake, and caused him to be adopted into an Indian family. He became afterwards Logan's scribe, and wrote the letter that was tied to a war-club, the particulars of which we shall relate farther onward.

There was a chief among the Shawanese more renowned as a warrior than even Logan himself at this time. Cornstock was his name, and to him seems to have fallen the chief direction of the war that was now begun; the causes of which were doubtless owing to the outrages already detailed, committed by Cresap and Greathouse, but there can be but little, if any doubt, that the several tribes engaged in it had each been sufficiently injured to justify their participation also. The history of the murder of Bald Eagle is more than sufficient to account for the part acted by the Delawares. What this man had been in his younger days is unknown to history, but at this time he was an old inoffensive Delaware chief, who wandered harmlessly up and down among the whites, visiting those most frequently who would entertain him best. Having been on a visit to the fort at the mouth of Kanhawa, he was met, as he was ascending alone upon the river in his canoe, by a man, who, it is said, suffered much from the Indians. It was in the evening, and whether any thing happened to justify violence on the part of either, we have no evidence, but certain it is, the white man killed the chief, and scalped him, and, to give his abominable crime publicity, set the dead body upright in the canoe, and in this manner caused it to drift down the river, where it was beheld by many as it passed them. From the appearance of the old chief, no one suspected he was dead, but very naturally concluded he was upon one of his ordinary visits. The truth of the affair, however, soon got to his nation, and they quickly avowed vengeance for the outrage.

The Virginia Legislature was in session when the news of an Indian war was received at the seat of government. Governor Dunmore immediately gave orders for the assembling of three thousand men; one half of whom were to march for the mouth of the great Kanhawa,

under the command of General Andrew Lewis, and the remainder, under the governor in person, was to proceed to some point on the Ohio, above the former, in order to fall upon the Indian towns between, while the warriors should be drawn off by the approach of Lewis in an opposite direction. He was then to proceed down the Ohio, and form a junction with General Lewis at Point Pleasant, from whence they were to march according to circumstances.

On the 11th of September, the forces under Gen. Lewis, amounting to eleven hundred men, commenced their march from Camp Union to Point Pleasant on the Great Kanhawa, distant one hundred and sixty miles. The country between was a trackless wilderness. The army was piloted by Captain Matthew Arbuckle, by the nearest practicable route. The baggage was all transported on pack-horses, and their march took up nineteen days.

Having arrived there upon the last day of the month, an encampment was commenced on the first of October. Here General Lewis waited with anxiety to get some tidings of Dunmore, for eight or nine days. At the end of this time, no prospect of a junction appearing, news was brought into camp on the morning of the 10th of October, by one of two persons who had escaped the rifles of a great body of Indians about two miles up the Ohio, that an attack would be immediately made. These two men were upon a deer hunt, and came upon the Indians without observing them, when one was shot down, and the other escaped to the camp with difficulty. He reported "that he had seen a body of the enemy, covering four acres of ground, as closely as they could stand by the side of each other."

Upon this intelligence, General Lewis, "after having deliberately lighted his pipe," gave orders to his brother, Colonel Charles Lewis, to march with his own regiment, and another under Colonel William Fleming, to reconnoitre the enemy, while he put the rest in a posture to support them. These marched without loss of time, and about four hundred yards from camp met the Indians intent upon the same object. Their meeting was somewhere between sun's rising and sun an hour high, and the fight in a moment began. The Virginians, like their opponents, covered themselves with trees or whatever else offered, but the latter were more than a match for them, and put them to flight with great slaughter. Colonel Lewis was in full uniform, and being, from the nature of his duties, exposed at every point, soon fell mortally wounded. There was no result for which the commander-in-chief was not prepared; for at this critical moment he had ordered up Colonel Field with his regiment, which, coming with great resolution and firmness into action, saved the two retreating regiments, and effectually checked the impetuosity of the Indians, who, in their turn, were obliged to retreat behind a rough breastwork, which they had taken the precaution to construct from logs and brush for the occasion.

The point of land on which the battle was fought was narrow, and the Indians' breastwork extended from river to river: their plan of attack was the best that could be conceived; for in the event of victory

on their part, not a Virginian could have escaped. They had stationed men on both sides of the river, to prevent any that might attempt flight by swimming from the apex of the triangle made by the confluence of the two rivers.

Never was ground maintained with more obstinacy; for it was slowly, and with no precipitancy, that the Indians retired to their breastwork. The division under Lewis was first broken, although that under Fleming was nearly at the same moment attacked. This heroic officer first received two balls through his left wrist, but continued to exercise his command with the greatest coolness and presence of mind. His voice was continually heard, "Don't lose an inch of ground. Advance, outflank the enemy, and get between them and the river." But his men were about to be outflanked by the body that had just defeated Lewis; meanwhile the arrival of Colonel Field turned the fortune of the day, but not without a severe loss; Colonel Fleming was again wounded, by a shot through the lungs; yet he would not retire, and Colonel Field was killed as he was leading on his men.

The whole line of the breastwork now became as a blaze of fire, which lasted nearly till the close of the day. Here the Indians under Logan, Cornstock, Ellinipsico, Red-Eagle, and other mighty chiefs of the tribes of the Shawanese, Delawares, Mingoes, Wyandots and Cayugas, amounting, as was supposed, to fifteen hundred warriors, fought, as men will ever do for their country's wrongs, with a bravery which could only be equalled. The voice of the mighty Cornstock was often heard during the day, above the din of strife, calling on his men in these words: "Be strong! Be strong!" And when, by the repeated charges of the whites, some of his warriors began to waver, he is said to have sunk his tomahawk into the head of one who was cowardly endeavoring to desert.

General Lewis, finding at length that every charge upon the lines of the Indians lessened the number of his forces to an alarming degree, and rightly judging that if the Indians were not routed before it was dark, a day of more doubt might follow, he resolved to throw a body, if possible, into their rear. As the good fortune of the Virginians turned, the bank of the river favored this project, and forthwith three companies were detached upon the enterprise, under the three captains, Isaac Shelby, (afterwards renowned in the revolution, and since in the war with Canada,) George Matthews, and John Stewart. These companies got unobserved to their place of destination upon Crooked Creek, which runs into the Kanhawa. From the high weeds upon the banks of this little stream, they rushed upon the backs of the Indians with such fury, as to drive them from their works with precipitation. The day was now decided. The Indians, thus beset from a quarter they did not expect, were ready to conclude that a reinforcement had arrived. It was about sunset when they fled across the Ohio, and immediately took up their march for the towns on the Scioto.

The chief of the men raised for this service were, as Burk expresses himself, "prime riflemen," and the "most expert woodsmen in Virginia." They were principally from the counties of Augusta, Boteourt, Bedford, and Fincastle, and from the enraged settlers who had fled from their frontier settlements to escape the vengeance of the injured Indians. For reasons which were not perfectly understood at that time, Lord Dunmore divided the army into two parts, as already stated. The part which Dunmore soon after took in the revolutionary events, discovered the real cause of his preposterous proceedings. His pretence of falling upon the backs of the Indians, and co-operating with General Lewis, was soon detected as such; for it is needed only to be known that he was moving no less than seventy-five miles from him, and that, therefore, no co-operation could be had. The imputation, however, of the historian Burk, "that the division under Lewis was devoted to destruction, for the purpose of breaking the spirits of the Virginians," to render his own influence and reputation brighter and more efficient, is unnatural, and without facts to warrant it. To our mind a worse policy to raise himself could not have been devised. There are two other far more reasonable conclusions which might have been offered:—The governor, seeing the justness of the Indians' cause, might have adopted the plan which was followed to bring them to a peace with the least possible destruction of them. This would have been the course of a humane philosophy; or he might have exercised his abilities to gain them to the British interest in case of a rupture between them and the colonies, which the heads of government must clearly have by this time foreseen would pretty soon follow. Another extraordinary manœuvre of Governor Dunmore betrayed either a great want of experience, generalship, or a far more reprehensible charge; for he had, before the battle of Point Pleasant, sent an express to Colonel Lewis, with orders that he should join him near the Shawanee towns with all possible despatch. These instructions were looked upon as singularly unaccountable, inasmuch as it was considered a thing almost impossible to be accomplished, had there been an enemy to fear; for the distance was near eighty miles, and the route was through a country extremely difficult to be traversed, and, to use the words of Mr. Burk, "swarming with Indians." The express did not arrive at Point Pleasant until the evening after the battle; but that it had been fought was unknown to the governor, and could in no wise excuse his sending such orders, although the power of the Indians was now broken.

The day after the battle, General Lewis caused his dead to be buried, and entrenchments to be thrown up about his camp for the protection of his sick and wounded; and the day following he took up his line of march in compliance with the orders of Governor Dunmore. This march was attended with great privations, and almost insurmountable difficulties. Meanwhile Governor Dunmore descended with his forces down the river from Fort Pitt to Wheeling, where he halted for a few days. He then proceeded down to the mouth of Hockhocking, thence over land to within eight miles of the Shawanee town,

Chillicothe, on the Scioto. Here he made preparations for treating with the Indians. Before reaching this place he had received several messages from the Indians with offers of peace, and having now determined to comply, he sent an express to General Lewis with an order that he should immediately retreat. This was entirely disregarded by the general, and he continued his march until his lordship in person visited the general in his camp, and gave the order to the troops himself. Lewis's troops complied with great reluctance, for they had determined on a general destruction of the Indians.

A treaty was now commenced, and conducted on the part of the whites with great distrust, never admitting but a small number of Indians within their encampment at a time. The business was commenced by Cornstock in a speech of great length, in the course of which he did not fail to charge upon the whites the whole cause of the war, and mainly in consequence of the murder of Logan's family. A treaty, however, was the result of this conference; and this conference was the result of the far-famed speech of Logan, the Mingo chief, since known in every hemisphere. It was not delivered in the camp of Lord Dunmore, for, although desiring peace, Logan would not meet the whites in council, but remained in his cabin in sullen silence, until a messenger was sent to him to know whether he would accede to the proposals it contained. What the distance was from the treaty-ground to Logan's cabin we are not told; but of such importance was his name considered, that he was waited on by a messenger from Lord Dunmore, who requested his assent to the articles of the treaty. Logan had too much at heart the wrongs lately done him, to accede without giving the messenger to understand fully the grounds upon which he acceded; he therefore invited him into an adjacent wood, where they sat down together. Here he related the events of butchery which had deprived him of all his connections; and here he pronounced that memorable speech which follows:

"I appeal to any white man to say if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat; if ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not.

"During the course of the last long bloody war, Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed as they passed, and said, 'Logan is the friend of white men.'

"I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man; Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood, and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan; not even sparing my women and children.

"There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace. But do not harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan?—Not one!"

When Mr. Jefferson published his "Notes on Virginia," the facts therein stated, implicating Cresap as the murderer of Logan's family, were by Cresap's friends called in question. Mr. Jefferson at first merely stated the facts as preliminary to, and the cause of, the "Speech of Logan," which he considered as generally known in Virginia; but the acrimony discovered by his enemies in their endeavors to gainsay his statement, led to an investigation of the whole transaction, and a publication of the result was the immediate consequence, in a new edition of the "Notes on Virginia."

There are perhaps still some who doubt of the genuineness of Logan's speech, and indeed we must allow that there are some circumstances laid before us in Dr. Barton's Medical and Physical Journal for the year 1808, which look irreconcilable. Without impeaching in the slightest degree the character of Mr. Jefferson, such facts are there compared, and disagreements pointed out, as chanced to come in the way of the writer. It appears from the French traveller Robin, that, in the time of our revolution, a gentleman of Williamsburg gave him an Indian speech which bears great resemblance to the one said to be by Logan, but differing very essentially in date, and the person implicated in murdering the family of Logan. The work of Robin is entitled "New Travels in America." It is possible that some mistakes may have crept into it, or that Robin himself might have misunderstood the date, and even other parts of the affair; however, the probability is rather strong that either the speech of Logan had been perverted for the purpose of clearing Cresap's character of the foul blot which entirely covered it, by wilfully charging it upon another, or that some old speech of his upon another occasion had been remodelled to suit the purpose for which it was used. Upon these questions we must leave the reader to decide. Robin has the name of the chief Lonan. Some Frenchmen may write it thus, but I have before me those that do not, and more probably some English pronounced it so, and so Robin heard it. The way he introduces the speech, if the introduction be fact, forever destroys the genuineness of the speech of Logan of 1774. It is thus:

"Speech of the savage Lonan, in a general assembly, as it was sent to the Governor of Virginia, anno 1754."

Now it is certain, if the speech which we will give below was delivered in the assembly of Virginia in the year 1754, it could not have been truly delivered, as we have given it, to Lord Dunmore in 1774. That the reader may judge for himself, that of 1754 follows:

"Lonan will no longer oppose making the proposed peace with the white men. You are sensible he never knew what fear is,—that he never turned his back in the day of battle. No one has more love for the white men than I have. The war we have had with them has been long and bloody on both sides. Rivers of blood have run on all parts, and yet no good has resulted therefrom to any. I once more repeat it,—let us be at peace with these men. I will forget our injuries; the interest of my country demands it. I will forget,—but difficult indeed is the task! Yes, I will forget—that Major Rogers

cruelly and inhumanly murdered, in their canoes, my wife, my children, my father, my mother, and all my kindred.—This roused me to deeds of vengeance! I was cruel in despite of myself. I will die content if my country is once more at peace; but when Lonan shall be no more, who, alas, will drop a tear to the memory of Lonan!"

With a few incidents and reflections, we will close our account of events connected with the history of Cresap's war.

On the evening before the battle of Point Pleasant, Cornstock proposed to his warriors to make peace with General Lewis, and avoid a battle, but his advice was not accepted by the council. "Well," said he, "since you have resolved to fight, you shall fight, although it is likely we shall have hard work to-morrow; but if any man shall flinch or run away from the battle, I will kill him with my own hand." And it is said he made his word good by putting one to death who discovered cowardice during the fight, as has been mentioned.

After the Indians had retreated, Cornstock called a council at the Chillicothe town, to consult on what was to be done. Here he reflected upon the rashness that had been exercised in fighting the whites at Point Pleasant; and asked, "What shall we do now? The Long-Knives are coming upon us by two routes. Shall we turn out and fight them?" No answer was made. He then inquired, "Shall we kill all our squaws and children, and then fight until we shall all be killed ourselves?" As before, all were silent. In the midst of the council-house a war-post had been erected; with his tomahawk in his hand, Cornstock turned towards it, and sticking it into the post, he said, "Since you are not inclined to fight, I will go and make peace;" and he forthwith repaired to Dunmore's camp.

In respect to the speech of Logan, it would be highly gratifying if a few matters connected with it could be settled; but whether they ever will, time only can determine. From the statement of Dr. Barton, before cited, we are led to expect that he had other documents than those he at that time published, going to show that Cresap was not the murderer of Logan's family; but he never published them, as I can learn, and he has left us to conjecture upon such as we have. Another author, upon the authority of an officer who was at the time with Lord Dunmore, states that he heard nothing of Logan's charging Cresap with the murder of his kindred during the whole campaign, nor until a long time after. That it was not publicly talked of among the officers is in no wise strange, as Cresap himself was one of them; therefore, that this is evidence that no such charge was made by Logan, we think unworthy consideration.

Among other proofs that the chief guilt lay upon the head of Cresap of bringing about a bloody war, since well known by his name, Judge Innes of Frankfort, Kentucky, wrote to Mr. Jefferson, March 2d, 1799, that he was, he thought, able to give him more particulars of that affair than perhaps any other person; that in 1774, while at the house of Colonel Preston, in Fincastle county, Virginia, there arrived an express, calling upon him to order out the militia, "for the protection of the inhabitants residing low down on the north fork of

Holston river. The express brought with him a war-club, and a note tied to it, which was left at the house of one Robertson, whose family were cut off by the Indians, and gave rise for the application to Col. Preston." Here follows the letter or note, of which Mr. Innes then made a copy in his memorandum-book:

"Captain Cresap, What did you kill my people on Yellow creek for? The white people killed my kin at Conestoga* a great while ago, and I thought nothing of that. But you killed my kin again on Yellow creek, and took my cousin prisoner. Then I thought I must kill too, and I have been three times to war since; but the Indians are not angry, only myself. (signed) CAPT. JOHN LOGAN."

Not long after these times of calamities, which we have recorded in the life of Logan, he was cruelly murdered as he was on his way home from Detroit. For a time previous to his death he gave himself up to intoxication, which in a short time nearly obliterated all marks of the great man.

The fate of Cornstock is equally deplorable, although in the contemplation of which, his character does not suffer, as does that of Logan. He was cruelly murdered by some white soldiers, while a hostage among them. And there is as much, nay, far more, to carry down his remembrance to posterity, as that of the tragical death of Archimedes. He was not murdered while actually drawing geometrical figures upon the ground, but, while he was explaining the geography of his country by drawings upon the floor, an alarm was given, which, in a few minutes after, eventuated in his death. We will now go into an explanation of the cause and manner of the murder of Cornstock. It is well known that the war of the revolution had involved all, or nearly all, of the Indians in dreadful calamities. In consequence of murders committed by the Indians on the frontiers of Virginia, several companies marched to Point Pleasant, where there had been a fort since the battle there in 1774. Most of the tribes of the northwest, except the Shawanese, were determined to fight against the Americans. Cornstock wished to preserve peace, and therefore, as the only means in his power, as he had used his powerful eloquence in vain, resolved to lay the state of affairs before the Americans, that they might avert the threatened storm. In the spring of 1777, he came to the fort at Point Pleasant, upon this friendly mission, in company with another chief, called Red-Hawk. After explaining the situation of things with regard to the confederate tribes, he said, in regard to his own, the Shawanese, "The current sets (with the Indians) so strong against the Americans, in consequence of the agency of the British, that they (the Shawanese) will float with it, I fear, in spite of all my exertions." Upon this intelligence, the commander of the garrison thought proper to detain him and Red-Hawk as hostages to prevent the meditated calamities. When Captain Arbuckle, the

* Alluding, I suppose, to the massacre of the Conestoga Indians in 1763.

commander of the garrison, had notified the new government of Virginia of the situation of affairs, and what he had done, forces marched into that country. A part of them having arrived, waited for others to join them under General Hand, on whom these depended for provisions.

Meanwhile the officers held frequent conversations with Cornstock, who took pleasure in giving them minute descriptions of his country, and especially of that portion between the Mississippi and Missouri. One day, as he was delineating a map of it upon the floor, for the gratification of those present, a call was heard on the opposite side of the Ohio, which he at once recognised as the voice of his son, Ellinipsico, who had fought at his side in the famous battle of Point Pleasant, in 1774, of which we have spoken. At the request of his father, Ellinipsico came to the fort, where they had an affectionate meeting. This son had become uneasy at his father's long absence, and had at length sought him out in his exile here—prompted by those feelings which so much adorn human nature. The next day, two men crossed the Kanhawa, upon a hunting expedition. As they were returning to their boat after their hunt, and near the side of the river, they were fired upon by some Indians, and one of the two, named Gilmore, was killed, but the other escaped. A party of Captain Hall's men went over and brought in the body of Gilmore; whereupon a cry was raised, "Let us go and kill the Indians in the fort." An infuriated gang, with Captain Hall at their head, set out with this nefarious resolution, and, against every remonstrance, proceeded to commit the deed of blood. With their guns cocked, they swore death to any who should oppose them. In the mean time, some ran to apprise the devoted chiefs of their danger. As the murderers approached, Ellinipsico discovered agitation, which when Cornstock saw, he said, "My son, the Great Spirit has seen fit that we should die together, and has sent you to that end. It is his will, and let us submit." The murderers had now arrived, and the old chief turned around and met them. They shot him through with seven bullets. He fell, and died without a struggle!

CHAPTER X.

ADAM POE.

About the middle of July, 1782, seven Wyandots crossed the Ohio a few miles above Wheeling, and committed great depredations upon the southern shore, killing an old man whom they found alone in his cabin, and spreading terror throughout the neighborhood. Within a few hours after their retreat, eight men assembled from different parts of the small settlement, and pursued the enemy with great expedition. Among the most active and efficient of the party, were two brothers, Adam and Andrew Poe. Adam was particularly popular. In strength,

action, and hardihood, he had no equal—being finely formed and inured to all the perils of the woods. They had not followed the trail far, before they became satisfied that the depredators were conducted by Big-Foot, a renowned chief of the Wyandot tribe, who derived his name from the immense size of his feet. His height considerably exceeded six feet, and his strength was represented as Herculean. He had also five brothers, but little inferior to himself in size and courage, and as they generally went in company, they were the terror of the whole country. Adam Poe was overjoyed at the idea of measuring his strength with that of so celebrated a chief, and urged the pursuit with a keenness which quickly brought him into the vicinity of the enemy. For the last few miles, the trail had led them up the southern bank of the Ohio, where the foot-prints in the sand were deep and obvious; but when within a few hundred yards of the point at which the whites as well as the Indians were in the habit of crossing, it suddenly diverged from the stream, and stretched along a rocky ridge, forming an obtuse angle with its former direction. Here Adam halted for a moment, and directed his brother and the other young men to follow the trail with proper caution, while he himself still adhered to the river path, which led through clusters of willows directly to the point where he supposed the enemy to lie. Having examined the priming of his gun, he crept cautiously through the bushes, until he had a view of the point of embarkation. Here lay two canoes, empty and apparently deserted. Being satisfied, however, that the Indians were close at hand, he relaxed nothing of his vigilance, and quickly gained a jutting cliff, which hung immediately over the canoes. Hearing a low murmur below, he peered cautiously over, and beheld the object of his search. The gigantic Big-Foot lay below him in the shade of a willow, and was talking in a low deep tone to another warrior, who seemed a mere pigmy by his side. Adam cautiously drew back and cocked his gun. The mark was fair—the distance did not exceed twenty feet, and his aim was unerring. Raising his rifle slowly and cautiously, he took a steady aim at Big-Foot's breast, and drew the trigger. His gun flashed. Both Indian's sprung to their feet with a deep interjection of surprise, and for a single second they all three stared upon each other. This inactivity, however, was soon over. Adam was too much hampered by the bushes to retreat, and setting his life upon a cast of the die, he sprung over the bush which had sheltered him, and summoning all his powers, leaped boldly down the precipice and alighted upon the breast of Big-Foot with a shock that bore him to the earth. At the moment of contact, Adam had also thrown his right arm around the neck of the smaller Indian, so that all three came to the earth together. At that moment a sharp firing was heard among the bushes above, announcing that the other parties were engaged, but the trio below were too busy to attend to any thing but themselves. Big-Foot was for an instant stunned by the violence of the shock, and Adam was enabled to keep them both down. But the exertion necessary for that purpose was so great, that he had no leisure to use his knife. Big-Foot quickly

recovered, and without attempting to rise, wrapped his long arms round Adam's body, and pressed him to his breast with the crushing force of a boa constrictor! Adam, as we have already remarked, was a powerful man, and had seldom encountered his equal; but never had he yet felt an embrace like that of Big-Foot. He instantly relaxed his hold of the small Indian, who sprung to his feet. Big-Foot then ordered him to run for his tomahawk, which lay within ten steps, and kill the white man while he held him in his arms. Adam, seeing his danger, struggled manfully to extricate himself from the folds of the giant, but in vain. The lesser Indian approached with his uplifted tomahawk, but Adam watched him closely, and as he was about to strike, gave him a kick so sudden and violent, as to knock the tomahawk from his hand, and send him staggering back into the water. Big-Foot uttered an exclamation in a tone of deep contempt at the failure of his companion, and raising his voice to the highest pitch, thundered out several words in the Indian tongue, which Adam could not understand, but supposed to be a direction for a second attack. The lesser Indian now again approached, carefully shunning Adam's heels, and making many motions with his tomahawk, in order to deceive him as to the point where the blow would fall. This lasted several seconds, until a thundering exclamation from Big-Foot compelled his companion to strike. Such was Adam's dexterity and vigilance, however, that he managed to receive the tomahawk in a glancing direction upon his left wrist, wounding him deeply, but not disabling him. He now made a sudden and desperate effort to free himself from the arms of the giant, and succeeded. Instantly snatching up a rifle, (for the Indian could not venture to shoot for fear of hurting his companion,) he shot the lesser Indian through the body. But scarcely had he done so when Big-Foot arose, and placing one hand upon his collar and the other upon his hip, pitched him into the air as he himself would have pitched a child. Adam fell upon his back at the edge of the water, but before his antagonist could spring upon him, he was again upon his feet, and stung with rage at the idea of being handled so easily, he attacked his gigantic antagonist with a fury which for a time compensated for inferiority in strength. It was now a fair fist fight between them, for in the hurry of the struggle neither had leisure to draw their knives. Adam's superior activity and experience as a pugilist gave him great advantage. The Indian struck awkwardly, and finding himself rapidly dropping to the leeward, he closed with his antagonist, and again hurled him to the ground. They quickly rolled into the river, and the struggle continued with unabated fury, each attempting to drown the other. The Indian being unused to such violent exertion, and having been much injured by the first shock in his stomach, was unable to exert the same powers which had given him such a decided superiority at first; and Adam, seizing him by the scalp-lock, put his head under water, and held it there until the faint struggles of the Indian induced him to believe that he was drowned, when he relaxed his hold and attempted to draw his knife. The Indian, however, to use Adam's own expres-

sion, "had only been possuming." He instantly regained his feet, and in his turn put his adversary under. In the struggle both were carried out into the current beyond their depth, and each was compelled to relax his hold and swim for his life. There was still one loaded rifle upon the shore, and each swam hard in order to reach it; but the Indian proved the most expert swimmer, and Adam, seeing that he should be too late, turned and swam out into the stream, intending to dive, and thus frustrate his enemy's intention. At this instant Andrew, having heard that his brother was alone in a struggle with two Indians, and in great danger, ran up hastily to the edge of the bank above in order to assist him. Another white man followed him closely, and seeing Adam in the river, covered with blood, and swimming rapidly from the shore, mistook him for an Indian and fired upon him, wounding him dangerously in the shoulder. Adam turned, and seeing his brother, called loudly upon him to "shoot the big Indian upon the shore." Andrew's gun, however, was empty, having just been discharged. Fortunately Big-Foot had also seized the gun with which Adam had shot the Indian, so that both were upon equality. The contest now was which should load first. Big-Foot poured in his powder first, and drawing his ramrod out of its sheath in too great a hurry, threw it into the river, and while he ran to recover it, Andrew gained an advantage. Still the Indian was but a second too late, for his gun was at his shoulder when Andrew's ball entered his breast. The gun dropped from his hands, and he fell forward upon his face upon the very margin of the river. Andrew, now alarmed for his brother, who was scarcely able to swim, threw down his gun and rushed into the river in order to bring him ashore. But Adam, more intent upon securing the scalp of Big-Foot as a trophy than upon his own safety, called loudly upon his brother to leave him alone and scalp the big Indian, who was now endeavoring to roll himself into the water, from a romantic desire, peculiar to the Indian warrior, of securing his scalp from the enemy. Andrew, however, refused to obey, and insisted on saving the living before attending to the dead. Big-Foot, in the mean time, had succeeded in reaching the deep water before he expired, and his body was borne off by the waves, without being stripped of the pride and ornament of an Indian warrior.

Not a man of the Indians had escaped. Five of Big-Foot's brothers, the flower of the Wyandot nation, had accompanied him in the expedition, and all perished. It is said that the news threw the whole tribe into mourning. Their remarkable size, their courage, and their superior intelligence, gave them immense influence, which, greatly to their credit, was generally exerted on the side of humanity. Their powerful interposition had saved many prisoners from the stake, and given a milder character to the warfare of the Indians in that part of the country. Adam Poe recovered of his wounds, and lived many years after his memorable conflict; but never forgot the tremendous "hug" which he sustained in the arms of Big-Foot.

CHAPTER XI.

NARRATIVE OF THE CAPTIVITY OF JOHN ORTIZ, A SPANIARD, WHO WAS ELEVEN YEARS A PRISONER AMONG THE INDIANS OF FLORIDA.

In the year 1528, Pamphilo de Narvaez, with a commission constituting him Governor of Florida, or "all the lands lying from the River of Palms to the Cape of Florida," sailed for that country with four hundred foot and twenty horse, in five ships. With this expedition went a Spaniard, named John Ortiz, a native of Seville, whose connections were among the nobility of Castile. Although we have no account of what part Ortiz acted in Narvaez's expedition, or how he escaped its disastrous issue, yet it may not be deemed out of place to notice briefly here that issue.

This Narvaez had acquired some notoriety by the manner in which he had executed a commission against Cortez. He had been ordered by the Governor of Cuba to seize the destroyer of Mexico, but was himself overthrown and deserted by his men. On falling into the hands of Cortez, his arrogance did not forsake him, and he addressed him thus: "Esteem it good fortune that you have taken me prisoner." "Nay," replied Cortez, "it is the least of the things I have done in Mexico." To return to the expedition of which we have promised to speak.

Narvaez landed in Florida not very far from, or perhaps at, the bay of Apalachee, in the month of April, and marched into the country with his men. They knew no other direction but that pointed out by the Indians, whom they compelled to act as guides. Their first disappointment was on their arrival at the village of Apalachee, where, instead of a splendid town, filled with immense treasure, as they had anticipated, they found only about forty Indian wigwams. When they visited one Indian town, its inhabitants would get rid of them by telling them of another where their wants would be gratified. Such was the manner in which Narvaez and his companions rambled over eight hundred miles of country in about six months' time, at a vast expense of men and necessaries which they carried with them; for the Indians annoyed them at every pass, not only cutting off many of the men, but seizing on their baggage upon every occasion which offered. Being now arrived upon the coast, in a wretched condition, they constructed some miserable barks corresponding with their means, in which none but men in such extremities would embark. In these they coasted toward New Spain. When they came near the mouth of the Mississippi, they were cast away in a storm, and all but fifteen of their number perished. Out of these, fifteen, four only lived to reach Mexico, and these after eight years wholly spent in wanderings from place to place, enduring incredible hardships and miseries.

The next year after the end of Narvaez's expedition, the intelligence of his disaster having reached his wife, whom he left in Cuba, she fitted out a small company, consisting of twenty or thirty men, who

sailed in a brigantine to search after him, hoping some fortuitous circumstance might have prolonged his existence upon the coast, and that he might be found. Of this number was John Ortiz, the subject of this narrative.

On their arrival there, they sought an opportunity to have an interview with the first Indians they should meet. Opportunity immediately offered, and as soon as Indians were discovered, the Spaniards advanced towards them in their boats, while the Indians came down to the shore. These wily people practised a stratagem upon this occasion which to this day seems a mysterious one, and we have no means of explaining it.

Three or four Indians came near the shore, and, setting a stick in the ground, placed in a cleft in its top a letter, and withdrawing a little distance, made signs to the Spaniards to come and take it. All the company, except John Ortiz and one more, refused to go out for the letter, rightly judging it to be used only to ensnare them; but Ortiz, presuming it was from Narvaez, and containing some account of himself, would not be persuaded from venturing on shore to bring it, although all the rest but the one who accompanied him strenuously argued against it.

Now there was an Indian village very near this place, and no sooner had Ortiz and his companion advanced to the place where the letter was displayed, than a multitude came running from it, and surrounding them, seized eagerly upon them. The number of the Indians was so great, that the Spaniards in the vessels did not dare to attempt to rescue them, and saw them carried forcibly away. In the first onset the man who accompanied Ortiz was killed, he having made resistance when he was seized.

Not far from the place where they were made prisoners was another Indian town, or village, consisting of about eight or ten houses or wigwams. These houses were made of wood, and covered with palm-leaves. At one end of this village there was a building which the captive called a temple, but of what dimensions it was he makes no mention. Over the door of entrance into this temple there was placed the figure of a bird, carved out in wood, and it was especially surprising that this bird had gilded eyes. No attempt is made by Ortiz even to conjecture how or by whom the art of gilding was practised, in this wild and distant region, nor does he mention meeting with any other specimen of that art during his captivity. At the opposite extremity of this village stood the house of the chief, or cazique, as he was often called, upon an eminence, raised, as it was supposed, for a fortification. These things remained the same ten years afterwards, and are mentioned by the historian of Fernando de Soto's invasion of Florida. The name of the chief of this village is Ucita, before whom was presented the captive, Ortiz, who was condemned to suffer immediate death.

The manner of his death was by torture, which was to be effected in this wise. The executioners set four stakes in the ground, and to these they fastened four poles; the captive was then taken, and with

his arms and legs extended, was by them bound to these poles, at such a distance from the ground that a fire, made directly under him, would be a long time in consuming him. Never did a poor victim look with greater certainty to death for relief, than did John Ortiz at this time. The fire had already begun to rage, when a most remarkable circumstance happened to save his life—a daughter of the stern Ucita arose and plead for him. Among other things she said these to her father: “My kind father, why kill this poor stranger? he can do you nor any of us any injury, seeing he is but one and alone. It is better that you should keep him confined; for even in that condition he may sometime be of great service to you.” The chief was silent for a short time, but finally ordered him to be released from his place of torture. They had no sooner taken the thongs from his wrists and ankles, than they proceeded to wash and dress his wounds, and to do things to make him comfortable.

As soon as his wounds were healed, Ortiz was stationed at the entrance of the temple, before mentioned, to guard it against such as were not allowed to enter there; but especially to guard its being profaned by wild beasts; for as it was a place of sacrifices, wolves were its constant visitors. He had not long been in this office, when an event occurred, which threw him into great consternation. Human victims were brought in as sacrifices and deposited here; and not long after Ortiz had been placed as sentinel, the body of a young Indian was brought and laid upon a kind of sarcophagus, which, from the multitudes that had from time to time been offered there, was surrounded with blood and bones! a most rueful sight, as ever any eye beheld!—here an arm fresh torn from its place, reeking with blood; another exhibiting but bone and sinews from the mangling jaws of wild beasts! Such was the place he was ordered to guard, through day and night—doomed to sit himself down among this horrible assemblage of the dead. When left alone he reflected that his escape from fire was not so fortunate for him as he had hoped; for now, his naturally superstitious mind was haunted by the presence of innumerable ghosts, who stalked in every place, and which he had from his youth been taught to believe were capable of doing him all manner of injuries, even to the depriving of life.

There was no reflection in those remote ages of the real situation of all the living, in respect to the great valley of death in which all beings are born and nursed, and which no length of years is sufficient to carry them through. Let us for a moment cast our eyes around us. Where are we? Not in the same temple with Ortiz, but in one equally vast. We can see nothing but death in every place. The very ground we walk upon is composed of the decayed limbs of our own species, with those of a hundred others. A succession of animals have been rising and falling for many thousand years in all parts of the world. They have died all around us—in our very places. We do not distinctly behold the hands, the feet, or the bones of them, because they have crumbled to dust beneath our feet. And

cannot the ghosts of these as well arise as of those slain yesterday? The affirmative cannot be denied.

As we have said, Ortiz found himself snatched from one dreadful death, only, as he imagined, to be thrust into the jaws of another yet more terrible. Experience, however, soon proved to him, that the dead, at least those with whom he was forced to dwell, either could or would not send forth their spirits in any other shape than such phantoms as his own mind created, in dreams and reveries. We can accustom ourselves to almost any thing, and it was not long before our captive contemplated the dead bodies with which he was surrounded, with about the same indifference as he did the walls of the temple that encompassed them.

How long after Ortiz had been placed to guard the temple of sacrifices the following fearful midnight adventure happened, we have no means of stating with certainty, nor is it very material; it is, however, according to his own account, as follows: A young Indian had been killed and his body placed in this temple. Late one night, Ortiz found it closely invested by wolves, which, in spite of all his efforts, entered the place, and carried away the body of the Indian. The fright and the darkness were so heavy upon Ortiz, that he knew not that the body was missing until morning. It appears, however, that he recovered himself, seized a heavy cudgel, which he had prepared at hand, and commenced a general attack upon the beasts in the temple, and not only drove them out, but pursued them a good way from the place. In the pursuit he came up with one which he gave a mortal blow, although he did not know it at the time. Having returned from this hazardous adventure to the temple, he impatiently awaited the return of daylight. When the day dawned, great was his distress at the discovery of the loss of the body of the dead Indian, which was especially aggravated, because it was the son of a great chief.

When the news of this affair came to the ears of Ucita, he at once resolved to have Ortiz put to death; but before executing his purpose he sent out several Indians to pursue after the wolves, to recover, if possible, the sacrifice. Contrary to all expectation, the body was found, and not far from it the body of a huge wolf also. When Ucita learned these facts, he countermanded the order for his execution.

Three long years was Ortiz doomed to watch this wretched temple of the dead. At the end of this time he was relieved only by the overthrow of the power of Ucita. This was effected by a war between the two rival chiefs, Ucita and Mocoso.

The country over which Mocoso reigned was only two days' journey from that of Ucita, and separated from it by a large river or estuary. Mocoso came upon the village of Ucita in the night with an army, and attacked his castle, and took it, and also the rest of the town. Ucita and his people fled from it with all speed, and the warriors of Mocoso burnt it to the ground. Ucita had another village upon the

coast, not far from the former, to which he and his people fled, and were not pursued by their enemies. Soon after he had established himself in his new residence, he resolved upon making a sacrifice of Ortiz. Here again he was wonderfully preserved, by the same kind friend that had delivered him at the beginning of his captivity. The daughter of the chief, knowing her entreaties would avail nothing with her father, determined to aid him to make an escape; accordingly, she had prepared the way for his reception with her father's enemy, Mocoso. She found means to pilot him secretly out of her father's village, and accompanied him a league or so on his way, and then left him with directions how to proceed to the residence of Mocoso. Having travelled all night as fast as he could, Ortiz found himself next morning upon the borders of the river which bounded the territories of the two rival chiefs. He was now thrown into great trouble, for he could not proceed farther without discovery, two of Mocoso's men being then fishing in the river; and, although he came as a friend, yet he had no way to make that known to them, not understanding their language, nor having means wherewith to discover his character by a sign. At length he observed their arms, which they had left at a considerable distance from the place where they then were. Therefore, as his only chance of succeeding in his enterprise, he crept slyly up and seized their arms to prevent their injuring him. When they saw this they fled with all speed towards their town. Ortiz followed them for some distance, trying by language as well as by signs to make them understand that he only wished protection with them, but all in vain, and he gave up the pursuit and waited quietly the result. It was not long before a large party came running armed towards him, and when they approached, he was obliged to cover himself behind trees to avoid their arrows. Nevertheless his chance of being killed seemed certain, and that very speedily; but it providentially happened, that there was an Indian among those who now surrounded him, who understood the language in which he spoke, and thus he was again rescued from another perilous situation.

Having now surrendered himself into the hands of the Indians, four of their number were despatched to carry the tidings to Mocoso, and to learn his pleasure in regard to the disposition to be made of him; but instead of sending any word of direction, Mocoso went himself out to meet Ortiz. When he came to him, he expressed great joy at seeing him, and made every profession that he would treat him well. Ortiz, however, had seen enough of Indians to warn him against a too implicit confidence in his pretensions; and what added in no small degree to his doubts about his future destiny, was this very extraordinary circumstance. Immediately after the preliminary congratulations were over, the chief made him take an oath, "after the manner of Christians," that he would not run away from him to seek out another master; to which he very readily assented. At the same time Mocoso, on his part, promised Ortiz that he would not only treat him with due kindness, but, that if ever an opportunity offered by which he could return to his own people, he would do all in his power to assist him

in it; and, to keep his word inviolate, he swore to what he had promised, "after the manner of the Indians." Nevertheless, our captive looked upon all this in no other light than as a piece of cunning, resorted to by the chief, to make him only a contented slave; but we shall see by the sequel, that this Indian chief dealt not in European guile, and that he was actuated only by benevolence of heart.

Three years more soon passed over the head of Ortiz, and he experienced nothing but kindness and liberty. He spent his time in wandering over the delightful savannahs of Florida, and through the mazes of the palmetto, and beneath the refreshing shades of the wide-spreading magnolia—pursuing the deer in the twilight of morning, and the scaly fry in the silver lakes in the cool of the evening. In all this time we hear of nothing remarkable that happened to Ortiz, or to the chief or his people. When war or famine does not disturb the quiet of Indians, they enjoy themselves to the full extent of their natures—perfectly at leisure, and ready to devote days together to the entertainment of themselves, and any travellers or friends that may sojourn with them.

About the close of the first three years of Ortiz's sojourning with the tribe of Indians under Mocoso, there came startling intelligence into their village, and alarm and anxiety sat impatiently upon the brow of all the inhabitants. This was occasioned by the arrival of a runner, who gave information that as some of Mocoso's men were in their canoes a great way out at sea fishing, they had discovered ships of the white men approaching their coast. Mocoso, after communing with himself after a short time, went to Ortiz with the information, which, when he had imparted it to him, caused peculiar sensations in his breast, and a brief struggle with conflicting feelings; for one cannot forget his country and kindred, nor can he forget his saviour and protector. In short, Mocoso urged him to go to the coast and see if he could make a discovery of the ships. This proceeding on the part of the chief silenced the fears of Ortiz, and he set out upon the discovery; but when he had spent several days of watchfulness and eager expectation, without seeing or gaining any other intelligence of ships, he was ready to accuse the chief of practising deception upon him, to try his fidelity; he was soon satisfied, however, that his suspicions were without foundation, although no other information was ever gained of ships at that time.

At length, when six years more had elapsed, news of a less doubtful character was brought to the village of Mocoso. It was, that some white people had actually landed upon their coast, and had possessed themselves of the village of Ucita, and driven out him and his men. Mocoso immediately imparted this information to Ortiz, who, presuming it was an idle tale, as upon the former occasion, affected to care nothing for it, and told his chief that no worldly thing would induce him to leave his present master; but Mocoso persisted, and among arguments advanced this, that he had done his duty, and that if Ortiz would not go out and seek his white brethren, and they should leave the country,

and him behind, he could not blame him, and withal seriously confirming the news. In the end he concluded to go out once more, and after thanking his chief for his great kindness, set off, with twelve of his best men whom Mocoso had appointed for his guides, to find the white people.

When they had proceeded a considerable part of the way, they came into a plain, and suddenly in sight of a party of one hundred and twenty men, who proved to be some of those of whom they had heard. When they discovered Ortiz and his men, they pressed towards them in warlike array, and although they made every signal of friendship in their power, yet these white men rushed upon them, barbarously wounding two of them, and the others saved themselves only by flight. Ortiz himself came near being killed. A horseman rushed upon him, knocked him down, and was prevented from dealing a deadly blow only by a timely ejaculation in Spanish which he made. It was in these words: "I am a Christian—do not kill me, nor these poor men who have given me my life."

It was not until this moment that the soldiers discovered their mistake, of friends for enemies; for Ortiz was, in all appearance, an Indian; and now, with the aid of Ortiz, his attending Indians were collected, and they were all carried to the camp of the white men, each riding behind a soldier upon his horse.

Ortiz now found himself among an army of Spaniards, commanded by one Fernando de Soto, who had come into that country with a great armament of six hundred men in seven ships, in search of riches; an expedition undertaken with great ostentation, raised by the expectation of what it was to afford, but it ended, as all such undertakings should, in disgrace and mortification.

Soto considered the acquisition of Ortiz of very great importance, for although he could not direct him to any mountains of gold or silver, yet he was acquainted with the language of the Indians, and he kept him with him during his memorable expedition, to act in the capacity of interpreter.

It was in the spring of 1543, that the ferocious and savage Soto fell a prey to his misguided ambition. Ortiz had died a few months before, and with him fell the already disappointed hopes of his leader. They had taken up winter quarters at a place called Autiamque, upon the Washita, or perhaps Red river, and it was here that difficulties began to thicken upon them. When in the spring they would march from thence, Soto was grieved, because he had lost so good an interpreter, and readily felt that difficulties were clustering around in a much more formidable array. Hitherto, when they were at a loss for a knowledge of the country, all they had to do was to lie in wait and seize upon some Indian, and Ortiz always could understand enough of the language to relieve them from all perplexity about their course; but now they had no other interpreter but a young Indian of Cutifachiqui, who understood a little Spanish; "yet it required sometimes a whole day for him to explain what Ortiz would have done in four words." At other times he was so entirely misunderstood, that

after they had followed his direction through a tedious march of a whole day, they would find themselves obliged to return again to the same place."

Such was the value of Ortiz in the expedition of Soto, as that miserable man conceived; but had not Soto fallen in with him, how different would have been the fate of a multitude of men, Spaniards and Indians. Upon the whole, it is hard to say which was the predominant trait in the character of Soto and his followers, avarice or cruelty.

At one time, because their guides had led them out of the way, Mocoso, the successor of Soto, caused them to be hanged upon a tree and there left. Another, in the early part of the expedition, was saved from the fangs of dogs, by the interference of Ortiz, because he was the only Indian through whom Ortiz could get information. It is difficult to decide which was the more superstitious, the Indians or the self-styled "Christian Spaniards;" for when Soto died, a chief came and offered two young Indians to be killed, that they might accompany and serve the white man to the world of spirits. An Indian guide, being violently seized with some malady, fell senseless to the ground. To raise him, and drive away the devil which they supposed was in him, they read a passage over his body from the Bible, and he immediately recovered.

CHAPTER XII.

NARRATIVE OF THE CAPTIVITY OF MRS. MARY ROWLANDSON, WIFE OF REV. JOSEPH ROWLANDSON, WHO WAS TAKEN PRISONER WHEN LANCASTER WAS DESTROYED IN THE YEAR 1676; WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

On the 10th of February, 1676, came the Indians with great numbers* upon Lancaster: their first coming was about sun-rising. Hearing the noise of some guns, we looked out; several houses were burning, and the smoke ascending to heaven. There were five persons taken in one house; the father and mother, and a sucking child they knocked on the head; the other two they took and carried away alive. There were two others, who, being out of their garrison upon some occasion, were set upon; one was knocked on the head, the other escaped. Another there was, who, running along, was shot and wounded, and fell down; he begged of them his life, promising them money, as they told me, but they would not hearken to him, but knocked him on the head, stripped him naked, and split open his bowels. Another, seeing many of the Indians about his barn, ventured and went out, but was quickly shot down. There were three

* Fifteen hundred was the number, according to the best authorities. They were the Wamponoags, led by King Philip, accompanied by the Narragansetts, his allies, and also by the Nipmucks and Nashawas, whom his artful eloquence had persuaded to join him.

others belonging to the same garrison who were killed; the Indians getting up upon the roof of the barn, had advantage to shoot down upon them over their fortification. Thus these murderous wretches went on destroying and burning all before them.*

At length they came and beset our house, and quickly it was the dolefullest day that ever mine eyes saw. The house stood upon the edge of a hill;† some of the Indians got behind the hill, others into the barn, and others behind any thing that would shelter them; from all which places they shot against the house, so that the bullets seemed to fly like hail, and quickly they wounded one man among us, then another, and then a third. About two hours, according to my observation in that amazing time, they had been about the house before they prevailed to fire it, which they did with flax and hemp which they brought out of the barn; and there being no defence about the house, only two flankers at two opposite corners, and one of them not finished, they fired it at once, and one ventured out and quenched it, but they quickly fired it again, and that took. Now is the dreadful hour come that I have often heard of in time of the war, as it was the case of others, but now mine eyes see it. Some in our house were fighting for their lives, others wallowing in blood, the house on fire over our heads, and the bloody heathen ready to knock us on the head if we stirred out. Now might we hear mothers and children crying out for themselves and one another, "Lord, what shall we do!" Then I took my children, and one of my sisters (Mrs. Drew) took hers, to go forth and leave the house, but as soon as we came to the door and appeared, the Indians shot so thick that the bullets rattled against the house as if one had taken a handful of stones and threw them, so that we were forced to give back. We had six stout dogs belonging to our garrison,‡ but none of them would stir, though at another time if an Indian had come to the door, they were ready to fly upon him and tear him down. The Lord hereby would make us the more to acknowledge his hand, and to see that our help is always in him. But out we must go, the fire increasing, and coming along behind us roaring, and the Indians gaping before us with their guns, spears, and hatchets to devour us. No sooner were we out of the

* Mr. Willard, in his History of Lancaster, says he cannot ascertain that attacks were made in more than two places previous to that upon Mr. Rowlandson's house; the first of which was Wheeler's garrison, at Wataquodoc hill, now southwest part of Bolton. Here they killed Jonas Fairbanks and Joshua his son, fifteen years of age, and Richard Wheeler. Wheeler had been in town about fifteen years. The second was Prescott's garrison, near Poignand & Plant's cotton factory. Ephraim Sawyer was killed here; and Henry Farrar and a Mr. Ball and his wife in other places.

† Mr. Rowlandson's house was on the brow of a small hill, on land now owned by Nathaniel Chandler, Esq., about a third of a mile southwest of the meeting-house, on the road leading from the centre of the town to the village called New Boston, about two rods from the road, which at that time ran near the house.

‡ Mr. Rowlandson's house was filled with soldiers and inhabitants, to the number of forty-two.

house, but my brother-in-law* (being before wounded in defending the house, in or near the throat,) fell down dead, whereat the Indians scornfully shouted and hallooed, and were presently upon him, stripping off his clothes. The bullets flying thick, one went through my side, and the same, as would seem, through the bowels and hand of my poor child in my arms. One of my elder sister's children, named William, had then his leg broke, which the Indians perceiving, they knocked him on the head. Thus were we butchered by those merciless heathens, standing amazed, with the blood running down to our heels. My eldest sister† being yet in the house, and seeing those woful sights, the infidels hauling mothers one way and children another, and some wallowing in their blood, and her eldest son telling her that her son William was dead, and myself wounded, she said, "Lord, let me die with them;" which was no sooner said but she was struck with a bullet, and fell down dead over the threshold. I hope she is reaping the fruit of her labors, being faithful to the service of God in her place. In her younger years she lay under much trouble upon spiritual accounts, till it pleased God to make that precious scripture take hold of her heart—2 Cor. 12, 9, "And he said unto me, my grace is sufficient for thee." More than twenty years after, I have heard her tell how sweet and comfortable that place was to her. But to return: The Indians laid hold of us, pulling me one way and the children another, and said, "Come, go along with us." I told them they would kill me; they answered, If I were willing to go along with them they would not hurt me.

Oh! the doleful sight that now was to behold at this house! Come, behold the works of the Lord, what desolations he has made in the earth. Of thirty-seven‡ persons who were in this one house, none escaped either present death or a bitter captivity, save only one,§ who might say as in Job 1, 15, "And I only am escaped alone to tell the news." There were twelve killed, some shot, some stabbed with their spears, some knocked down with their hatchets. When we are in prosperity, oh the little that we think of such dreadful sights, to see our dear friends and relations lie bleeding out their heart's-blood upon the ground. There was one who was chopt in the head with a hatchet, and stript naked, and yet was crawling up and down. It was a solemn sight to see so many Christians lying in their blood, some here and some there, like a company of sheep torn by wolves; all of them stript naked by a company of hell-hounds, roaring, singing, ranting, and insulting, as if they would have torn our very hearts out; yet the Lord, by his almighty power, preserved a number of us

* Thomas Rowlandson, brother to the clergyman.

† Mrs. Kerley, wife of Captain Henry Kerley, to whom she was married in 1654.

‡ We have stated in a previous note that there were forty-two persons in the house, in which number are included five soldiers not reckoned by Mrs. Rowlandson.

§ Ephraim Roper, whose wife was killed in attempting to escape.

from death, for there were twenty-four of us taken alive and carried captive.

I had often before this said, that if the Indians should come, I should choose rather to be killed by them than taken alive, but when it came to the trial, my mind changed; their glittering weapons so daunted my spirit, that I chose rather to go along with those (as I may say) ravenous bears, than that moment to end my days. And that I may the better declare what happened to me during that grievous captivity, I shall particularly speak of the several removes we had up and down in the wilderness.

The First Remove.—Now away we must go with those barbarous creatures, with our bodies wounded and bleeding, and our hearts no less than our bodies. About a mile we went that night, up on a hill, within sight of the town, where we intended to lodge. There was hard by a vacant house, deserted by the English before, for fear of the Indians; I asked them whether I might not lodge in the house that night; to which they answered, "What, will you love Englishmen still?" This was the dolefullest night that ever my eyes saw. Oh the roaring, and singing, and dancing, and yelling of those black creatures in the night, which made the place a lively resemblance of hell. And miserable was the waste that was there made of horses, cattle, sheep, swine, calves, lambs, roasting pigs, and fowls, (which they had plundered in the town,) some roasting, some lying and burning, and some boiling, to feed our merciless enemies; who were joyful enough, though we were disconsolate. To add to the dolefulness of the former day, and the dismalness of the present night, my thoughts ran upon my losses, and sad, bereaved condition. All was gone, my husband gone, (at least separated from me, he being in the bay; and to add to my grief, the Indians told me they would kill him as he came homeward,) my children gone, my relations and friends gone,* our house and home, and all our comforts within door and without, all was gone, (except my life,) and I knew not but the next moment that might go too.

There remained nothing to me but one poor, wounded babe, and it seemed at present worse than death, that it was in such a pitiful condition, bespeaking compassion, and I had no refreshing for it, nor suitable things to revive it. Little do many think what is the savageness and brutishness of this barbarous enemy, those even that seem to profess more than others among them, when the English have fallen into their hands.

Those seven that were killed at Lancaster the summer before upon a Sabbath day, and the one that was afterward killed upon a week-day, were slain and mangled in a barbarous manner, by One-eyed John and Marlborough's praying Indians, which Captain Mosely brought to Boston, as the Indians told me.

The Second Remove.—But now (the next morning) I must turn

* No less than seventeen of Mr. Rowlandson's family were put to death or taken prisoners.

my back upon the town, and travel with them into the vast and desolate wilderness, I know not whither. It is not my tongue or or pen can express the sorrows of my heart, and bitterness of my spirit, that I had at this departure; but God was with me in a wonderful manner, carrying me along and bearing up my spirit, that it did not quite fail. One of the Indians carried my poor wounded babe upon a horse: it went moaning along, "*I shall die, I shall die.*" I went on foot after it with sorrow that cannot be expressed. At length I took it off the horse, and carried it in my arms, till my strength failed and I fell down with it. Then they set me upon a horse with my wounded child in my lap, and there being no furniture on the horse's back, as we were going down a steep hill, we both fell over the horse's head, at which they like inhuman creatures laughed and rejoiced to see it, though I thought we should there have ended our days, overcome with so many difficulties. But the Lord renewed my strength still, and carried me along, that I might see more of his power, yea, so much that I could never have thought of, had I not experienced it.

After this it quickly began to snow, and when night came on they stopt. And now down I must sit in the snow, by a little fire, and a few boughs behind me, with my sick child in my lap, and calling much for water, being now, through the wound, fallen into a violent fever; my own wound also growing so stiff, that I could scarce sit down or rise up, yet so it must be, that I must sit all this cold, winter night upon the cold snowy ground, with my sick child in my arms, looking that every hour would be the last of its life, and having no Christian friend near me, either to comfort or help me. Oh, I may see the wonderful power of God, that my spirit did not utterly sink under my affliction; still the Lord upheld me with his gracious and merciful spirit, and we were both alive to see the light of the next morning.

The Third Remove.—The morning being come, they prepared to go on their way; one of the Indians got upon a horse, and they sat me up behind him, with my poor sick babe in my lap. A very wearisome and tedious day I had of it; what with my own wound, and my child being so exceeding sick, and in a lamentable condition with her wound, it may easily be judged what a poor, feeble condition we were in, there being not the least crumb of refreshing that came within either of our mouths from Wednesday night to Saturday night, except only a little cold water. This day in the afternoon, about an hour by sun, we came to the place where they intended, viz: an Indian town called Wenimesset, (New Braintree) northward of Quabaug, (Brookfield.) When we were come, oh the number of Pagans, now merciless enemies, that there came about me, that I may say as David, Psal. 27: 13, "*I had fainted unless I had believed,*" &c. The next day was the Sabbath. I then remembered how careless I had been of God's holy time; how many Sabbaths I had lost and misspent, and how evilly I had walked in God's sight; which lay so close upon my spirit, that it was easy for me to see how righteous it was with God to cut off the thread of my life, and cast me out of his presence

forever. Yet the Lord still showed mercy to me, and helped me; and as he wounded me with one hand, so he healed me with the other. This day there came to me one Robert Pepper, a man belonging to Roxbury, who was taken at Captain Beers' fight, and had been now a considerable time with the Indians, and up with them almost as far as Albany, to see King Philip, as he told me, and was now very lately come into these parts. Hearing, I say, that I was in this Indian town, he obtained leave to come and see me. He told me he himself was wounded in the leg at Captain Beers' fight, and was not able some time to go, but as they carried him, and that he took oak leaves and laid to his wound, and by the blessing of God he was able to travel again. Then took I oak leaves and laid to my side, and with the blessing of God it cured me also; yet before the cure was wrought, I may say as it is in Psal. 38: 5, 6, "My wounds stink and are corrupt. I am troubled; I am bowed down greatly; I go mourning all the day long." I sat much alone with my poor wounded child in my lap, which moaned night and day, having nothing to revive the body or cheer the spirits of her; but instead of that, one Indian would come and tell me one hour, "Your master will knock your child on the head," and then a second, and then a third, "Your master will quickly knock your child on the head."

This was the comfort I had from them; miserable comforters were they all. Thus nine days I sat upon my knees, with my babe in my lap, till my flesh was raw again. My child being even ready to depart this sorrowful world, they bid me carry it out to another wigwam, I suppose because they would not be troubled with such spectacles; whither I went with a very heavy heart, and down I sat with the picture of death in my lap. About two hours in the night, my sweet babe like a lamb departed this life, on Feb. 18, 1676, it being about six years and five months old. It was nine days from the first wounding in this miserable condition, without any refreshing of one nature or another except a little cold water. I cannot but take notice how at another time I could not bear to be in a room where a dead person was, but now the case is changed; I must and could lie down with my dead babe all the night. I have thought since of the wonderful goodness of God to me, in preserving me so in the use of my reason and senses, in that distressed time, that I did not use wicked and violent means to end my own miserable life. In the morning when they understood that my child was dead, they sent me home to my master's wigwam. By my master in this writing must be understood Quannopin, who was a sagamore, and married King Philip's wife's sister; not that he first took me, but I was sold to him by a Narragansett Indian, who took me when I first came out of the garrison. I went to take up my dead child in my arms to carry it with me, but they bid me let it alone. There was no resisting, but go I must, and leave it. When I had been awhile at my master's wigwam, I took the first opportunity I could get to look after my dead child. When I came I asked them what they had done with it. They told

me it was on the hill.* Then they went and showed me where it was, where I saw the ground was newly digged, and where they told me they had buried it. There I left that child in the wilderness, and must commit it and myself also in this wilderness condition to Him who is above all. God having taken away this dear child, I went to see my daughter Mary, who was at the same Indian town, at a wigwam not very far off, though we had little liberty or opportunity to see one another; she was about ten years old, and taken from the door at first by a praying Indian, and afterwards sold for a gun. When I came in sight she would fall a weeping, at which they were provoked, and would not let me come near her, but bid me begone; which was a heart-cutting word to me. I had one child dead, another in the wilderness, I knew not where; the third they would not let me come near to. "Me (as he said) have ye bereaved of my children; Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin also; all these things are against me." I could not sit still in this condition, but kept walking from one place to another; and as I was going along, my heart was even overwhelmed with the thoughts of my condition, and that I should have children, and a nation that I knew not ruled over them. Whereupon I earnestly entreated the Lord that he would consider my low estate, and show me a token for good, and if it were his blessed will, some sign and hope of some relief. And indeed quickly the Lord answered in some measure my poor prayer; for as I was going up and down mourning and lamenting my condition, my son (Joseph) came to me and asked me how I did. I had not seen him before since the destruction of the town; and I knew not where he was, till I was informed by himself that he was among a smaller parcel of Indians, whose place was about six miles off. With tears in his eyes he asked me whether his sister Sarah was dead, and told me he had seen his sister Mary, and prayed me that I would not be troubled in reference to himself. The occasion of his coming to see me at this time was this: there was, as I said, about six miles from us, a small plantation of Indians, where it seems he had been during his captivity; and at this time there were some forces of the Indians gathered out of our company, and some also from them, amongst whom was my son's master, to go to assault and burn Medfield. In this time of his master's absence his dame brought him to see me. I took this to be some gracious answer to my earnest and unfeigned desire. The next day the Indians returned from Medfield; all the company—for those that belonged to the other smaller company came through the town that we now were at; but before they came to us, oh the outrageous roaring and whooping that there was! they began their din about a mile before they came to us. By their noise and whooping they signified how many they had destroyed, which was at that time twenty-three. Those that were with us at home

* This hill, in the town of New Braintree, is now known as the burial place of Mrs. Rowlandson's child.

were gathered together as soon as they heard the whooping, and every time that the other went over their number, these at home gave a shout, that the very earth rang again. And thus they continued till those that had been upon the expedition were come up to the sagamore's wigwam; and then, oh the hideous insulting and triumphing that there was over some Englishmen's scalps that they had taken, as their manner is, and brought with them. I cannot but take notice of the wonderful mercy of God to me in those afflictions, in sending me a Bible. One of the Indians that came from Medfield fight, and had brought some plunder, came to me, and asked me if I would have a Bible; he had got one in his basket. I was glad of it, and asked him if he thought the Indians would let me read. He answered yes. So I took the Bible, and in that melancholy time it came into my mind to read first the twenty-eighth chapter of Deuteronomy, which I did, and when I had read it my dark heart wrought on this manner: that there was no mercy for me, that the blessings were gone, and the curses came in their room, and that I had lost my opportunity. But the Lord helped me still to go on reading, till I came to chap. 30—the first seven verses—where I found there was mercy promised again, if we would return to him by repentance; and though we were scattered from one end of the earth to the other, yet the Lord would gather us together, and turn all those curses upon our enemies. I do not desire to live to forget this scripture, and what comfort it was to me.

Now the Indians began to talk of removing from this place, some one way and some another. There were now besides myself nine English captives in this place, all of them children except one woman. I got an opportunity to go and take my leave of them, they being to go one way and I another. I asked them whether they were earnest with God for deliverance. They told me they did as they were able, and it was some comfort to me that the Lord stirred up children to look to him. The woman, viz: goodwife Joslin, told me she should never see me again, and that she could find in her heart to run away by any means, for we were near thirty miles from any English town,* and she very big with child, having but one week to reckon, and another child in her arms two years old; and bad rivers there were to go over, and we were feeble with our poor and course entertainment. I had my Bible with me. I pulled it out, and asked her whether she would read. We opened the Bible, and lighted on Psalm 27, in which Psalm we especially took notice of that verse: "Wait on the Lord, be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart; wait I say on the Lord."

The Fourth Remove.—And now must I part with the little company I had. Here I parted with my daughter Mary, whom I never saw again till I saw her in Dorchester, returned from captivity, and

* This was true at that time, as Brookfield, (Quaboag,) within a few miles of Wenimesset, was destroyed by the Indians in August, 1675. The nearest towns were those on Connecticut river.

from four little cousins and neighbors, some of which I never saw afterward; the Lord only knows the end of them. Among them also was that poor woman before mentioned, who came to a sad end, as some of the company told me in my travel. She having much grief upon her spirits about her miserable condition, being so near her time, she would be often asking the Indians to let her go home. They not being willing to that, and yet vexed with her importunity, gathered a great company together about her, and stript her naked and set her in the midst of them; and when they had sung and danced about her in their hellish manner as long as they pleased, they knocked her on the head, and the child in her arms with her. When they had done that, they made a fire and put them both into it, and told the other children that were with them, that if they attempted to go home they would serve them in like manner. The children said she did not shed one tear, but prayed all the while. But to turn to my own journey. We travelled about a half a day or a little more, and came to a desolate place in the wilderness, where there were no wigwams or inhabitants before. We came about the middle of the afternoon to this place, cold, wet, and snowy, and hungry, and weary, and no refreshing for man, but the cold ground to sit on, and our poor Indian cheer.

Heart-aching thoughts here I had about my poor children, who were scattered up and down among the wild beasts of the forest. My head was light and dizzy, either through hunger, or bad lodging, or trouble, or all together; my knees feeble, my body raw by sitting double night and day, that I cannot express to man the affliction that lay upon my spirit; but the Lord helped me at that time to express it to himself. I opened my Bible to read, and the Lord brought that precious scripture to me,—Jer. 31: 16, "Thus saith the Lord, refrain thy voice from weeping, and thine eyes from tears, for thy work shall be rewarded, and they shall come again from the land of the enemy." This was a sweet cordial to me when I was ready to faint. Many and many a time have I sat down and wept sweetly over this scripture. At this place we continued about four days.

The Fifth Remove.—The occasion, as I thought, of their removing at this time, was the English army's being near and following them, for they went as if they had gone for their lives for some considerable way; and then they made a stop, and chose out some of their stoutest men, and sent them back to hold the English army in play whilst the rest escaped; and then, like Jehu, they marched on furiously, with their old and young; some carried their old decrepit mothers, some carried one, and some another. Four of them carried a great Indian upon a bier; but going through a thick wood with him, they were hindered, and could make no haste; whereupon they took him upon their backs, and carried him one at a time till we came to Bacquag* river. Upon Friday, a little after noon, we came to this river. When all the company was come up and gathered together, I thought to count the

* Or Payquage, now Miller's river. It empties into the Connecticut, between Northfield and Montague.

number of them; but they were so many, and being somewhat in motion, it was beyond my skill. In this travel, because of my wound, I was somewhat favored in my load. I carried only my knitting-work, and two quarts of parched meal. Being very faint, I asked my mistress to give me one spoonful of the meal, but she would not give me a taste. They quickly fell to cutting dry trees, to make rafts to carry them over the river, and soon my turn came to go over. By the advantage of some brush which they had laid upon the raft to sit on, I did not wet my foot, while many of themselves at the other end were mid-leg deep, which cannot but be acknowledged as a favor of God to my weakened body, it being a very cold time. I was not before acquainted with such kind of doings or dangers. "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee."—Isa. 43: 2. A certain number of us got over the river that night, but it was the night after the Sabbath before all the company was got over. On the Saturday they boiled an old horse's leg which they had got, and so we drank of the broth as soon as they thought it was ready, and when it was almost all gone they filled it up again.

The first week of my being among them I hardly eat any thing; the second week I found my stomach grow very faint for want of something, and yet it was very hard to get down their filthy trash; but the third week, though I could think how formerly my stomach would turn against this or that, and I could starve and die before I could eat such things, yet they were pleasant and savory to my taste. I was at this time knitting a pair of white cotton stockings for my mistress, and I had not yet wrought upon the Sabbath day. When the Sabbath came, they bid me go to work. I told them it was Sabbath day, and desired them to let me rest, and told them I would do as much more work to-morrow; to which they answered me they would break my face. And here I cannot but take notice of the strange providence of God in preserving the heathen. They were many hundreds, old and young, some sick and some lame; many had papooses at their backs; the greatest number at this time with us were squaws; and yet they travelled with all they had, bag and baggage, and they got over this river aforesaid; and on Monday they set their wigwams on fire, and away they went. On that very day came the English army after them to this river, and saw the smoke of their wigwams, and yet this river put a stop to them. God did not give them courage or activity to go over after us. We were not ready for so great a mercy as victory and deliverance; if we had been, God would have found out a way for the English to have passed this river as well as for the Indians, with their squaws and children, and all their luggage. "O that my people had hearkened unto me, and Israel had walked in my ways; I should soon have subdued their enemies, and turned my hand against their adversaries."—Psal. 81: 13, 14.

The Sixth Remove.—On Monday, as I said, they set their wigwams on fire, and went away. It was a cold morning, and before us

there was a great brook with ice on it. Some waded through it up to the knees and higher, but others went till they came to a beaver dam, and I amongst them, where, through the good providence of God, I did not wet my foot. I went along that day mourning and lamenting, leaving farther my own country, and travelling farther into the vast and howling wilderness, and I understood something of Lot's wife's temptation when she looked back. We came that day to a great swamp, by the side of which we took up our lodging that night. When we came to the brow of the hill that looked toward the swamp, I thought we had been come to a great Indian town, though there were none but our own company; the Indians were as thick as the trees; it seemed as if there had been a thousand hatchets going at once. If one looked before one there was nothing but Indians, and behind one nothing but Indians, and so on the other hand; and I myself in the midst, and no Christian soul near me, and yet how hath the Lord preserved me in safety! Oh the experience that I have had of the goodness of God to me and mine!

The Seventh Remove.—After a restless and hungry night there, we had a wearisome time of it the next day. The swamp by which we lay was, as it were, a deep dungeon, and an exceeding high and steep hill before it. Before I got to the top of the hill, I thought my heart and legs and all would have broken and failed me. What through faintness and soreness of body, it was a grievous day of travel to me. As we went along, I saw a place where English cattle had been. This was a comfort to me, such as it was. Quickly after that we came to an English path, which so took me that I thought I could there have freely lain down and died. That day, a little after noon, we came to Squaheag,* where the Indians quickly spread themselves over the deserted English fields, gleaning what they could find. Some picked up ears of wheat that were crickled down, some found ears of Indian corn, some found ground-nuts, and others sheaves of wheat that were frozen together in the shock, and went to threshing them out. Myself got two ears of Indian corn, and whilst I did but turn my back one of them was stole from me, which much troubled me. There came an Indian to them at that time, with a basket of horse-liver. I asked him to give me a piece. "What," says he, "can you eat horse-liver?" I told him I would try, if he would give me a piece, which he did, and I laid it on the coals to roast; but before it was half ready they got half of it away from me, so that I was forced to take the rest and eat it as it was, with the blood about my mouth; and yet a savory bit it was to me, for to the hungry soul every bitter thing was sweet. A solemn sight methought it was, to see whole fields of wheat and Indian corn forsaken and spoiled, and the remainder of them to be food for our merciless enemies. That night we had a mess of wheat for our supper.

The Eighth Remove.—On the morrow morning we must go over Connecticut river, to meet with King Philip. Two canoes full they

* Or Squakeag, now Northfield.

had carried over; the next turn myself was to go; but as my foot was upon the canoe to step in, there was a sudden outcry among them, and I must step back; and instead of going over the river, I must go four or five miles up the river farther northward. Some of the Indians ran one way, and some another. The cause of this route was, as I thought, their espying some English scouts, who were thereabouts. In this travel up the river, about noon the company made a stop, and sat down, some to eat and others to rest them. As I sat amongst them, musing on things past, my son Joseph unexpectedly came to me. We asked of each other's welfare, bemoaning our doleful condition, and the change that had come upon us. We had husband and father, and children and sisters, and friends and relations, and house and home, and many comforts of this life; but now we might say as Job, "Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." I asked him whether he would read. He told me he earnestly desired it. I gave him my Bible, and he lighted upon that comfortable scripture, Psalm 118: 17, 18,—“I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord. The Lord hath chastened me sore, yet he hath not given me over to death.” “Look here, mother,” says he, “did you read this?” And here I may take occasion to mention one principal ground of my setting forth these lines, even as the Psalmist says, to declare the works of the Lord, and his wonderful power in carrying us along, preserving us in the wilderness while under the enemy's hand, and returning of us in safety again; and his goodness in bringing to my hand so many comfortable and suitable scriptures in my distress.

But to return. We travelled on till night, and in the morning we must go over the river to Philip's crew. When I was in the canoe, I could not but be amazed at the numerous crew of Pagans that were on the bank on the other side. When I came ashore, they gathered all about me, I sitting alone in the midst. I observed they asked one another questions, and laughed, and rejoiced over their gains and victories. Then my heart began to fail, and I fell a weeping; which was the first time, to my remembrance, that I wept before them. Although I had met with so much affliction, and my heart was many times ready to break, yet could not I shed one tear in their sight, but rather had been all this while in a maize, and like one astonished; but now I may say as Psalm 137: 1,—“By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion.” There one of them asked me why I wept. I could hardly tell what to say; yet I answered they would kill me. “No,” said he, “none will hurt you.” Then came one of them, and gave me two spoonfuls of meal, to comfort me, and another gave me half a pint of peas, which was worth more than many bushels at another time. Then I went to see King Philip. He bade me come and sit down, and asked me whether I would smoke—a usual compliment now-a-days among the saints and sinners; but this no way suited me; for though I had formerly used tobacco, yet I had left it ever since I was first taken. It seems

to be a bait the devil lays to make men lose their precious time. I remember with shame how formerly, when I had taken two or three pipes, I was presently ready for another, such a bewitching thing it is; but I thank God, he has now given me power over it. Surely there are many who may be better employed than to sit sucking a stinking tobacco-pipe.

Now the Indians gathered their forces to go against Northampton. Over night one went about yelling and hooting to give notice of the design. Whereupon they went to boiling of ground-nuts and parching corn, as many as had it, for their provision; and in the morning away they went. During my abode in this place, Philip spake to me to make a shirt for his boy, which I did; for which he gave me a shilling. I offered the money to my mistress, but she bid me keep it, and with it I bought a piece of horse-flesh. Afterward he asked me to make a cap for his boy, for which he invited me to dinner. I went, and he gave me a pancake about as big as two fingers; it was made of parched wheat, beaten and fried in bear's grease, but I thought I never tasted pleasanter meat in my life. There was a squaw who spake to me to make a shirt for her sannup; for which she gave me a piece of beef. Another asked me to knit a pair of stockings, for which she gave me a quart of peas. I boiled my peas and beef together, and invited my master and mistress to dinner; but the proud gossip, because I served them both in one dish, would eat nothing, except one bit that he gave her upon the point of his knife. Hearing that my son was come to this place, I went to see him, and found him lying flat on the ground. I asked him how he could sleep so. He answered me that he was not asleep, but at prayer, and that he lay so that they might not observe what he was doing. I pray God he may remember these things now he is returned in safety. At this place, the sun now getting higher, what with the beams and heat of the sun and smoke of the wigwams, I thought I should have been blinded. I could scarce discern one wigwam from another. There was one Mary Thurston, of Medfield, who, seeing how it was with me, lent me a hat to wear; but as soon as I was gone, the squaw that owned that Mary Thurston came running after me, and got it away again. Here was a squaw who gave me a spoonful of meal; I put it in my pocket to keep it safe, yet notwithstanding somebody stole it, but put five Indian corns in the room of it; which corns were the greatest provision I had in my travel for one day.

The Indians returning from Northampton,* brought with them some horses, and sheep, and other things which they had taken. I desired them that they would carry me to Albany upon one of these horses, and sell me for powder, for so they had sometimes discoursed. I was utterly helpless of getting home on foot, the way that I came. I could hardly bear to think of the many weary steps I had taken to this place.

The Ninth Remove.—But instead of either going to Albany or

* Northampton was attacked March 14, 1676.

homeward, we must go five miles up the river, and then go over it. Here we abode a while. Here lived a sorry Indian, who spake to me to make him a shirt; when I had done it he would pay me nothing for it. But he living by the river side, where I often went to fetch water, I would often be putting him in mind, and calling for my pay; at last he told me that if I would make another shirt for a papoose not yet born, he would give me a knife, which he did when I had done it. I carried the knife in, and my master asked me to give it him, and I was not a little glad that I had any thing that they would accept of and be pleased with. When we were at this place my master's maid came home; she had been gone three weeks into the Narragansett country to fetch corn, where they had stored up some in the ground. She brought home about a peck and a half of corn. This was about the time that their great captain, Naonanto, was killed in the Narragansett country.

My son being now about a mile from me, I asked liberty to go and see him. They bid me go, and away I went; but quickly lost myself, travelling over hills and through swamps, and could not find the way to him. And I cannot but admire the wonderful power and goodness of God to me, in that though I was gone from home and met with all sorts of Indians, and those I had no knowledge of, and there being no Christian soul near me, yet not one of them offered the least imaginable miscarriage to me. I turned homeward again, and met with my master, and he showed me the way to my son. When I came to him I found him not well, and withal he had a boil on his side which much troubled him. We bemoaned one another a while, as the Lord helped us, and then I returned again. When I was returned, I found myself as unsatisfied as I was before. I went up and down mourning and lamenting, and my spirit was ready to sink with the thoughts of my poor children. My son was ill, and I could not but think of his mournful looks, having no Christian friend near him to do any office of love to him, either for soul or body. And my poor girl, I knew not where she was, nor whether she was sick or well, alive or dead. I repaired under these thoughts to my Bible, (my great comforter in that time,) and that scripture came to my hand, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee."—Psal. 55: 22.

But I was fain to go look after something to satisfy my hunger; and going among the wigwams, I went into one, and there found a squaw who showed herself very kind to me, and gave me a piece of bear. I put it into my pocket and came home, but could not find an opportunity to broil it, for fear they should get it from me. And there it lay all the day and night in my stinking pocket. In the morning I went again to the squaw, who had a kettle of ground-nuts boiling. I asked her to let me boil my piece of bear in the kettle, which she did, and gave me some ground-nuts to eat with it, and I cannot but think how pleasant it was to me. I have sometimes seen bear baked handsomely amongst the English, and some liked it, but the thoughts that it was bear made me tremble. But now that was

savory to me that one would think was enough to turn the stomach of a brute creature.

One bitter cold day I could find no room to sit down before the fire. I went out, and could not tell what to do, but I went into another wigwam, where they were also sitting round the fire; but the squaw laid a skin for me, and bid me sit down, and gave me some ground-nuts, and bid me come again, and told me they would buy me if they were able. And yet these were strangers to me that I never knew before.

The Tenth Remove.—That day a small part of the company removed about three quarters of a mile, intending to go farther the next day. When they came to the place they intended to lodge, and had pitched their wigwams, being hungry, I went again back to the place we were before at, to get something to eat; being encouraged by the squaw's kindness, who bid me come again. When I was there, there came an Indian to look after me; who when he had found me, kicked me all along. I went home and found venison roasting that night, but they would not give me one bit of it. Sometimes I met with favor, and sometimes with nothing but frowns.

The Eleventh Remove.—The next day in the morning, they took their travel, intending a day's journey up the river; I took my load at my back, and quickly we came to wade over a river, and passed over tiresome and wearisome hills. One hill was so steep, that I was fain to creep up on my knees, and to hold by the twigs and bushes to keep myself from falling backward. My head also was so light that I usually reeled as I went. But I hope all those wearisome steps that I have taken are but a forwarding of me to the heavenly rest. "I know, O Lord, that thy judgments are right, and that thou in faithfulness hath afflicted me."—Psalm 119: 75.

The Twelfth Remove.—It was upon a Sabbath-day morning that they prepared for their travel. This morning I asked my master whether he would sell me to my husband; he answered, *nux*; which did much rejoice my spirits. My mistress, before we went, was gone to the burial of a papoose, and returning, she found me sitting and reading in my Bible. She snatched it hastily out of my hand and threw it out of doors. I ran out and caught it up, and put it in my pocket, and never let her see it afterwards. Then they packed up their things to be gone, and gave me my load; I complained it was too heavy, whereupon she gave me a slap on the face and bid me be-gone. I lifted up my heart to God, hoping that redemption was not far off; and the rather because their insolence grew worse and worse.

But thoughts of my going homeward, for so we bent our course, much cheered my spirit, and made my burden seem light, and almost nothing at all. But to my amazement and great perplexity, the scale was soon turned; for when we had got a little way, on a sudden my mistress gave out she would go no further, but turn back again, and said I must go back again with her; and she called her sannup, and would have him go back also, but he would not, but said he would go on, and come to us again in three days. My spirit was upon this, I

confess, very impatient, and almost outrageous. I thought I could as well have died as went back. I cannot declare the trouble that I was in about it; back again I must go. As soon as I had an opportunity, I took my Bible to read, and that quieting scripture came to my hand, Psalm 46: 10,—“Be still, and know that I am God;” which stilled my spirit for the present; but a sore time of trial I concluded I had to go through; my master being gone, who seemed to me the best friend I had of an Indian, both in cold and hunger, and quickly so it proved. Down I sat, with my heart as full as it could hold, and yet so hungry that I could not sit neither. But going out to see what I could find, and walking among the trees, I found six acorns and two chesnuts, which were some refreshment to me. Towards night I gathered me some sticks for my own comfort, that I might not lie cold; but when we came to lie down, they bid me go out and lie somewhere else, for they had company, they said, come in more than their own. I told them I could not tell where to go; they bid me go look; I told them if I went to another wigwam they would be angry and send me home again. Then one of the company drew his sword and told me he would run me through if I did not go presently. Then was I fain to stoop to this rude fellow, and go out in the night I knew not whither. Mine eyes hath seen that fellow, afterwards walking up and down in Boston, under the appearance of a friendly Indian, and several others of the like cut. I went to one wigwam, and they told me they had no room. Then I went to another, and they said the same. At last, an old Indian bid me come to him, and his squaw gave me some ground-nuts; she gave me also something to lay under my head, and a good fire we had; through the good providence of God, I had a comfortable lodging that night. In the morning, another Indian bid me come at night and he would give me six ground-nuts, which I did. We were at this place and time about two miles from Connecticut river. We went in the morning, to gather ground-nuts, to the river, and went back again at night. I went with a great load at my back, for they, when they went, though but a little way, would carry all their trumpery with them. I told them the skin was off my back, but I had no other comforting answer from them than this, that it would be no matter if my head was off too.

The Thirteenth Remove.—Instead of going towards the bay, which was what I desired, I must go with them five or six miles down the river, into a mighty thicket of brush; where we abode almost a fortnight. Here one asked me to make a shirt for her papoose, for which she gave me a mess of broth, which was thickened with meal made of the bark of a tree; and to make it better she had put into it about a handful of peas, and a few roasted ground-nuts. I had not seen my son a pretty while, and here was an Indian of whom I made enquiry after him, and asked him where he saw him. He answered me, that such a time his master roasted him, and that himself did eat a piece of him as big as his two fingers, and that he was very good meat. But the Lord upheld my spirit under this discouragement; and

I considered their horrible addictedness to lying, and that there is not one of them that makes the least conscience of speaking the truth.

In this place, one cold night, as I lay by the fire, I removed a stick which kept the heat from me; a squaw moved it down again, at which I looked up, and she threw an handful of ashes in my eyes; I thought I should have been quite blinded and never have seen more; but, lying down, the water ran out of my eyes, and carried the dirt with it, that by the morning I recovered my sight again. Yet upon this, and the like occasions, I hope it is not too much to say with Job, "Have pity upon me, have pity upon me, O ye my friends, for the hand of the Lord has touched me." And here, I cannot but remember how many times, sitting in their wigwams, and musing on things past, I should suddenly leap up and run out, as if I had been at home, forgetting where I was, and what my condition was; but when I was without, and saw nothing but wilderness and woods, and a company of barbarous heathen, my mind quickly returned to me, which made me think of that spoken concerning Sampson, who said, "I will go out and shake myself as at other times, but he wist not that the Lord was departed from him."

About this time I began to think that all my hopes of restoration would come to nothing. I thought of the English army, and hoped for their coming, and being retaken by them, but that failed. I hoped to be carried to Albany, as the Indians had discoursed, but that failed also. I thought of being sold to my husband, as my master spake: but instead of that, my master himself was gone, and I left behind, so that my spirit was now quite ready to sink. I asked them to let me go out and pick up some sticks, that I might get alone and pour out my heart unto the Lord. Then also I took my Bible to read, but I found no comfort here neither; yet I can say in all my sorrows and afflictions, God did not leave me to have any impatient work toward himself, as if his ways were unrighteous; but I knew that he laid upon me less than I deserved. Afterward, before this doleful time ended with me, I was turning the leaves of my Bible, and the Lord brought to me some scripture which did a little revive me, as that, Isa. 55: 8, "For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are my ways your ways, saith the Lord." And also that,—Psal. 37: 5, "Commit thy ways unto the Lord, trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass."

About this time, they came yelping from Hadley,* having there killed three Englishmen, and brought one captive with them, viz: Thomas Reed. They all gathered about the poor man, asking him many questions. I desired also to go and see him; and when I came he was crying bitterly, supposing they would quickly kill him. Whereupon I asked one of them whether they intended to kill him; he answered me they would not. He being a little cheered with that, I asked him about the welfare of my husband; he told me he saw him such a time in the bay, and he was well, but very melancholy. By

* In the beginning of April, a number of the inhabitants of Hadley, having ventured out some distance from the guard, for the purpose of tillage, were attacked by the Indians, and three of them killed.

which I certainly understood, though I suspected it before, that whatsoever the Indians told me respecting him was vanity and lies. Some of them told me he was dead, and they had killed him; some said he was married again, and that the governor wished him to marry, and told him that he should have his choice; and that all persuaded him that I was dead. So like were these barbarous creatures to him who was a liar from the beginning.

As I was sitting once in the wigwam here, Philip's maid came with the child in her arms, and asked me to give her a piece of my apron to make a flap for it. I told her I would not; then my mistress bid me give it, but I still said no; the maid told me if I would not give her a piece, she would tear a piece off it. I told her I would tear her coat then; with that my mistress rises up, and takes up a stick big enough to have killed me, and struck at me with it; but I stepped out, and she struck the stick into the mat of the wigwam. But while she was pulling it out, I ran to the maid and gave her all my apron, and so that storm went over.

Hearing that my son was come to this place, I went to see him, and told him that his father was well, but very melancholy. He told me he was as much grieved for his father as for himself. I wondered at his speech, for I thought I had enough upon my spirit, in reference to myself, to make me mindless of my husband and every one else, they being safe among their friends. He told me also, that a while before, his master, together with other Indians, were going to the French for powder; but by the way the Mohawks met with them, and killed four of their company, which made the rest turn back again; for which I desire that myself and he may ever bless the Lord; for it might have been worse with him had he been sold to the French, than it proved to be in his remaining with the Indians.

I went to see an English youth in this place, one John Gilbert, of Springfield. I found him lying without doors upon the ground. I asked him how he did; he told me he was very sick of a flux with eating so much blood. They had turned him out of the wigwam, and with him an Indian papoose, almost dead, (whose parents had been killed,) in a bitter cold day, without fire or clothes; the young man himself had nothing on but his shirt and waistcoat. This sight was enough to melt a heart of flint. There they lay quivering in the cold, the youth round like a dog, the papoose stretched out, with his eyes, nose, and mouth full of dirt, and yet alive and groaning. I advised John to go and get to some fire; he told me he could not stand, but I persuaded him still, lest he should lie there and die; and with much ado I got him to a fire, and went myself home. As soon as I was got home, his master's daughter came after me to know what I had done with the Englishman; I told her I had got him to a fire in such a place. Now had I need to pray Paul's prayer,—2 Thess. 3: 2, "That we may be delivered from unreasonable and wicked men." For her satisfaction I went along with her, and brought her to him; but before I got home again it was noised about that I was running away, and getting the English youth along with me; that as soon as

I came in, they began to rant and domineer, asking me where I had been, and what I had been doing, and saying they would knock me on the head. I told them I had been seeing the English youth, and that I would not run away. They told me I lied, and getting up a hatchet, they came to me and said they would knock me down if I stirred out again, and so confined me to the wigwam. Now may I say with David,—2 Sam. 24: 14, "I am in a great strait." If I keep in I must die with hunger, and if I go out I must be knocked on the head. This distressed condition held that day, and half the next, and then the Lord remembered me, whose mercies are great. Then came an Indian to me with a pair of stockings which were too big for him, and he would have me ravel them out and knit them fit for him. I showed myself willing, and bid him ask my mistress if I might go along with him a little way. She said yes, I might; and I was not a little refreshed with that news, that I had my liberty again. Then I went along with him, and he gave me some roasted ground-nuts, which did again revive my feeble stomach.

Being got out of her sight, I had time and liberty again to look into my Bible, which was my guide by day and my pillow at night. Now that comfortable scripture presented itself to me,—Isa. 45: 7, "For a small moment have I forsaken thee, but with great mercies will I gather thee." Thus the Lord carried me along from one time to another, and made good to me this precious promise, and many others. Then my son came to see me, and I asked his master to let him stay a while with me, that I might comb his head and look over him, for he was almost overcome with lice. He told me when I had done that he was very hungry, but I had nothing to relieve him, but bid him go into the wigwams as he went along, and see if he could get any thing among them; which he did, and it seems tarried a little too long, for his master was angry with him, and beat him, and then sold him. Then he came running to tell me he had a new master, and that he had given him some ground-nuts already. Then I went along with him to his new master, who told me he loved him, and he should not want. So his master carried him away, and I never saw him afterwards till I saw him at Piscataqua, in Portsmouth.

That night they bid me go out of the wigwam again; my mistress's papoose was sick, and it died that night, and there was one benefit in it, that there was more room. I went to a wigwam, and they bid me come in, and gave me a skin to lie upon, and a mess of venison and ground-nuts, which was a choice dish among them. On the morrow they buried the papoose; and afterward, both morning and evening, there came a company to mourn and howl with her; though I confess I could not much condole with them. Many sorrowful days I had in this place; often getting alone, "Like a crane or a swallow, so did I chatter; I did mourn as a dove; mine eyes fail with looking upward. O Lord, I am oppressed, undertake for me."—Isa. 38: 14. I could tell the Lord, as Hezekiah, verse 3, "Remember now, O Lord, I beseech thee, how I have walked before thee in truth." Now I had time to examine all my ways. My conscience did not accuse me of

unrighteousness towards one or another; yet I saw how in my walk with God I had been a careless creature. As David said, "Against thee only have I sinned." And I might say with the poor publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner." Upon the Sabbath days I could look upon the sun, and think how people were going to the house of God to have their souls refreshed, and then home and their bodies also; but I was destitute of both, and might say as the poor prodigal, "He would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat, and no man gave unto him."—Luke 15: 16. For I must say with him, "Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight."—Verse 21. I remember how, on the night before and after the Sabbath, when my family was about me, and relations and neighbors with us, we could pray, and sing, and refresh our bodies with the good creatures of God, and then have a comfortable bed to lie down on; but instead of all this, I had only a little swill for the body, and then, like a swine, must lie down on the ground. I cannot express to man the sorrow that lay upon my spirit; the Lord knows it. Yet that comfortable scripture would often come to my mind—"For a small moment have I forsaken thee, but with great mercies will I gather thee."

The Fourteenth Remove.—Now must we pack up and begone from this thicket, bending our course towards the bay towns; I having nothing to eat by the way this day but a few crumbs of cake that an Indian gave my girl the same day we were taken. She gave it me, and I put it in my pocket. There it lay, till it was so mouldy, for want of good baking, that one could not tell what it was made of; it fell all into crumbs, and grew so dry and hard that it was like little flints; and this refreshed me many times when I was ready to faint. It was in my thoughts when I put it into my mouth, that if ever I returned I would tell the world what a blessing the Lord gave to such mean food. As we went along they killed a deer, with a young one in her. They gave me a piece of the fawn, and it was so young and tender that one might eat the bones as well as the flesh, and yet I thought it very good. When night came on we sat down. It rained, but they quickly got up a bark wigwam, where I lay dry that night. I looked out in the morning, and many of them had lain in the rain all night, I knew by their reeking. Thus the Lord dealt mercifully with me many times, and I fared better than many of them. In the morning they took the blood of the deer and put it into the paunch, and so boiled it. I could eat nothing of that, though they eat it sweetly. And yet they were so nice in other things, that when I had fetched water, and had put the dish I dipped the water with into the kettle of water which I brought, they would say they would knock me down, for they said it was a sluttish trick.

The Fifteenth Remove.—We went on our travel. I having got a handful of ground-nuts for my support that day, they gave me my load, and I went on cheerfully, with the thoughts of going homeward, having my burthen more upon my back than my spirit. We came to Baquaug river again that day, near which we abode a few days.

Sometimes one of them would give me a pipe, another a little tobacco, another a little salt, which I would change for victuals. I cannot but think what a wolfish appetite persons have in a starving condition; for many times, when they gave me that which was hot, I was so greedy, that I should burn my mouth, that it would trouble me many hours after, and yet I should quickly do the like again. And after I was thoroughly hungry, I was never again satisfied; for though it sometimes fell out that I had got enough, and did eat till I could eat no more, yet I was as unsatisfied as I was when I began. And now could I see that scripture verified, there being many scriptures that we do not take notice of or understand till we are afflicted, Mic. 6: 14,—“Thou shalt eat and not be satisfied.” Now might I see more than ever before the miseries that sin hath brought upon us. Many times I should be ready to run out against the heathen, but that scripture would quiet me again, Amos 3: 6,—“Shall there be evil in the city, and the Lord hath not done it?” The Lord help me to make a right improvement of his word, that I might learn that great lesson, Mic. 6: 8, 9,—“He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly and love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God? Hear ye the rod, and who hath appointed it.”

The Sixteenth Remove.—We began this remove with wading over Baquaug river. The water was up to our knees, and the stream very swift, and so cold that I thought it would have cut me in sunder. I was so weak and feeble that I reeled as I went along, and thought there I must end my days at last, after my bearing and getting through so many difficulties. The Indians stood laughing to see me staggering along, but in my distress the Lord gave me experience of the truth and goodness of that promise, Isa. 43: 2,—“When thou passeth through the water I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.” Then I sat down to put on my stockings and shoes, with the tears running down my eyes, and many sorrowful thoughts in my heart. But I got up to go along with them. Quickly there came to us an Indian who informed them that I must go to Wachuset to my master, for there was a letter come from the council to the sagamores about redeeming the captives, and that there would be another in fourteen days, and that I must be there ready. My heart was so heavy before that I could scarce speak or go in the path, and yet now so light that I could run. My strength seemed to come again, and to recruit my feeble knees and aching heart; yet it pleased them to go but one mile that night, and there we staid two days. In that time came a company of Indians to us, near thirty, all on horseback. My heart skipped within me, thinking they had been Englishmen, at the first sight of them; for they were dressed in English apparel, with hats, white neckcloths, and sashes about their waists, and ribbons upon their shoulders. But when they came near there was a vast difference between the lovely faces of Christians and the foul looks of those heathen, which much damped my spirits again.

The Seventeenth Remove.—A comfortable remove it was to me,

because of my hopes. They gave me my pack, and along we went cheerfully. But quickly my will proved more than my strength; having little or no refreshment, my strength failed, and my spirits were almost quite gone. Now may I say as David, Psal. 109: 22, 23, 24,—“I am poor and needy, and my heart is wounded within me. I am gone like a shadow when it declineth. I am tossed up and down like the locust. My knees are weak through fasting, and my flesh faileth of fatness.” At night we came to an Indian town, and the Indians sat down by a wigwam discoursing, but I was almost spent and could scarce speak. I laid down my load and went into the wigwam, and there sat an Indian boiling of horse-feet, they being wont to eat the flesh first; and when the feet were old and dried, and they had nothing else, they would cut off the feet and use them. I asked him to give me a little of his broth, or water they were boiling it in. He took a dish and gave me one spoonful of samp, and bid me take as much of the broth as I would. Then I put some of the hot water to the samp, and drank it up, and my spirits came again. He gave me also a piece of the ruffe, or ridding of the small guts, and I broiled it on the coals; and now I may say with Jonathan, “See, I pray you, how mine eyes are enlightened because I tasted a little of this honey.”—1 Sam. 14: 20. Now is my spirit revived again. Though means be never so inconsiderable, yet if the Lord bestow his blessing upon them, they shall refresh both soul and body.

The Eighteenth Remove.—We took up our packs, and along we went; but a wearisome day I had of it. As we went along, I saw an Englishman stripped naked and lying dead upon the ground, but knew not who he was. Then we came to another Indian town, where we staid all night. In this town there were four English children captives, and one of them my own sister's. I went to see how she did, and she was well, considering her captive condition. I would have tarried that night with her, but they that owned her would not suffer it. Then I went to another wigwam, where they were boiling corn and beans, which was a lovely sight to see, but I could not get a taste thereof. Then I went into another wigwam, where there were two of the English children. The squaw was boiling horses' feet. She cut me off a little piece, and gave one of the English children a piece also. Being very hungry, I had quickly eat up mine; but the child could not bite it, it was so tough and sinewy, and lay sucking, gnawing, and slabbering of it in the mouth and hand; then I took it of the child, and eat it myself, and savory it was to my taste; that I may say as Job, chap. 6: 7,—“The things that my soul refuseth to touch are as my sorrowful meat.” Thus the Lord made that pleasant and refreshing which another time would have been an abomination. Then I went home to my mistress's wigwam, and they told me I disgraced my master by begging, and if I did so any more they would knock me on the head. I told them they had as good do that as starve me to death.

The Nineteenth Remove.—They said when we went out that we must travel to Wachuset this day. But a bitter weary day I had

of it, travelling now three days together, without resting any day between. At last, after many weary steps, I saw Wachuset hills, but many miles off. Then we came to a great swamp, through which we travelled up to our knees in mud and water, which was heavy going to one tired before. Being almost spent, I thought I should have sunk down at last, and never got out; but I may say as in Psalm 94: 18,—“When my foot slipped, thy mercy, O Lord, held me up.” Going along, having indeed my life, but little spirit, Philip, who was in the company, came up, and took me by the hand, and said, “Two weeks more and you shall be mistress again.” I asked him if he spoke true. He said, “Yes, and quickly you shall come to your master again;” who had been gone from us three weeks. After many weary steps, we came to Wachuset, where he was, and glad was I to see him. He asked me when I washed me. I told him not this month. Then he fetched me some water himself, and bid me wash, and gave me a glass to see how I looked, and bid his squaw give me something to eat. So she gave me a mess of beans and meat, and a little ground-nut cake. I was wonderfully revived with this favor showed me. Psalm 106: 46,—“He made them also to be pitied of all those that carried them away captive.”

My master had three squaws, living sometimes with one and sometimes with another: Onux, this old squaw at whose wigwam I was, and with whom my master had been these three weeks. Another was Wettimore,* with whom I had lived and served all this while. A severe and proud dame she was, bestowing every day in dressing herself near as much time as any of the gentry of the land; powdering her hair and painting her face, going with her necklaces, with jewels in her ears, and bracelets upon her hands. When she had dressed herself, her work was to make girdles of wampum and beads. The third squaw was a younger one, by whom he had two papooses. By the time I was refreshed by the old squaw, Wettimore's maid came to call me home, at which I fell a weeping. Then the old squaw told me, to encourage me, that when I wanted victuals I should come to her, and that I should lie in her wigwam. Then I went with the maid, and quickly I came back and lodged there. The squaw laid a mat under me, and a good rug over me; the first time that I had any such kindness showed me. I understood that Wettimore thought, that if she should let me go and serve with the old squaw, she should be in danger to lose not only my service, but the redemption-pay also. And I was not a little glad to hear this; being by it raised in my hopes that in God's due time there would be an end of this sorrowful hour. Then came an Indian and asked me to knit him three pair of stockings, for which I had a hat and a silk handkerchief. Then another asked me to make her a shift, for which she gave me an apron.

Then came Tom and Peter with the second letter from the council, about the captives. Though they were Indians, I got them by the

* She had been the wife of Alexander, Philip's elder brother.

hand, and burst out into tears; my heart was so full that I could not speak to them; but recovering myself, I asked them how my husband did, and all my friends and acquaintance. They said they were well, but very melancholy. They brought me two biscuits and a pound of tobacco. The tobacco I soon gave away. When it was all gone, one asked me to give him a pipe of tobacco. I told him it was all gone. Then he began to rant and threaten. I told him when my husband came I would give him some. "Hang him, rogue," says he; "I will knock out his brains if he comes here." And then again at the same breath they would say that if there should come an hundred without guns, they would do them no hurt; so unstable and like madmen they were. So that fearing the worst, I durst not send to my husband, though there were some thoughts of his coming to redeem and fetch me, not knowing what might follow; for there was little more trust to them than to the master they served. When the letter was come, the sagamores met to consult about the captives, and called me to them, to inquire how much my husband would give to redeem me. When I came I sat down among them, as I was wont to do, as their manner is. They then bid me stand up, and said they were the general court. They bid me speak what I thought he would give. Not knowing that all we had was destroyed by the Indians, I was in a great strait. I thought if I should speak of but a little, it would be slighted and hinder the matter; if of a great sum, I knew not where it would be procured; yet at a venture I said twenty pounds, yet desired them to take less; but they would not hear of that, but sent the message to Boston, that for twenty pounds I should be redeemed. It was a praying Indian that wrote their letters for them. There was another praying Indian, who told me that he had a brother that would not eat horse, his conscience was so tender and scrupulous, though as large as hell for the destruction of poor Christians. Then he said he read that scripture to him, 2 Kings 6: 25,—“There was a famine in Samaria, and behold they besieged it, until an ass's head was sold for fourscore pieces of silver, and the fourth part of a kab of dove's dung for five pieces of silver.” He expounded this place to his brother, and showed him that it was lawful to eat that in a famine which it is not at another time. “And now,” says he, “he will eat horse with any Indian of them all.” There was another praying Indian,* who, when he had done all the mischief that he could, betrayed his own father into the English's hands, thereby to purchase his own life. Another praying Indian was at Sudbury fight, though, as he deserved, he was afterwards hanged for it. There was another praying Indian, when they went to Sudbury fight, went with them, and his squaw also with him, with her papoose at her back. Before they went to that fight, they got a company together to pawaw. The manner was as followeth.

There was one that kneeled upon a deer-skin, with the company around him in a ring, who kneeled, striking upon the ground with

* Peter Jethro.

their hands and with sticks, and muttering or humming with their mouths. Besides him who kneeled in the ring there also stood one with a gun in his hand. Then he on the deer-skin made a speech, and all manifested assent to it; and so they did many times together. They then bid him with a gun to go out of the ring, which he did; but when he was out, they called him in again, but he seemed to make a stand. Then they called the more earnestly, till he turned again. Then they all sang. Then they gave him two guns, in each hand one. And so he on the deer-skin began again; and at the end of every sentence in his speaking they all assented, and humming or muttering with their mouths, and striking upon the ground with their hands. Then they bid him with the two guns go out of the ring again; which he did a little way. Then they called him again, but he made a stand; so they called him with greater earnestness; but he stood reeling and wavering, as if he knew not whether he should stand or fall, or which way to go. Then they called him with exceeding great vehemence, all of them, one and another. After a little while he turned in, staggering as he went, with his arms stretched out, in each hand a gun. As soon as he came in, they all sang and rejoiced exceedingly awhile, and then he upon the deer-skin made another speech, unto which they all assented in a rejoicing manner; and so they ended their business, and forthwith went to Sudbury fight.*

To my thinking, they went without any scruple but that they should prosper and gain the victory. And they went out not so rejoicing, but they came home with as great a victory; for they said they killed two captains and almost an hundred men. One Englishman they brought alive with them, and he said it was too true, for they had made sad work at Sudbury; as indeed it proved. Yet they came home without that rejoicing and triumphing over their victory which they were wont to show at other times; but rather like dogs, as they say, which have lost their ears. Yet I could not perceive that it was for their own loss of men; they said they lost not above five or six; and I missed none, except in one wigwam. When they went they acted as if the devil had told them that they should gain the victory, and now they acted as if the devil told them they should have a fall. Whether it were so or no, I cannot tell, but so it proved; for they quickly began to fall, and so held on that summer, till they came to utter ruin. They came home on a Sabbath day, and the pawaw that kneeled upon the deer-skin came home, I may say without any abuse, as black as the devil. When my master came home he came to me and bid me make a shirt for his papoose, of a Holland-laced pillowbeer.

About that time there came an Indian to me, and bid me come to his wigwam at night, and he would give me some pork and ground-nuts, which I did; and as I was eating, another Indian said to me, "He seems to be your good friend, but he killed two Englishmen at Sudbury, and there lie the clothes behind you." I looked behind me,

* Sudbury was attacked on the 21st of April.

and there I saw bloody clothes, with bullet-holes in them; yet the Lord suffered not this wretch to do me any hurt; yea instead of that, he many times refreshed me: five or six times did he and his squaw refresh my feeble carcass. If I went to their wigwam at any time, they would always give me something, and yet they were strangers that I never saw before. Another squaw gave me a piece of fresh pork, and a little salt with it, and lent me her frying pan to fry it; and I cannot but remember what a sweet, pleasant and delightful relish that bit had to me, to this day. So little do we prize common mercies, when we have them to the full.

The Twentieth Remove.—It was their usual manner to remove when they had done any mischief, lest they should be found out: and so they did at this time. We went about three or four miles, and there they built a great wigwam, big enough to hold an hundred Indians, which they did in preparation to a great day of dancing. They would now say among themselves that the governor would be so angry for his loss at Sudbury that he would send no more about the captives, which made me grieve and tremble. My sister being not far from this place, and hearing that I was here, desired her master to let her come and see me, and he was willing to it, and would come with her; but she, being ready first, told him she would go before, and was come within a mile or two of the place. Then he overtook her, and began to rant as if he had been mad, and made her go back again in the rain; so that I never saw her till I saw her in Charlestown. But the Lord requited many of their ill doings, for this Indian, her master, was hanged afterwards at Boston. They began now to come from all quarters, against their merry dancing day. Amongst some of them came one goodwife Kettle. I told her my heart was so heavy that it was ready to break. "So is mine too," said she, "but yet I hope we shall hear some good news shortly." I could hear how earnestly my sister desired to see me, and I earnestly desired to see her; yet neither of us could get an opportunity. My daughter was now but a mile off, and I had not seen her for nine or ten weeks, as I had not seen my sister since our first taking. I desired them to let me go and see them, yea I entreated, begged and persuaded them to let me see my daughter; and yet so hard-hearted were they that they would not suffer it. They made use of their tyrannical power whilst they had it, but through the Lord's wonderful mercy their time was now but short.

On a Sabbath day, the sun being about an hour high in the afternoon, came Mr. John Hoar, (the council permitting him, and his own forward spirit inclining him,) together with the two forementioned Indians, Tom and Peter, with the third letter from the council. When they came near, I was abroad. They presently called me in, and bid me sit down and not stir. Then they caught up their guns and away they ran, as if an enemy had been at hand, and the guns went off apace. I manifested some great trouble, and asked them what was the matter. I told them I thought they had killed the Englishman, (for they had in the mean time told me that an Englishman

was come;) they said no; they shot over his horse, and under, and before his horse, and they pushed him this way and that way, at their pleasure, showing him what they could do. Then they let him come to their wigwams. I begged of them to let me see the Englishman, but they would not; but there was I fain to sit their pleasure. When they had talked their fill with him, they suffered me to go to him. We asked each other of our welfare, and how my husband did, and all my friends. He told me they were all well, and would be glad to see me. Among other things which my husband sent me, there came a pound of tobacco, which I sold for nine shillings in money: for many of them, for want of tobacco, smoked hemlock and ground-ivy. It was a great mistake in any who thought I sent for tobacco, for through the favor of God that desire was overcome.

I now asked them whether I should go home with Mr. Hoar. They answered no, one and another of them, and it being late, we lay down with that answer. In the morning Mr. Hoar invited the sagamores to dinner; but when we went to get it ready, we found they had stolen the greatest part of the provisions Mr. Hoar had brought. And we may see the wonderful power of God, in that one passage, in that when there was such a number of them together, and so greedy of a little good food, and no English there but Mr. Hoar and myself, that there they did not knock us on the head and take what we had; there being not only some provision, but also trading cloth, a part of the twenty pounds agreed upon. But instead of doing us any mischief, they seemed to be ashamed of the fact, and said it was the *matchit** Indians that did it. Oh that we could believe that there was nothing too hard for God. God showed his power over the heathen in this, as he did over the hungry lions when Daniel was cast into the den.

Mr. Hoar called them betime to dinner, but they ate but little, they being so busy in dressing themselves and getting ready for their dance; which was carried on by eight of them, four men and four squaws, my master and mistress being two. He was dressed in his Holland shirt, with great stockings, his garters hung round with shillings, and had girdles of wampum upon his head and shoulders. She had a kersy coat, covered with girdles of wampum from the loins upward. Her arms from her elbows to her hands were covered with bracelets; there were handfuls of necklaces about her neck, and several sorts of jewels in her ears. She had fine red stockings, and white shoes, her hair powdered, and her face painted red, that was always before black. And all the dancers were after the same manner. There were two others singing and knocking on a kettle for their music. They kept hopping up and down one after another, with a kettle of water in the midst, standing warm upon some embers, to drink of when they were dry. They held on till almost night, throwing out their wampum to the standers-by. At night I asked them again if I should go home. They all as one said no, except my husband would come for me. When we were lain down, my master went out of the wigwam, and

* Wicked.

by and by sent in an Indian called James the printer, who told Mr. Hoar that my master would let me go home to-morrow if he would let him have one pint of liquor. Then Mr. Hoar called his own Indians, Tom and Peter, and bid them all go and see if he would promise it before them three, and if he would he should have it; which he did and had it. Philip, smelling the business, called me to him, and asked me what I would give him to tell me some good news, and to speak a good word for me, that I might go home to-morrow. I told him I could not tell what to give him; I would give any thing I had, and asked him what he would have. He said two coats, and twenty shillings in money, half a bushel of seed corn, and some tobacco. I thanked him for his love, but I knew that good news as well as that crafty fox.

My master, after he had his drink, quickly came ranting into the wigwam again, and called for Mr. Hoar, drinking to him and saying he was a good man, and then again he would say, "hang him, a rogue." Being almost drunk, he would drink to him, and yet presently say he should be hanged. Then he called for me. I trembled to hear him, and yet I was fain to go to him; and he drank to me, showing no incivility. He was the first Indian I saw drunk, all the time I was among them. At last his squaw ran out, and he after her round the wigwam, with his money jingling at his knees, but she escaped him; but having an old squaw, he ran to her, and so through the Lord's mercy we were no more troubled with him that night. Yet I had not a comfortable night's rest; for I think I can say I did not sleep for three nights together. The night before the letter came from the council, I could not rest, I was so full of fears and troubles; yea, at this time I could not rest night or day. The next night I was overjoyed, Mr. Hoar being come, and that with such good tidings. The third night I was even swallowed up with the thoughts of going home again, and that I must leave my children behind me in the wilderness; so that sleep was now almost departed from mine eyes.

On Tuesday morning they called their General Court, as they styled it, to consult and determine whether I should go home or no. And they all seemingly consented that I should go, except Philip, who would not come among them.

But before I go any farther, I would take leave to mention a few remarkable passages of Providence, which I took special notice of in my afflicted time.

1. Of the fair opportunity lost in the long march, a little after the fort fight, when our English army was so numerous, and in pursuit of the enemy, and so near as to overtake several and destroy them; and the enemy in such distress for food that our men might track them by their rooting the ground for ground-nuts, whilst they were flying for their lives: I say, that then our army should want provisions, and be obliged to leave their pursuit, and turn homeward, and the very next week the enemy came upon our town, like bears bereft of their whelps, or so many ravenous wolves, rending us and our lambs

to death. But what shall I say? God seemed to leave his people to themselves, and ordered all things for his own holy ends. "Shall there be evil in the city and the Lord hath not done it? They are not grieved for the affliction of Joseph, therefore they shall go captive with the first that go captive." It is the Lord's doing, and it should be marvellous in our eyes.

2. I cannot but remember how the Indians derided the slowness and the dulness of the English army in its setting out; for after the desolations at Lancaster and Medfield, as I went along with them, they asked me when I thought the English army would come after them. I told them I could not tell. "It may be they will come in May," said they. Thus they did scoff at us, as if the English would be a quarter of a year getting ready.

3. Which also I have hinted before, when the English army with new supplies were sent forth to pursue after the enemy, and they, understanding it, fled before them till they came to Baquaug river, where they forthwith went over safely—that the river should be impassable to the English. I cannot but admire to see the wonderful providence of God in preserving the heathen for further affliction to our poor country. They could go in great numbers over, but the English must stop. God had an overruling hand in all those things.

4. It was thought, if their corn were cut down, they would starve and die with hunger; and all that could be found was destroyed, and they driven from that little they had in store into the woods, in the midst of winter; and yet how to admiration did the Lord preserve them for his holy ends, and the destruction of many still among the English! Strangely did the Lord provide for them, that I did not see, all the time I was among them, one man, woman, or child die with hunger. Though many times they would eat that which a hog would hardly touch, yet by that God strengthened them to be a scourge to his people.

Their chief and commonest food was ground-nuts; they eat also nuts and acorns, artichokes, lily roots, ground beans, and several other weeds and roots that I know not. They would pick up old bones, and cut them in pieces at the joints, and if they were full of worms and maggots they would scald them over the fire, to make the vermin come out, and then boil them, and drink up the liquor, and then beat the great ends of them in a mortar, and so eat them. They would eat horses' guts and ears, and all sorts of wild birds which they could catch; also bear, venison, beavers, tortoise, frogs, squirrels, dogs, skunks, rattlesnakes, yea the very bark of trees; besides all sorts of creatures, and provisions which they plundered from the English. I can but stand in admiration to see the wonderful power of God, in providing for such a vast number of our enemies in the wilderness, where there was nothing to be seen but from hand to mouth. Many times in the morning the generality of them would eat up all they had, and yet have some further supply against they wanted. But now our perverse and evil carriages in the sight of the

Lord have so offended him, that instead of turning his hand against them, the Lord feeds and nourishes them up to be a scourge to the whole land.

5. Another thing I would observe is, the strange providence of God in turning things about when the Indians were at the highest and the English at the lowest. I was with the enemy eleven weeks and five days, and not one week passed without their fury and some desolation by fire or sword upon one place or other. They mourned for their own losses, yet triumphed and rejoiced in their inhuman and devilish cruelty to the English. They would boast much of their victories, saying that in two hours' time they had destroyed such a captain and his company, in such a place; and boast how many towns they had destroyed, and then scoff and say they had done them a good turn to send them to heaven so soon. Again they would say this summer they would knock all the rogues on the head, or drive them into the sea or make them fly the country; thinking surely, Agag-like, "The bitterness of death is passed." Now the heathen begin to think all is their own; and the poor Christians' hopes fail, (as to man,) and now their eyes are more to God, and their hearts sigh heavenward, and they say in good earnest, "Help, Lord, or we perish." When the Lord had brought his people to this, that they saw no help in any thing but himself, then he takes the quarrel into his own hand; and though they made a pit as deep as hell for the Christians that summer, yet the Lord hurled themselves into it. And the Lord had not so many ways before to preserve them, but now he hath as many to destroy them.

But to return again to my going home, where we may see a remarkable change of providence. At first they were all against it, except my husband would come for me; but afterward they assented to it, and seeming to rejoice in it; some asking me to send them some bread, others some tobacco, others shaking me by the hand, offering me a hood and scarf to ride in: not one moving hand or tongue against it. Thus hath the Lord answered my poor desires, and the many earnest requests of others to put up unto God for me. In my travels an Indian came to me, and told me if I were willing he and his squaw would run away, and go home along with me. I told them no, I was not willing to run away, but desired to wait God's time, that I might go home quietly and without fear. And now God hath granted me my desire. O the wonderful power of God that I have seen, and the experiences that I have had! I have been in the midst of those roaring lions and savage bears, that fear neither God, nor man, nor the devil, by night and day, alone and in company, sleeping all sorts together, and yet not one of them ever offered the least abuse of unchastity to me in word or action; though some are ready to say I speak it for my own credit; but I speak it in the presence of God, and to his glory. God's power is as great now as it was to save Daniel in the lions' den, or the three children in the fiery furnace. Especially that I should come away in the midst of so many hundreds of enemies, and not a dog move his tongue.

So I took my leave of them, and in coming along my heart melted into tears more than all the while I was with them, and I was almost swallowed up with the thoughts that ever I should go home again. About the sun's going down, Mr. Hoar, myself, and the two Indians, came to Lancaster; and a solemn sight it was to me. There had I lived many comfortable years among my relations and neighbors, and now not one Christian to be seen, or one house left standing. We went on to a farm-house that was yet standing, where we lay all night; and a comfortable lodging we had, though nothing but straw to lie on. The Lord preserved us in safety that night, raised us up again in the morning, and carried us along, that before noon we came to Concord. Now was I full of joy, and yet not without sorrow: joy to see such a lovely sight, so many Christians together, and some of them my neighbors. There I met with my brother and brother-in-law,* who asked me if I knew where his wife was. Poor heart! he had helped to bury her and knew it not. She, being shot down by the house, was partly burnt; so that those who were at Boston at the desolation of the town came back afterward and buried the dead, but did not know her. Yet I was not without sorrow, to think how many were looking and longing, and my own children among the rest, to enjoy that deliverance that I had now received; and I did not know whether ever I should see them again.

Being recruited with food and raiment, we went to Boston that day, where I met my dear husband; but the thoughts of our children, one being dead, and the other we could not tell where, abated our comfort in each other. I was not before so much hemmed in by the merciless and cruel heathen, but now as much with pitiful, tender-hearted and compassionate Christians. In that poor and beggarly condition I was received in, I was kindly entertained in several houses. So much love I received from several, (many of whom I knew not,) that I am not capable to declare it. But the Lord knows them all by name; the Lord reward them seven-fold into their bosoms of his spirituals for their temporals. The twenty pounds, the price of my redemption, was raised by some Boston gentlewomen, and Mr. Usher, (Hezekiah?) whose bounty and charity I would not forget to make mention of. Then Mr. Thomas Shepard, of Charlestown, received us into his house, where we continued eleven weeks; and a father and mother they were unto us. And many more tender-hearted friends we met with in that place. We were now in the midst of love, yet not without much and frequent heaviness of heart for our poor children and other relations who were still in affliction.

The week following, after my coming in, the governor and council sent to the Indians again, and that not without success; for they brought in my sister and goodwife Kettle. Their not knowing where our children were was a sore trial to us still; and yet we were not without secret hopes of seeing them again. That which was dead lay heavier upon my spirits than those which were alive among the

* Captain Kerley.

heathen; thinking how it suffered with its wounds, and I was not able to relieve it, and how it was buried by the heathen in the wilderness from among all Christians. We were hurried up and down in our thoughts; sometimes we should hear a report that they were gone this way and sometimes that, and that they were come in at this place or that; we kept inquiring and listening to hear concerning them, but no certain news as yet. About this time the council had ordered a day of public thanksgiving, though I had still cause of mourning; and being unsettled in our minds, we thought we would ride eastward, to see if we could hear any thing concerning our children. As we were riding along between Ipswich and Rowley, we met with William Hubbard, who told us our son Joseph and my sister's son were come into Major Waldren's. I asked him how he knew it. He said the major himself told him so. So along we went till we came to Newbury; and their minister being absent, they desired my husband to preach the thanksgiving for them; but he was not willing to stay there that night, but he would go over to Salisbury, to hear farther, and come again in the morning, which he did, and preached there that day. At night, when he had done, one came and told him that his daughter was come into Providence. Here was mercy on both hands. Now we were between them, the one on the east, and the other on the west. Our son being nearest, we went to him first, to Portsmouth, where we met with him, and with the major also; who told us he had done what he could, but could not redeem him under seven pounds, which the good people thereabouts were pleased to pay. The Lord reward the major, and all the rest, though unknown to me, for their labor of love. My sister's son was redeemed for four pounds, which the council gave order for the payment of. Having now received one of our children, we hastened toward the other. Going back through Newbury, my husband preached there on the Sabbath day, for which they rewarded him manifold.

On Monday we came to Charlestown, where we heard that the Governor of Rhode Island had sent over for our daughter, to take care of her, being now within his jurisdiction; which should not pass without our acknowledgments. But she being nearer Rehoboth than Rhode Island, Mr. Newman went over and took care of her, and brought her to his own house. And the goodness of God was admirable to us in our low estate, in that he raised up compassionate friends on every side, when we had nothing to recompense any for their love. The Indians were now gone that way, and it was apprehended dangerous to go to her; but the carts which carried provision to the English army, being guarded, brought her with them to Dorchester, where we received her safe. Blessed be the Lord for it. Her coming in was after this manner: she was travelling one day with the Indians, with her basket at her back; the company of Indians were got before her, and gone out of sight, all except one squaw. She followed the squaw till night, and then both of them lay down, having nothing over them but the heavens, nor under them but the earth. Thus she travelled three days together, having nothing to eat or drink but water and

green hirtleberries. At last they came into Providence, where she was kindly entertained by several of that town. The Indians often said that I should never have her under twenty pounds, but now the Lord hath brought her in upon free cost, and given her to me the second time. The Lord make us a blessing indeed to each other. Thus hath the Lord brought me and mine out of the horrible pit, and hath set us in the midst of tender-hearted and compassionate Christians. 'Tis the desire of my soul that we may walk worthy of the mercies received and which we are receiving.

Our family being now gathered together, the South church in Boston hired a house for us. Then we removed from Mr. Shepard's (those cordial friends) and went to Boston, where we continued about three-quarters of a year. Still the Lord went along with us, and provided graciously for us. I thought it somewhat strange to set up house-keeping with bare walls, but, as Solomon says, "money answers all things;" and this we had through the benevolence of Christian friends, some in this town, and some in that, and others, and some from England, that in a little time we might look and see the house furnished with love. The Lord hath been exceeding good to us in our low estate, in that when we had neither house nor home, nor other necessaries, the Lord so moved the hearts of these and those towards us, that we wanted neither food nor raiment for ourselves or ours. Prov. 18: 24, "There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother." And how many such friends have we found, and now living among us! And truly have we found him to be such a friend unto us in whose house we lived, viz: James Whitcomb—a friend near hand and far off.

I can remember the time when I used to sleep quietly, without working in my thoughts, whole nights together; but now it is otherwise with me. When all are fast about me, and no eye open, but His who ever awaketh, my thoughts are upon things past, upon the awful dispensations of the Lord towards us, upon his wonderful power and might in carrying of us through so many difficulties, in returning us in safety, and suffering none to hurt us. I remember in the night season how the other day I was in the midst of thousands of enemies, and nothing but death before me. It was then hard work to persuade myself that ever I should be satisfied with bread again. But now we are fed with the finest of the wheat, and, as I may say, with "honey out of the rock." Instead of the "husks" we have the "fat calf." The thoughts of these things in the particulars of them, and of the love and goodness of God towards us, make it true of me, what David said of himself,—Psal. 6: 6, "I water my couch with my tears." O the wonderful power of God that mine eyes have seen, affording matter enough for my thoughts to run in, that when others are sleeping mine eyes are weeping.

I have seen the extreme vanity of this world. One hour I have been in health, and wealth, wanting nothing, but the next hour in sickness, and wounds, and death, having nothing but sorrow and affliction. Before I knew what affliction meant I was ready sometimes

to wish for it. When I lived in prosperity, having the comforts of this world about me, my relations by me, and my heart cheerful, and taking little care for any thing, and yet seeing many whom I preferred before myself under many trials and afflictions, in sickness, weakness, poverty, losses, crosses, and cares of the world, I should be sometimes jealous lest I should have my portion in this life. But now I see the Lord had his time to scourge and chasten me. The portion of some is to have their affliction by drops; but the "wine of astonishment," like a "sweeping rain that leaveth no food," did the Lord prepare to be my portion. Affliction I wanted, and affliction I had, full measure, pressed down and running over. Yet I see when God calls persons to never so many difficulties, yet he is able to carry them through, and make them say they have been gainers thereby; and I hope I can say, in some measure, as David, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted." The Lord hath showed me the vanity of these outward things, that they are the "vanities of vanities and vexation of spirit;" that they are but a shadow, a blast, a bubble, and things of no continuance. If trouble from smaller matter begin to rise in me, I have something at hand to check myself with, and say, "Why am I troubled?" It was but the other day that if I had the world I would have given it for my freedom, or to have been a servant to a Christian. I have learned to look beyond present and smaller troubles, and to be quieted under them, as Moses said,—Exod. 14: 13, "Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord."

CHAPTER XIII.

NARRATIVE OF THE CAPTIVITY OF QUINTIN STOCKWELL, WHO WAS TAKEN AT DEERFIELD, IN MASSACHUSETTS, BY A PARTY OF INLAND INDIANS, IN THE YEAR 1677; COMMUNICATED IN HIS OWN WORDS, AND ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED BY THE EMINENT DR. INCREASE MATHER, IN THE YEAR 1684.

In the year 1677, September the 19th, between sunset and dark, the Indians came upon us. I and another man being together, we ran away at the outcry the Indians made, shouting and shooting at some others of the English that were hard by. We took a swamp that was at hand for our refuge; the enemy espying us so near them, run after us, and shot many guns at us; three guns were discharged upon me, the enemy being within three rods of me, besides many others before that. Being in this swamp, which was miry, I slumped in and fell down, whereupon one of the enemy stepped to me, with his hatchet lifted up to knock me on the head, supposing that I had been wounded, and so unfit for any other travel. I, as it happened, had a pistol by me, which, though uncharged, I presented to the Indian, who presently stepped back, and told me if I would yield I should have no hurt; he said, which was not true, that they had destroyed all Hatfield, and that the woods were full of Indians, whereupon I yielded myself, and falling into their hands, was by three of them led away

unto the place whence first I began to make my flight. Here two other Indians came running to us, and the one lifting up the butt end of his gun to knock me on the head, the other with his hand put by the blow, and said I was his friend. I was now by my own house, which the Indians burnt the last year, and I was about to build it up again; and there I had some hopes to escape from them. There was a horse just by, which they bid me take. I did so, but made no attempt to escape thereby, because the beast was slow and dull. Then was I in hopes they would send me to take my own horses, which they did; but they were so frightened that I could not come near to them, and so fell still into the enemy's hands. They now took and bound me and led me away, and soon was I brought into the company of other captives, who were that day brought away from Hatfield, who were about a mile off; and here methought was matter of joy and sorrow both: joy to see company, and sorrow for our condition. Then were we pinioned and led away in the night over the mountains, in dark and hideous ways, about four miles further, before we took up our place for rest, which was in a dismal place of wood, on the east side of that mountain. We were kept bound all that night. The Indians kept waking, and we had little mind to sleep in this night's travel. The Indians dispersed, and as they went made strange noises, as of wolves and owls, and other wild beasts, to the end that they might not lose one another, and if followed they might not be discovered by the English.

About the break of day we marched again, and got over that great river at Pecomptuck (Deerfield) river mouth, and there rested about two hours. Here the Indians marked out upon trees the number of their captives and slain, as their manner is. Now was I again in great danger, a quarrel having arose about me, whose captive I was, for three took me. I thought I must be killed to end the controversy; so when they put it to me whose I was, I said three Indians took me; so they agreed to have all a share in me. I had now three masters, and he was my chief master who laid hands on me first; and thus was I fallen into the hands of the worst of all the company, as Ashpalon, the Indian captain, told me; which captain was all along very kind to me, and a great comfort to the English. In this place they gave us some victuals, which they had brought from the English. This morning also they sent ten men forth to the town (of Deerfield) to bring away what they could find. Some provision, some corn out of the meadow, they brought to us on horses, which they had there taken.

From hence we went up about the falls, where we crossed that river again; and whilst I was going, I fell right down lame of my old wounds, which I had in the war; and whilst I was thinking I should therefore be killed by the Indians, and what death I should die, my pain was suddenly gone, and I was much encouraged again. We had about eleven horses in that company, which the Indians used to convey burthens, and to carry women. It was afternoon when we now crossed that river. We travelled up it till night, and then took up

our lodging in a dismal place, and were staked down, and spread out on our backs; and so we lay all night, yea, so we lay many nights. They told me their law was that we should lie so nine nights, and by that time it was thought we should be out of our knowledge. The manner of staking down was thus: our arms and legs, stretched out, were staked fast down, and a cord about our necks, so that we could stir noways. The first night of staking down, being much tired, I slept as comfortable as ever. The next day we went up the river, and crossed it, and at night lay in Squakheag (Northfield) meadows. Our provision was soon spent, and while we lay in these meadows the Indians went a-hunting, and the English army came out after us. Then the Indians moved again, dividing themselves and the captives into many companies, that the English might not follow their tracks. At night, having crossed the river, we met again at the place appointed. The next day we crossed it on Squakheag side, and there we took up our quarters for a long time. I suppose this might be about thirty miles above Squakheag; and here were the Indians quite out of all fear of the English, but in great fear of the Mohawks. Here they built a long wigwam, and had a great dance, as they call it, and concluded to burn three of us, and had got bark to do it with, and, as I understood afterwards, I was one that was to be burnt, sergeant Plimpton another, and Benjamin Waite's wife the third. Though I knew not which was to be burnt, yet I perceived some were designed thereunto; so much I understood of their language. That night I could not sleep for fear of next day's work; the Indians, being weary with the dance, lay down to sleep, and slept soundly. The English were all loose; then I went out and brought in wood, and mended the fire, and made a noise on purpose, but none awaked. I thought if any of the English would awake, we might kill them all sleeping. I removed out of the way all the guns and hatchets, but my heart failing me, I put all things where they were again. The next day, when we were to be burnt, our master and some others spoke for us, and the evil was prevented in this place. Hereabouts we lay three weeks together. Here I had a shirt brought me to make, and one Indian said it should be made this way, a second another way, a third his way. I told them I would make it that way my chief master said; whereupon one Indian struck me on the face with his fist. I suddenly rose up in anger, ready to strike again; upon this happened a great hubbub, and the Indians and English came about me. I was fain to humble myself to my master, so that matter was put up. Before I came to this place, my three masters were gone a hunting; I was left with another Indian, all the company being upon a march. I was left with this Indian, who fell sick, so that I was fain to carry his gun and hatchet, and had opportunity, and had thought to have despatched him and run away; but did not, for that the English captives had promised that much to one another; because, if one should run away, that would provoke the Indians, and endanger the rest that could not run away.

Whilst we were here, Benjamin Stebbins, going with some Indians

to Wachuset Hills, made his escape from them, and when the news of his escape came we were all presently called in and bound; one of the Indians, a captain among them, and always our great friend, met me coming in, and told me Stebbins was run away, and the Indians spake of burning us; some, of only burning and biting off our fingers, by and by. He said there would be a court, and all would speak their minds, but he would speak last, and would say, that the Indian who left Stebbins run away was only in fault, and so no hurt should be done us, and added, "fear not;" so it proved accordingly. Whilst we lingered here about, provision grew scarce; one bear's foot must serve five of us a whole day. We began to eat horse-flesh, and eat up seven in all; three were left alive, and not killed. After we had been here, some of the Indians had been down, and fallen upon Hadley, and were taken by the English, agreed with and let go again. They were to meet the English upon such a plain, there to make further terms. Ashpalon was much for it, but the Wachuset sachems, when they came, were much against it, and were for this: that we should meet the English, indeed, but there fall upon them and fight them, and take them. Then Ashpalon spake to us English, not to speak a word more to further that matter, for mischief would come of it. When those Indians came from Wachuset there came with them squaws and children, about four-score, who reported that the English had taken Uncas, and all his men, and sent them beyond seas. They were much enraged at this, and asked us if it were true; we said no. Then was Ashpalon angry, and said he would no more believe Englishmen. They examined us every one apart, and then they dealt worse with us for a season than before. Still provision was scarce. We came at length to a place called Squaw-Maug river; there we hoped for salmon, but we came too late. This place I account to be above two hundred miles above Deerfield. We now parted into two companies; some went one way, and some went another way; and we went over a mighty mountain, it taking us eight days to go over it, and travelled very hard too, having every day either snow or rain. We noted that on this mountain all the water run northward. Here also we wanted provision; but at length we met again on the other side of the mountain, viz: on the north side, at a river that runs into the lake; and we were then half a day's journey off the lake.

We staid here a great while, to make canoes to go over the lake. Here I was frozen, and again we were like to starve. All the Indians went a hunting, but could get nothing: divers days they pawawed, and yet got nothing; then they desired the English to pray, and confessed they could do nothing. They would have us pray, and see what the Englishman's God could do. I prayed, so did serjeant Plimpton, in another place. The Indians reverently attended, morning and night. Next day they got bears; then they would needs have us desire a blessing, and return thanks at meals; after a while they grew weary of it, and the sachem did forbid us. When I was frozen, they were very cruel towards me, because I could not do as at other times.

When we came to the lake we were again sadly put to it for provision. We were fain to eat touchwood fried in bear's grease. At last we found a company of raccoons, and then we made a feast; and the manner was that we must eat all. I perceived there would be too much for one time, so one Indian who sat next to me bid me slip away some to him under his coat, and he would hide it for me till another time. This Indian, as soon as he had got my meat, stood up and made a speech to the rest, and discovered me; so that the Indians were very angry and cut me another piece, and gave me raccoon grease to drink, which made me sick and vomit. I told them I had enough; so ever after that they would give me none, but still tell me I had raccoon enough. So I suffered much, and being frozen, was full of pain, and could sleep but little, yet must do my work. When they went upon the lake, and as they came to it, they lit on a moose and killed it, and staid there till they had eaten it all up.

After entering upon the lake, there arose a great storm, and we thought we should all be cast away, but at last we got to an island, and there they went to pawawing. The pawaw said that Benjamin Waite and another man was coming, and that a storm was raised to cast them away. This afterward appeared to be true, though then I believed them not. Upon this island we lay still several days, and then set out again, but a storm took us, so that we lay to and fro, upon certain islands, about three weeks. We had no provision but raccoons, so that the Indians themselves thought they should be starved. They gave me nothing, so that I was sundry days without any provision. We went on upon the lake, upon that isle, about a day's journey. We had a little sled upon which we drew our load. Before noon, I tired, and just then the Indians met with some Frenchmen; then one of the Indians that took me came to me and called me all manner of bad names, and threw me down upon my back. I told him I could not do any more; then he said he must kill me. I thought he was about to do it, for he pulled out his knife and cut out my pockets, and wrapped them about my face, helped me up, and took my sled and went away, giving me a bit of biscuit, as big as a walnut, which he had of the Frenchmen, and told me he would give me a pipe of tobacco. When my sled was gone, I could run after him, but at last I could not run, but went a foot-pace. The Indians were soon out of sight. I followed as well as I could, and had many falls upon the ice.

At last, I was so spent, I had not strength enough to rise again, but I crept to a tree that lay along, and got upon it, and there I lay. It was now night, and very sharp weather; I counted no other but that I must die here. Whilst I was thinking of death, an Indian hallooed, and I answered him; he came to me, and called me bad names, and told me if I could not go he must knock me on the head. I told him he must then do so; he saw how I had wallowed in the snow, but could not rise; then he took his coat and wrapt me in it, and went back and sent two Indians with a sled. One said he must knock me on the head, the other said no, they would carry me away

and burn me. Then they bid me stir my instep, to see if that were frozen; I did so. When they saw that, they said that was Wurregen. There was a chirurgeon among the French, they said, that could cure me; then they took me upon a sled, and carried me to the fire, and made much of me; pulled off my wet and wrapped me in dry clothes, and made me a good bed. They killed an otter, and gave me some of the broth made of it, and a bit of the flesh. Here I slept till towards day, and then was able to get up and put on my clothes. One of the Indians awaked, and seeing me walk, shouted, as rejoiced at it. As soon as it was light, I and Samuel Russell went before on the ice, upon a river. They said I must go where I could on foot, else I should freeze. Samuel Russell slipt into the river with one foot; the Indians called him back, and dried his stockings, and then sent us away, and an Indian with us to pilot us. We went four or five miles before they overtook us. I was then pretty well spent. Samuel Russell was, he said, faint, and wondered how I could live, for he had, he said, ten meals to my one. Then I was laid on the sled, and they ran away with me on the ice; the rest and Samuel Russell came shortly after. Samuel Russell I never saw more, nor know I what became of him. They got but half way, and we got through to Shamblee about midnight. Six miles off Shamblee, (a French town,) the river was open, and when I came to travel in that part of the ice, I soon tired; and two Indians ran away to town, and one only was left; he would carry me a few rods, and then I would go as many, and then a trade we drove, and so were long in going the six miles. This Indian was now kind, and told me that if he did not carry me I would die, and so I should have done, sure enough; and he said I must tell the English how he helped me. When we came to the first house, there was no inhabitant. The Indian was also spent, and both were discouraged; he said we must now die together. At last he left me alone, and got to another house, and thence came some French and Indians, and brought me in. The French were kind, and put my hands and feet in cold water, and gave me a dram of brandy, and a little hasty pudding and milk; when I tasted victuals I was hungry, and could not have forborne it, but I could not get it. Now and then they would give me a little, as they thought best for me. I laid by the fire with the Indian that night, but could not sleep for pain. Next morning the Indians and French fell out about me, because the French, as the Indians said, loved the English better than the Indians. The French presently turned the Indians out of doors and kept me.

They were very kind and careful, and gave me a little something now and then. While I was here all the men in that town came to see me. At this house I was three or four days, and then invited to another, and after that to another. In this place I was about thirteen days, and received much civility from a young man, a bachelor, who invited me to his house, with whom I was for the most part of the time. He was so kind as to lodge me in the bed with himself, gave me a shirt, and would have bought me, but could not, as the Indians asked one hundred pounds for me. We were then to go to a place

called Sorel, and that young man would go with me, because the Indians should not hurt me. This man carried me on the ice one day's journey, for I could not now go at all, and there was so much water on the ice we could go no further. So the Frenchman left me, and provision for me. Here we staid two nights, and then travelled again, for now the ice was strong, and in two days more we came to Sorel. When we got to the first house, it was late in the night; and here again the people were kind. Next day, being in much pain, I asked the Indians to carry me to the chirurgeon's, as they had promised, at which they were wroth, and one of them took up his gun to knock me, but the Frenchman would not suffer it, but set upon him and kicked him out of doors. Then we went away from thence, to a place two or three miles off, where the Indians had wigwams. When I came to these wigwams some of the Indians knew me, and seemed to pity me.

While I was here, which was three or four days, the French came to see me; and it being Christmas time, they brought cakes and other provisions with them and gave to me, so that I had no want. The Indians tried to cure me, but could not. Then I asked for the chirurgeon, at which one of the Indians in anger struck me on the face with his fist. A Frenchman being by, spoke to him, but I knew not what he said, and then went his way. By and by came the captain of the place into the wigwam, with about twelve armed men, and asked where the Indian was that struck the Englishman. They took him and told him he should go to the bilboes, and then be hanged. The Indians were much terrified at this, as appeared by their countenances and trembling. I would have gone too, but the Frenchman bid me not fear; that the Indians durst not hurt me. When the Indian was gone, I had two masters still. I asked them to carry me to that captain, that I might speak for the Indian. They answered, "You are a fool. Do you think the French are like the English, to say one thing and do another? They are men of their words." I prevailed with them, however, to help me thither, and I spoke to the captain by an interpreter, and told him I desired him to set the Indian free, and told him what he had done for me. He told me he was a rogue, and should be hanged. Then I spoke more privately, alleging this reason, that because all the English captives were not come in, if he were hanged, it might fare the worse with them. The captain said "that was to be considered." Then he set him at liberty upon this condition, that he should never strike me more, and every day bring me to his house to eat victuals. I perceived that the common people did not like what the Indians had done and did to the English. When the Indian was set free, he came to me, and took me about the middle, and said I was his brother; that I had saved his life once, and he had saved mine thrice. Then he called for brandy and made me drink, and had me away to the wigwams again. When I came there, the Indians came to me one by one, to shake hands with me, saying Wurregen Nctop, (Friend, it is well,) and were very kind, thinking no other but that I had saved the Indian's life.

The next day he carried me to that captain's house, and set me down. They gave me my victuals and wine, and being left there a while by the Indians, I showed the captain my fingers, which when he and his wife saw they ran away from the sight, and bid me lap it up again, and sent for the chirurgeon; who, when he came, said he could cure me, and took it in hand, and dressed it. The Indians towards night came for me; I told them I could not go with them. They were displeased, called me rogue, and went away. That night I was full of pain; the French feared I would die; five men did watch with me, and strove to keep me cheerly, for I was sometimes ready to faint. Oftentimes they gave me a little brandy. The next day the chirurgeon came again, and dressed me; and so he did all the while I was among the French. I came in at Christmas, and went thence May 2d.

Being thus in the captain's house, I was kept there till Benjamin Waite came; and now my Indian master, being in want of money, pawned me to the captain for fourteen beavers' skins, or the worth of them, at such a day; if he did not pay he must lose his pawn, or else sell me for twenty-one beavers; but he could not get beaver, and so I was sold. By being thus sold, adds Dr. Mather, he was in God's good time set at liberty, and returned to his friends in New England again.

CHAPTER XIV.

OF THE CAPTIVITY AND SUFFERINGS OF MISS SARAH GERISH, WHO WAS TAKEN AT THE SACKING OF DOVER, IN THE YEAR 1689, BY THE INDIANS; AS COMMUNICATED TO THE REVEREND DR. COTTON MATHER, BY THE REVEREND JOHN PIKE, MINISTER OF DOVER.

Sarah Gerish, daughter of Captain John Gerish, of Quochecho or Cocheco, was a very beautiful and ingenious damsel, about seven years of age, and happened to be lodging at the garrison of Major Waldron, her affectionate grandfather, when the Indians brought that horrible destruction upon it, on the night of the 27th of June, 1689. She was always very fearful of the Indians; but fear may we think now have surprised her, when they fiercely bid her go into a certain chamber and call the people out! She obeyed, but finding only a little child in bed in the room, she got into the bed with it, and hid herself in the clothes as well as she could. The fell savages quickly pulled her out, and made her dress for a march, but led her away with no more than one stocking upon her, on a terrible march through the thick woods, and a thousand other miseries, till they came to the Norway Planes.* From thence they made her go to the end of Winnipisiogee lake, thence eastward, through horrid swamps, where sometimes they were obliged to scramble over huge trees fallen by

* These planes are in the present town of Rochester, N. H.

storm or age, for a vast way together, and sometimes they must climb up long, steep, tiresome, and almost inaccessible mountains.

Her first master was an Indian named Sebundowit, a dull sort of fellow, and not such a devil as many of them were, but he sold her to a fellow who was a more harsh and mad sort of a dragon. He carried her away to Canada.

A long and sad journey now ensued, through the midst of a hideous desert, in the depth of a dreadful winter; and who can enumerate the frights she endured before the end of her journey? Once her master commanded her to loosen some of her upper garments, and stand against a tree while he charged his gun; whereat the poor child shrieked out, "He is going to kill me!" God knows what he was going to do; but the villain having charged his gun, he called her from the tree and forbore doing her any damage. Upon another time her master ordered her to run along the shore with some Indian girls, while he paddled up the river in his canoe. As the girls were passing a precipice, a tawny wench violently pushed her headlong into the river, but so it fell out that in this very place of her fall the bushes from the shore hung over the water, so that she was enabled to get hold of them, and thus saved herself. The Indians asked her how she became so wet, but she did not dare to tell them, from fear of the resentment of her that had so nearly deprived her of life already. And here it may be remarked, that it is almost universally true, that young Indians, both male and female, are as much to be dreaded by captives as those of maturer years, and in many cases much more so; for, unlike cultivated people, they have no restraints upon their mischievous and savage propensities, which they indulge in cruelties surpassing any examples here related. They often vie with each other in attempting excessive acts of torture.

Once, being spent with travelling all day, and lying down wet and exhausted at night, she fell into so profound a sleep that in the morning she waked not. Her barbarous captors decamped from the place of their night's rest, leaving this little captive girl asleep and covered with a snow that in the night had fallen; but, at length awaking, what agonies may you imagine she was in, on finding herself left a prey for bears and wolves, and without any sustenance, in a howling wilderness, many scores of leagues from any plantation! In this dismal situation, however, she had fortitude sufficient to attempt to follow them. And here again, the snow which had been her covering upon the cold ground, to her great discomfort, was now her only hope, for she could just discern by it the track of the Indians! How long it was before she overtook them is not told us, but she joined them and continued her captivity.

Now the young Indians began to terrify her by constantly reminding her that she was shortly to be roasted to death. One evening much fuel was prepared between two logs, which they told her was for her torture. A mighty fire being made, her master called her to him, and told her that she should be presently burnt alive. At first she stood amazed; then burst into tears; and then she hung about her tiger of

a master, begging of him, with an inexpressible anguish, to save her from the fire. Hereupon the monster so far relented as to tell her, "that if she would be a good girl she should not be burnt."

At last they arrived at Canada, and she was carried into the Lord Intendant's house, where many persons of quality took much notice of her. It was a week after this that she remained in the Indian's hands before the price of her ransom could be agreed upon. But then the lady intendant sent her to the nunnery, where she was comfortably provided for; and it was the design, as was said, to have brought her up in the Romish religion, and then to have married her unto the son of the Lord Intendant.

She was kindly used there until Sir William Phips, lying before Quebec, did, upon exchange of prisoners, obtain her liberty. After sixteen months' captivity she was restored unto her friends, who had the consolation of having this their desirable daughter again with them, returned as it were from the dead. But this dear child was not to cheer her parents' path for a long period; for on arriving at her sixteenth year, July, 1697, death carried her off by a malignant fever.

CHAPTER XV.

NARRATIVE OF THE REMARKABLE ESCAPE OF WIDOW ELIZABETH HEARD, ALSO TAKEN AT THE DESTRUCTION OF MAJOR WALDRON'S GARRISON IN DOVER, AS COMMUNICATED TO DR. COTTON MATHER, BY THE REV. JOHN PIKE, MINISTER OF THE PLACE.

Mrs. Elizabeth Heard was a widow of good estate, a mother of many children, and a daughter of Mr. Hull, a reverend minister formerly living at Piscataqua, but at this time lived at Quoquecho, the Indian name of Dover. Happening to be at Portsmouth on the day before Quoquecho was cut off, she returned thither in the night with one daughter and three sons, all masters of families. When they came near Quoquecho, they were astonished with a prodigious noise of Indians, howling, shooting, shouting, and roaring, according to their manner in making an assault.

Their distress for their families carried them still further up the river, till they secretly and silently passed by some numbers of the raging savages. They landed about an hundred rods from Major Waldron's garrison, and running up the hill, they saw many lights in the windows of the garrison, which they concluded the English within had set up for the direction of those who might seek a refuge there. Coming to the gate, they desired entrance, which not being readily granted, they called earnestly, bounced, knocked, and cried out to those within of their unkindness, that they would not open the gate to them in this extremity.

No answer being yet made, they began to doubt whether all was well. One of the young men then climbing up the wall, saw a horrible tawny savage in the entry, with a gun in his hand. A grievous

consternation seized now upon them, and Mrs. Heard, sitting down without the gate, through despair and faintness, was unable to stir any further; but had strength only to charge her children to shift for themselves, which she did in broken accents, adding, also, that she must unavoidably there end her days.

Her children, finding it impossible to carry her with them, with heavy hearts forsook her. Immediately after, however, she, beginning to recover from her fright, was able to fly, and hide herself in a bunch of barberry bushes in the garden; and then hastening from thence, because the daylight advanced, she sheltered herself, though seen by two of the Indians, in a thicket of bushes about thirty rods from the house. She had not been long here before an Indian came towards her with a pistol in his hand. The fellow came up to her and stared her in the face, but said nothing to her, nor she to him. He went a little way back, and came again and stared upon her as before, but said nothing; whereupon she asked him what he would have. He still said nothing, but went away to the house, whooping, and returned unto her no more.

Being thus unaccountably preserved, she made several essays to pass the river, but found herself unable to do it, and finding all places on that side of the river filled with blood, and fire, and hideous outcries, she thereupon returned to her old bush, and there poured out her ardent prayers to God for help in this distress.

She continued in this bush until the garrison was burnt and the enemy had gone, and then she stole along by the river side until she came to a boom, on which she passed over. Many sad effects of cruelty she saw left by the Indians in her way. She soon after safely arrived at Captain Gerish's garrison, where she found a refuge from the storm. Here she also had the satisfaction to understand that her own garrison, though one of the first assaulted, had been bravely defended, and successfully maintained against the adversary.

This gentlewoman's garrison was on the most extreme frontier of the province, and more obnoxious than any other, and therefore more incapable of being relieved. Nevertheless, by her presence and courage, it held out all the war, even for ten years together; and the persons in it have enjoyed very eminent preservations. It would have been deserted, if she had accepted offers that were made her by her friends to abandon it, and retire to Portsmouth among them, which would have been a damage to the town and land; but by her encouragement this post was thus kept up, and she is yet (1702) living in much esteem among her neighbors.

CHAPTER XVI.

MEMOIRS OF ODD ADVENTURES, STRANGE DELIVERANCES, ETC., IN THE CAPTIVITY OF JOHN GYLES, ESQ., COMMANDER OF THE GARRISON ON ST. GEORGE RIVER, IN THE DISTRICT OF MAINE. WRITTEN BY HIMSELF. ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED AT BOSTON, 1736.

INTRODUCTION.—These private memoirs were collected from my minutes, at the earnest request of my second consort, for the use of our family, that we might have a memento ever ready at hand to excite in ourselves gratitude and thankfulness to God, and in our offspring a due sense of their dependence on the Sovereign of the universe, from the precariousness and vicissitudes of all sublunary enjoyments. In this state, and for this end, they have laid by me for some years. They at length falling into the hands of some for whose judgment I had a value, I was pressed for a copy for the public. Others, desiring of me to extract particulars from them, which the multiplicity and urgency of my affairs would not admit, I have now determined to suffer their publication. I have made scarcely any addition to this manual, except in the chapter of creatures, which I was urged to make larger. I might have greatly enlarged it, but I feared it would grow beyond its proportion. I have been likewise advised to give a particular account of my father, which I am not very fond of, having no dependence on the virtues or honors of my ancestors to recommend me to the favor of God or men; nevertheless, because some think it is a respect due to the memory of my parents, whose name I was obliged to mention in the following story, and a satisfaction which their posterity might justly expect from me, I shall give some account of him, though as brief as possible.

The flourishing State of New England, before the unhappy eastern wars, drew my father hither, whose first settlement was on Kennebeck river, at a place called Merrymeeting bay, where he dwelt for some years; until, on the death of my grand parents, he, with his family, returned to England to settle his affairs. This done, he came over with the design to have returned to his farm; but on his arrival at Boston, the eastern Indians had begun their hostilities. He therefore began a settlement on Long Island. The air of that place not so well agreeing with his constitution, and the Indians having become peaceable, he again proposed to resettle his lands in Merrymeeting bay; but finding that place deserted, and that plantations were going on at Pemmaquid, he purchased several tracts of land of the inhabitants there. Upon his highness the Duke of York resuming a claim to those parts, my father took out patents under that claim; and when Pemmaquid was set off by the name of the County of Cornwall, in the province of New York, he was commissioned chief justice of the same by Gov. Duncan (Dongan.) He was a strict sabbatarian, and met with considerable difficulty in the discharge of his office, from the immoralities of a people who had long lived lawless. He laid out no

inconsiderable income, which he had annually from England, on this place, and at last lost his life there, as will be hereafter related.

I am not insensible of the truth of an assertion of Sir Roger L'Estrange, that "Books and dishes have this common fate,—no one of either ever pleased all tastes." And I am fully of his opinion in this, "It is as little to be wished for as expected, for a universal applause is, at least, two thirds of a scandal." To conclude with Sir Roger, "Though I made this composition principally for my family, yet, if any man has a mind to take part with me, he has free leave, and is welcome;" but let him carry this consideration along with him, "that he is a very unmannerly guest who forces himself upon another man's table, and then quarrels with his dinner."

CHAPTER I.—*Containing the occurrences of the first year.* On the second day of August, 1689, in the morning, my honored father, Thomas Gyles, Esq., went with some laborers, my two elder brothers, and myself, to one of his farms, which laid upon the river about three miles above Fort Charles,* adjoining Pemmaquid falls, there to gather in his English harvest, and we labored securely till noon. After we had dined, our people went to their labor, some in one field to their English hay, the others to another field of English corn. My father, the youngest of my two brothers, and myself, tarried near the farmhouse in which we had dined till about one of the clock, at which time we heard the report of several great guns at the fort. Upon which my father said he hoped it was a signal of good news, and that the great council had sent back the soldiers to cover the inhabitants, (for on report of the revolution they had deserted.) But, to our great surprise, about thirty or forty Indians at that moment discharged a volley of shot at us from behind a rising ground near our barn. The yelling of the Indians,† the whistling of their shot, and the voice of my father, whom I heard cry out, "What now! what now!" so terrified me, (though he seemed to be handling a gun,) that I endeavored to make my escape. My brother ran one way and I another, and looking over my shoulder, I saw a stout fellow, painted, pursuing me with a gun, and a cutlass glittering in his hand, which I expected every moment in my brains. I soon fell down, and the Indian seized me by the left hand. He offered me no abuse, but tied my arms, then lifted me up and pointed to the place where the people were at work about the hay, and led me that way. As we went we crossed where my father was, who looked very pale and bloody, and walked very slowly. When we came to the place, I saw two men shot down on

* Fort Charles stood on the spot where Fort Frederick was, not long since, founded by Colonel Dunbar. The township adjoining thereto was called Jamestown, in honor to the Duke of York. In this town, within a quarter of a mile of the fort, was my father's dwelling-house, from which he went out on that unhappy morning.

† The Indians have a custom of uttering a most horrid howl when they discharge guns, designing thereby to terrify those whom they fight against.

the flats, and one or two more knocked on their heads with hatchets, crying out, "O Lord," &c. There the Indians brought two captives, one a man, and my brother James, who, with me, had endeavored to escape by running from the house when we were first attacked. This brother was about fourteen years of age. My oldest brother, whose name was Thomas, wonderfully escaped by land to the Barbican, a point of land on the west side of the river, opposite the fort, where several fishing vessels lay. He got on board one of them and sailed that night.

After doing what mischief they could, they sat down, and made us sit with them. After some time we arose, and the Indians pointed for us to go eastward. We marched about a quarter of a mile, and then made a halt. Here they brought my father to us. They made proposals to him, by old Moxus, who told him that those were strange Indians who shot him, and that he was sorry for it. My father replied that he was a dying man, and wanted no favor of them but to pray with his children. This being granted him, he recommended us to the protection and blessing of God Almighty; then gave us his best advice, and took his leave for this life, hoping in God that we should meet in a better. He parted with a cheerful voice, but looked very pale, by reason of his great loss of blood, which now gushed out of his shoes. The Indians led him aside,—I heard the blows of the hatchet, but neither shriek nor groan! I afterwards heard that he had five or seven shot-holes through his waistcoat or jacket, and that he was covered with some boughs.

The Indians led us, their captives, on the east side of the river, towards the fort, and when we came within a mile and a half of the fort and town, and could see the fort, we saw firing and smoke on all sides. Here we made a short stop, and then moved within or near the distance of three quarters of a mile from the fort, into a thick swamp. There I saw my mother and my two little sisters, and many other captives who were taken from the town. My mother asked me about my father. I told her he was killed, but could say no more for grief. She burst into tears, and the Indians moved me a little farther off, and bound me with cords to a tree.

The Indians came to New Harbor, and sent spies several days to observe how and where the people were employed, &c., who found the men were generally at work at noon, and left about their houses only women and children. Therefore the Indians divided themselves into several parties, some ambushing the way between the fort and the houses, as likewise between them and the distant fields; and then alarming the farthest off first, they killed and took the people as they moved towards the town and fort at their pleasure, and very few escaped to it. Mr. Pateshall was taken and killed, as he lay with his sloop near the Barbican.

On the first stir about the fort, my youngest brother was at play near it, and running in, was by God's goodness thus preserved. Captain Weems, with great courage and resolution, defended the

weak old fort two days; when, being much wounded, and the best of his men killed, he beat for a parley, which eventuated in these conditions:

1. That they, the Indians, should give him Mr. Pateshall's sloop.
2. That they should not molest him in carrying off the few people that had got into the fort, and three captives that they had taken.
3. That the English should carry off in their hands what they could from the fort.

On these conditions, the fort was surrendered, and Captain Weems went off; and soon after, the Indians set on fire the fort and houses, which made a terrible blast, and was a melancholy sight to us poor captives, who were sad spectators!

After the Indians had thus laid waste Pemmaquid, they moved us to New Harbor, about two miles east of Pemmaquid, a cove much frequented by fishermen. At this place, there were before the war about twelve houses. These the inhabitants deserted as soon as the rumor of war reached the place. When we turned our backs on the town, my heart was ready to break! I saw my mother. She spoke to me, but I could not answer her. That night we tarried at New Harbor, and the next day went in their canoes for Penobscot. About noon, the canoe in which my mother was, and that in which I was, came side by side; whether accidentally or by my mother's desire, I cannot say. She asked me how I did. I think I said "pretty well," but my heart was so full of grief I scarcely knew whether audible to her. Then she said, "O my child! how joyful and pleasant it would be, if we were going to old England, to see your uncle Chalker, and other friends there! Poor babe, we are going into the wilderness, the Lord knows where!" Then bursting into tears, the canoes parted. The night following, the Indians with their captives lodged on an island.

A few days after, we arrived at Penobscot fort, where I again saw my mother, my brother and sisters, and many other captives. I think we tarried here eight days. In that time, the Jesuit of the place had a great mind to buy me. My Indian master made a visit to the Jesuit, and carried me with him. And here I will note, that the Indian who takes a captive is accounted his master, and has a perfect right to him, until he gives or sells him to another. I saw the Jesuit show my master pieces of gold, and understood afterwards that he was tendering them for my ransom. He gave me a biscuit, which I put into my pocket, and not daring to eat it, buried it under a log, fearing he had put something into it to make me love him. Being very young, and having heard much of the Papists torturing the Protestants, caused me to act thus; and I hated the sight of a Jesuit. When my mother heard the talk of my being sold to a Jesuit, she said to me, "Oh, my dear child, if it were God's will, I had rather follow you to your grave, or never see you more in this world, than you should be sold to a Jesuit; for a Jesuit will ruin you, body and soul!" It pleased God to grant her request, for she never saw me more! Yet she and my two little sisters were, after several years'

captivity, redeemed, but she died before I returned. My brother, who was taken with me, was, after several years' captivity, most barbarously tortured to death by the Indians.

My Indian master carried me up Penobscot river, to a village called Madawamkee, which stands on a point of land between the main river and a branch which heads to the east of it. At home I had ever seen strangers treated with the utmost civility, and being a stranger, I expected some kind treatment here; but I soon found myself deceived, for I presently saw a number of squaws, who had got together in a circle, dancing and yelling. An old grim-looking one took me by the hand, and leading me into the ring, some seized me by my hair, and others by my hands and feet, like so many furies; but my master presently laying down a pledge, they released me.

A captive among the Indians is exposed to all manner of abuses, and to the extremest tortures, unless their master, or some of their master's relations, lay down a ransom; such as a bag of corn, a blanket, or the like, which redeems them from their cruelty for that dance. The next day we went up the eastern branch of Penobscot river many leagues; carried over land to a large pond, and from one pond to another, till, in a few days, we went down a river, called Medocktack, which vents itself into St. John's river. But before we came to the mouth of this river, we passed over a long carrying place, to Medocktack fort, which stands on a bank of St. John's river. My master went before, and left me with an old Indian, and two or three squaws. The old man often said, (which was all the English he could speak,) "By and by come to a great town and fort." I now comforted myself in thinking how finely I should be refreshed when I came to this great town.

After some miles' travel we came in sight of a large cornfield, and soon after of the fort, to my great surprise. Two or three squaws met us, took off my pack, and led me to a large hut or wigwam, where thirty or forty Indians were dancing and yelling round five or six poor captives, who had been taken some months before from Quochecho, at the time Major Waldron was so barbarously butchered by them. And before proceeding with my narrative I will give a short account of that action.

Major Waldron's garrison was taken on the night of the 27th of June, 1689. I have heard the Indians say at a feast, that as there was a truce for some days, they contrived to send in two squaws to take notice of the numbers, lodgings and other circumstances of the people in his garrison, and if they could obtain leave to lodge there, to open the gates and whistle. (They said the gates had no locks, but were fastened with pins, and that they kept no watch.) The squaws had a favorable season to prosecute their projection, for it was dull weather when they came to beg leave to lodge in the garrison. They told the major that a great number of Indians were not far from thence, with a considerable quantity of beaver, who would be there to trade with him the next day. Some of the people were very much against

their lodging in the garrison, but the major said, "Let the poor creatures lodge by the fire." The squaws went into every apartment, and observing the numbers in each, when all the people were asleep, arose and opened the gates, gave the signal, and the other Indians came to them; and having received an account of the state of the garrison, they divided according to the number of people in each apartment, and soon took and killed them all. The major lodged within an inner room, and when the Indians broke in upon him, he cried out, "What now! what now!" and jumping out of bed with only his shirt on, seized his sword and drove them before him through two or three doors; but for some reason, turning about towards the apartment he had just left, an Indian came up behind him, knocked him on the head with his hatchet, which stunned him, and he fell. They now seized upon him, dragged him out, and setting him upon a long table in his hall, bid him "judge Indians again." Then they cut and stabbed him, and he cried out, "O, Lord! O, Lord!" They bid him order his book of accounts to be brought, and to cross out all the Indian debts, (he having traded much with them.) After they had tortured him to death, they burned the garrison and drew off. This narration I had from their own mouths, at a general meeting, and have reason to think it true. But to return to my narrative.

I was whirled in among this circle of Indians, and we prisoners looked at each other with a sorrowful countenance. Presently one of them was seized by each hand and foot, by four Indians, who, swinging him up, let his back fall on the ground with full force. This they repeated, till they had danced, as they called it, round the whole wigwam, which was thirty or forty feet in length. But when they torture a boy they take him up between two. This is one of their customs of torturing captives. Another is to take up a person by the middle, with his head downwards, and jolt him round till one would think his bowels would shake out of his mouth. Sometimes they will take a captive by the hair of the head, and stooping him forward, strike him on the back and shoulder, till the blood gushes out of his mouth and nose. Sometimes an old shrivelled squaw will take up a shovel of hot embers and throw them into a captive's bosom. If he cry out, the Indians will laugh and shout, and say, "What a brave action our old grandmother has done." Sometimes they torture them with whips, &c.

The Indians looked on me with a fierce countenance, as much as to say, it will be your turn next. They champed cornstalks, which they threw into my hat, as I held it in my hand. I smiled on them, though my heart ached. I looked on one, and another, but could not perceive that any eye pitied me. Presently came a squaw and a little girl, and laid down a bag of corn in the ring. The little girl took me by the hand, making signs for me to go out of the circle with them. Not knowing their custom, I supposed they designed to kill me, and refused to go. Then a grave Indian came and gave me a short pipe, and said in English, "Smoke it;" then he took me by the hand and led me out. My heart ached, thinking myself near my

end. But he carried me to a French hut, about a mile from the Indian fort. The Frenchman was not at home, but his wife, who was a squaw, had some discourse with my Indian friend, which I did not understand. We tarried about two hours, then returned to the Indian village, where they gave me some victuals. Not long after this I saw one of my fellow-captives, who gave me a melancholy account of their sufferings after I left them.

After some weeks had passed, we left this village and went up St. John's river about ten miles, to a branch called Medockscenecasis, where there was one wigwam. At our arrival an old squaw saluted me with a yell, taking me by the hair and one hand, but I was so rude as to break her hold and free myself. She gave me a filthy grin, and the Indians set up a laugh, and so it passed over. Here we lived upon fish, wild grapes, roots, &c., which was hard living to me.

When the winter came on we went up the river, till the ice came down, running thick in the river, when, according to the Indian custom, we laid up our canoes till spring. Then we travelled sometimes on the ice, and sometimes on the land, till we came to a river that was open, but not fordable, where we made a raft, and passed over, bag and baggage. I met with no abuse from them in this winter's hunting, though I was put to great hardships in carrying burdens and for want of food. But they underwent the same difficulty, and would often encourage me, saying in broken English, "By and by great deal moose." Yet they could not answer any question I asked them. And knowing little of their customs and way of life, I thought it tedious to be constantly moving from place to place, though it might be in some respects an advantage; for it ran still in my mind that we were travelling to some settlement; and when my burden was over-heavy, and the Indians left me behind, and the still evening coming on, I fancied I could see through the bushes, and hear the people of some great town; which hope, though some support to me in the day, yet I found not the town at night.

Thus we were hunting three hundred miles from the sea, and knew no man within fifty or sixty miles of us. We were eight or ten in number, and had but two guns, on which we wholly depended for food. If any disaster had happened, we must all have perished. Sometimes we had no manner of sustenance for three or four days; but God wonderfully provides for all creatures. In one of these fasts, God's providence was remarkable. Our two Indian men, who had guns, in hunting started a moose, but there being a shallow crusted snow on the ground, and the moose discovering them, ran with great force into a swamp. The Indians went round the swamp, and finding no track, returned at night to the wigwam, and told what had happened. The next morning they followed him on the track, and soon found him lying on the snow. He had, in crossing the roots of a large tree, that had been blown down, broken through the ice made over the water in the hole occasioned by the roots of the tree taking up the ground, and hitched one of his hind legs among the roots, so

fast that by striving to get it out he pulled his thigh bone out of its socket at the hip; and thus extraordinarily were we provided for in our great strait. Sometimes they would take a bear, which go into dens in the fall of the year, without any sort of food, and lie there four or five months without food, never going out till spring; in which time they neither lose nor gain in flesh. If they went into their dens fat they came out so, and if they went in lean they came out lean. I have seen some which have come out with four whelps, and both very fat, and then we feasted. An old squaw and a captive, if any present, must stand without the wigwam, shaking their hands and bodies as in a dance, and singing, "Wegage oh nelo woh," which in English is, "Fat is my eating." This is to signify their thankfulness in feasting times. When one supply was spent we fasted till further success.

The way they preserve meat is by taking the flesh from the bones and drying it in smoke, by which it is kept sound months or years without salt. We moved still further up the country after moose when our store was out, so that by the spring we had got to the northward of the Lady mountains. When the spring came and the rivers broke up, we moved back to the head of St. John's river, and there made canoes of moose hides, sewing three or four together and pitching the seams with balsam mixed with charcoal. Then we went down the river to a place called Madawescook. There an old man lived and kept a sort of trading house, where we tarried several days; then went further down the river till we came to the greatest falls in these parts, called Chccanekepeag, where we carried a little way over the land, and putting off our canoes we went down stream still. And as we passed down by the mouths of any large branches, we saw Indians; but when any dance was proposed, I was bought off. At length we arrived at the place where we left our birch canoes in the fall, and putting our baggage into them, went down to the fort.

There we planted corn, and after planting went a-fishing, and to look for and dig roots, till the corn was fit to weed. After weeding we took a second tour on the same errand, then returned to hill our corn. After hilling, we went some distance from the fort and field, up the river, to take salmon and other fish, which we dried for food, where we continued till corn was filled with milk; some of it we dried then, the other as it ripened. To dry corn when in the milk, they gather it in large kettles and boil it on the ears, till it is pretty hard, then shell it from the cob with clam-shells, and dry it on bark in the sun. When it is thoroughly dry, a kernel is no bigger than a pea, and would keep years; and when it is boiled again, it swells as large as when on the ear, and tastes incomparably sweeter than other corn. When we had gathered our corn, and dried it in the way already described, we put some into Indian barns, that is, into holes in the ground, lined and covered with bark, and then with dirt. The rest we carried up the river upon our next winter's hunting. Thus God wonderfully favored me, and carried me through the first year of my captivity.

CHAPTER II.—*Of the abusive and barbarous treatment which several captives met with from the Indians.* When any great number of Indians met, or when any captives had been lately taken, or when any captives desert and are retaken, they have a dance, and torture the unhappy people who have fallen into their hands. My unfortunate brother, who was taken with me, after about three years' captivity, deserted with another Englishman, who had been taken from Casco bay, and was retaken by the Indians at New Harbor, and carried back to Penobscot fort. Here they were both tortured at a stake by fire for some time, then their noses and ears were cut off, and they made to eat them. After this they were burnt to death at the stake, the Indians at the same time declaring that they would serve all deserters in the same manner. Thus they divert themselves in their dances.

On the second spring of my captivity, my Indian master and his squaw went to Canada, but sent me down the river with several Indians to the fort to plant corn. The day before we came to the planting ground, we met two young Indian men, who seemed to be in great haste. After they had passed us, I understood they were going with an express to Canada, and that there was an English vessel at the mouth of the river. I not being perfect in their language, nor knowing that English vessels traded with them in time of war, supposed a peace was concluded on, and that the captives would be released. I was so transported with this fancy, that I slept but little, if any, that night. Early the next morning we came to the village, where my ecstasy ended; for I had no sooner landed but three or four Indians dragged me to the great wigwam, where they were yelling and dancing round James Alexander, a Jersey man, who was taken from Falmouth, in Casco bay. This was occasioned by two families of Cape Sable Indians, who, having lost some friends by a number of English fishermen, came some hundreds of miles to revenge themselves on poor captives. They soon came to me, and tossed me about till I was almost breathless, and then threw me into the ring to my fellow-captive; and taking him out, repeated their barbarities on him. Then I was hauled out again by three Indians, who seized me by the hair of the head, and bending me down by my hair, one beat me on the back and shoulders so long, that the breath was almost beat out of my body. Then others put a tomhake (tomahawk) into my hands, and ordered me to get up and sing and dance Indian, which I performed with the greatest reluctance, and, while in the act, seemed determined to purchase my death by killing two or three of those monsters of cruelty, thinking it impossible to survive their bloody treatment; but it was impressed on my mind that it was not in their power to take away my life, so I desisted.

Then those Cape Sable Indians came to me again like bears bereaved of their whelps, saying, "Shall we, who have lost relations by the English, suffer an English voice to be heard among us?" &c. Then they beat me again with the axe. Now I repented that I had not sent two or three of them out of the world before me, for I thought

I had much rather die than suffer any longer. They left me the second time, and the other Indians put the tomhake into my hands again, and compelled me to sing. Then I seemed more resolute than before to destroy some of them; but a strange and strong impulse that I should return to my own place and people suppressed it as often as such a motion rose in my breast. Not one of them showed the least compassion, but I saw the tears run down plentifully on the cheeks of a Frenchman who sat behind, though it did not alleviate the tortures that poor James and I were forced to endure for the most part of this tedious day; for they were continued till the evening, and were the most severe that I ever met with in the whole six years that I was a captive with the Indians.

After they had thus inhumanly abused us, two Indians took us up and threw us out of the wigwam, and we crawled away on our hands and feet, and were scarce able to walk for several days. Some time after they again concluded on a merry dance, when I was at some distance from the wigwam dressing leather, and an Indian was so kind as to tell me they had got James Alexander, and were in search for me. My Indian master and his squaw bid me run for my life into a swamp and hide, and not to discover myself unless they both came to me; for then I might be assured the dance was over. I was now master of their language, and a word or a wink was enough to excite me to take care of one. I ran to the swamp, and hid in the thickest place I could find. I heard hallooing and whooping all around me; sometimes some passed very near me, and I could hear some threaten and others flatter me, but I was not disposed to dance. If they had come upon me, I had resolved to show them a pair of heels, and they must have had good luck to have caught me. I heard no more of them till about evening, for I think I slept, when they came again, calling, "Chon! Chon!" but John would not trust them. After they were gone, my master and his squaw came where they told me to hide, but could not find me; and when I heard them say, with some concern, they believed the other Indians had frightened me into the woods, and that I was lost, I came out, and they seemed well pleased. They told me James had had a bad day of it; that as soon as he was released he ran away into the woods, and they believed he was gone to the Mohawks. James soon returned, and gave a melancholy account of his sufferings, and the Indians' fright concerning the Mohawks passed over. They often had terrible apprehensions of the incursions of those Indians. They are also called Maquas, a most ambitious, haughty, and blood-thirsty people, from whom the other Indians take their measures and manners, and their modes and changes of dress, &c. One very hot season, a great number gathered together at the village, and being a very drouthy (thirsty) people, they kept James and myself night and day fetching water from a cold spring, that ran out of a rocky hill about three quarters of a mile from the fort. In going thither we crossed a large interval corn-field, and then a descent to a lower interval, before we ascended the hill to the spring. James being almost dead, as well as I, with this continual

fatigue, contrived to frighten the Indians. He told me of his plan, but conjured me to secrecy, yet said he knew I could keep counsel. The next dark night, James, going for water, set his kettle down on the descent to the lowest interval, and running back to the fort, puffing and blowing, as though in the utmost surprise, told his master that he saw something near the spring that looked like Mohawks, (which were only stumps.) His master, being a most courageous warrior, went with him to make discovery. When they came to the brow of the hill, James pointed to the stumps, and withal touching his kettle with his toe, gave it motion down the hill; at every turn its bail clattered, which caused James and his master to see a Mohawk in every stump, and they lost no time in "turning tail to," and he was the best fellow who could run the fastest. This alarmed all the Indians in the village. They were about thirty or forty in number, and they packed off, bag and baggage, some up the river, and others down, and did not return under fifteen days; and then the heat of the weather being finally over, our hard service was abated for this season. I never heard that the Indians understood the occasion of their fright; but James and I had many a private laugh about it.

But my most intimate and dear companion was one John Evans, a young man taken from Quochecho. We, as often as we could, met together, and made known our grievances to each other, which seemed to ease our minds; but as soon as it was known by the Indians, we were strictly examined, apart, and falsely accused of contriving to desert. We were too far from the sea to have any thought of that, and finding our stories agreed, they did not punish us. An English captive girl about this time, who was taken by Medocawando, would often falsely accuse us of plotting to desert; but we made the truth so plainly appear, that she was checked and we were released. But the third winter of my captivity, John Evans went into the country, and the Indians imposed a heavy burden on him, while he was extremely weak from long fasting; and as he was going off the upland over a place of ice, which was very hollow, he broke through, fell down, and cut his knee very much. Notwithstanding he travelled for some time, but the wind and cold were so forcible that they soon overcame him, and he sat or fell down, and all the Indians passed by him. Some of them went back the next day after him, or his pack, and found him with a dog in his arms, both frozen to death. Thus all of my fellow-captives were dispersed and dead, but through infinite and unmerited goodness I was supported under and carried through all difficulties.

CHAPTER III.—*Of further difficulties and deliverances.* One winter, as we were moving from place to place, our hunters killed some moose. One lying some miles from our wigwams, a young Indian and myself were ordered to fetch part of it. We set out in the morning, when the weather was promising, but it proved a very cold, cloudy day. It was late in the evening before we arrived at the place where the moose lay, so that we had no time to provide materials for fire or shelter. At the same time came on a storm of snow,

very thick, which continued until the next morning. We made a small fire with what little rubbish we could find around us. The fire, with the warmth of our bodies, melted the snow upon us as fast as it fell, and so our clothes were filled with water. However, early in the morning we took our loads of moose flesh, and set out to return to our wigwams. We had not travelled far before my moose-skin coat (which was the only garment I had on my back, and the hair chiefly worn off) was frozen stiff round my knees, like a hoop, as were my snow-shoes and shoe-clouts to my feet. Thus I marched the whole day without fire or food. At first I was in great pain, then my flesh became numb, and at times I felt extremely sick, and thought I could not travel one foot farther, but I wonderfully revived again.

After long travelling I felt very drowsy, and had thoughts of sitting down, which had I done, without doubt I had fallen on my final sleep, as my dear companion Evans had done before. My Indian companion, being better clothed, had left me long before. Again my spirits revived as much as if I had received the richest cordial. Some hours after sunset I reached the wigwam, and crawling in with my snow-shoes on, the Indians cried out, "The captive is frozen to death!" They took off my pack, and the place where that lay against my back was the only one that was not frozen. They cut off my shoes, and stripped off the clouts from my feet, which were as void of feeling as any frozen flesh could be. I had not sat long by the fire before the blood began to circulate, and my feet to my ankles turned black, and swelled with bloody blisters, and were inexpressibly painful. The Indians said one to another, "His feet will rot, and he will die." Yet I slept well at night. Soon after the skin came off my feet from my ankles, whole, like a shoe, leaving my toes naked, without a nail, and the ends of my great toe bones bare, which in a little time turned black, so that I was obliged to cut off the first joint with my knife. The Indians gave me rags to bind up my feet, and advised me to apply fir balsam, but withal added that they believed it was not worth while to use means, for I should certainly die. But, by the use of my elbows, and a stick in each hand, I shoved myself along as I sat upon the ground over the snow, from one tree to another, till I got some balsam. This I burned in a clam-shell till it was of a consistence like salve, which I applied to my feet and ankles, and, by the divine blessing, within a week I could go about upon my heels with my staff. And through God's goodness we had provisions enough, so that we did not remove under ten or fifteen days. Then the Indians made two little hoops, something in the form of a snow-shoe, and sewing them to my feet, I was able to follow them in their tracks, on my heels, from place to place, though sometimes half leg deep in snow and water, which gave me the most acute pain imaginable; but I must walk or die. Yet within a year my feet were entirely well; and the nails came on my great toes, so that a very critical eye could scarcely perceive any part missing, or that they had been frozen at all.

In a time of great scarcity of provisions, the Indians chased a large

moose into the river, and killed him. They brought the flesh to the village, and raised it on a scaffold in a large wigwam, in order to make a feast. I was very officious in supplying them with wood and water, which pleased them so well, that they now and then gave me a piece of flesh half boiled or roasted, which I ate with eagerness, and I doubt not without due thankfulness to the Divine Being who so extraordinarily fed me. At length the scaffold bearing the moose meat broke, and I being under it, a large piece fell and knocked me on the head. The Indians said I lay stunned a considerable time. The first I was sensible of was a murmuring noise in my ears; then my sight gradually returned, with an extreme pain in my hand, which was very much bruised; and it was very long before I recovered, the weather being very hot.

I was once fishing with an Indian for sturgeon, and the Indian darting one, his feet slipped, and he turned the canoe bottom upward, with me under it. I held fast to the cross-bar, as I could not swim, with my face to the bottom of the canoe; but turning myself, I brought my breast to bear on the cross-bar, expecting every minute the Indian to tow me to the bank. But "he had other fish to fry." Thus I continued a quarter of an hour, (though) without want of breath, till the current drove me on a rocky point where I could reach bottom. There I stopped, and turned up my canoe. On looking about for the Indian, I saw him half a mile off up the river. On going to him, I asked him why he had not towed me to the bank, seeing he knew I could not swim. He said he knew I was under the canoe; for there were no bubbles any where to be seen, and that I should be driven to the point. So, while he was taking care of his fine sturgeon, which was eight or ten feet in length, I was left to sink or swim.

Once as we were fishing for salmon at a fall of about fifteen feet of water, I came near being drowned in a deep hole at the foot of the fall. The Indians went into the water to wash themselves, and asked me to go with them. I told them I could not swim, but they insisted, and so I went in. They ordered me to dive across the deepest place, and if I fell short of the other side they said they would help me. But, instead of diving across the narrowest part, I was crawling on the bottom into the deepest place. They not seeing me rise, and knowing whereabouts I was by the bubbling of the water, a young girl dived down, and brought me up by the hair, otherwise I had perished in the water. Though the Indians, both male and female, go into the water together, they have each of them such covering on, that not the least indecency can be observed, and neither chastity nor modesty is violated.

While at the Indian village, I had been cutting wood and binding it up with an Indian rope, in order to carry it to the wigwam; a stout, ill-natured young fellow, about twenty years of age, threw me backward, sat on my breast, pulled out his knife, and said he would kill me, for he had never yet killed one of the English. I told him he might go to war, and that would be more manly than to kill a poor

captive who was doing their drudgery for them. Notwithstanding all I could say, he began to cut and stab me on my breast. I seized him by the hair, and tumbling him off me, followed him with my fists and knee with such application that he soon cried "enough." But when I saw the blood run from my bosom, and felt the smart of the wounds he had given me, I at him again, and bid him get up, and not lie there like a dog; told him of his former abuses offered to me, and other poor captives, and that if ever he offered the like to me again, I would pay him double. I sent him before me, and taking up my burden of wood, came to the Indians, and told them the whole truth, and they commended me. And I do not remember that ever he offered me the least abuse afterwards, though he was big enough to have despatched two of me.

CHAPTER IV.—*Of remarkable events of Providence in the deaths of several barbarous Indians.* The priest of this river was of the order of St. Francis, a gentleman of humane, generous disposition. In his sermons he most severely reprehended the Indians for their barbarities to captives. He would often tell them that, excepting their errors in religion, the English were a better people than themselves, and that God would remarkably punish such cruel wretches, and had begun to execute his vengeance upon such already! He gave an account of the retaliations of Providence upon those murderous Cape Sable Indians above mentioned; one of whom got a splinter into his foot, which festered and rotted his flesh till it killed him. Another ran a fish-bone into her hand or arm, and she rotted to death, notwithstanding all means that were used to prevent it. In some such manner they all died, so that not one of those two families lived to return home. Were it not for these remarks of the priest, I had not, perhaps, have noticed these providences.

There was an old squaw who ever endeavored to outdo all others in cruelty to captives. Wherever she came into a wigwam, where any poor, naked, starving captives were sitting near the fire, if they were grown persons, she would stealthily take up a shovel of hot coals, and throw them into their bosoms. If they were young persons, she would seize them by the hand or leg, drag them through the fire, &c. The Indians with whom she lived, according to their custom, left their village in the fall of the year, and dispersed themselves for hunting. After the first or second removal, they all strangely forgot that old squaw and her grandson, about twelve years of age. They were found dead in the place where they were left some months afterwards, and no further notice was taken of them by their friends. Of this the priest made special remark, forasmuch as it is a thing very uncommon for them to neglect either their old or young people.

In the latter part of summer, or beginning of autumn, the Indians were frequently frightened by the appearance of strange Indians, passing up and down this river in canoes, and about that time the next year died more than one hundred persons, old and young; all, or most of those who saw those strange Indians! The priest said it

was a sort of plague. A person seeming in perfect health would bleed at the mouth and nose, turn blue in spots, and die in two or three hours. It was very tedious to me to remove from place to place this cold season. The Indians applied red ochre to my sores, (which had been occasioned by the affray before mentioned,) which by God's blessing cured me. This sickness being at the worst as winter came on, the Indians all scattered; and the blow was so great to them, that they did not settle or plant at their village while I was on the river, (St. John's,) and I know not whether they have to this day. Before they thus deserted the village, when they came in from hunting, they would be drunk and fight for several days and nights together, till they had spent most of their skins in wine and brandy, which was brought to the village by a Frenchman called Monsieur Sigenioncour.

CHAPTER V.—*Of their familiarity with and frights from the devil, &c.* The Indians are very often surprised with the appearance of ghosts and demons. Sometimes they are encouraged by the devil, for they go to him for success in hunting, &c. I was once hunting with Indians, who were not brought over to the Romish faith, and after several days they proposed to inquire, according to their custom, what success they should have. They accordingly prepared many hot stones, and laying them in a heap, made a small hut covered with skins and mats; then in a dark night two of the pawaws went into this hot house with a large vessel of water, which at times they poured on those hot rocks, which raised a thick steam, so that a third Indian was obliged to stand without, and lift up a mat, to give it vent when they were almost suffocated. There was now an old squaw who was kind to captives, and never joined with them in their pawawing, to whom I manifested an earnest desire to see their management. She told me that if they knew of my being there they would kill me, and that when she was a girl she had known young persons to be taken away by a hairy man, and therefore she would not advise me to go, lest the hairy man should carry me away. I told her I was not afraid of the hairy man, nor could he hurt me if she would not discover me to the pawaws. At length she promised me she would not, but charged me to be careful of myself. I went within three or four feet of the hot house, for it was very dark, and heard strange noises and yellings, such as I never heard before. At times the Indian who tended without would lift up the mat, and a steam would issue which looked like fire. I lay there two or three hours, but saw none of their hairy men, or demons. And when I found they had finished their ceremony, I went to the wigwam, and told the squaw what had passed. She was glad I had escaped without hurt, and never discovered what I had done. After some time inquiry was made of the pawaws what success we were likely to have in our hunting. They said they had very likely signs of success, but no real ones as at other times. A few days after we moved up the river, and had pretty good luck.

One afternoon as I was in a canoe with one of the pawaws, the dog barked, and presently a moose passed by within a few rods of us, so that the waves he made by wading rolled over our canoe. The Indian shot at him, but the moose took very little notice of it, and went into the woods to the southward. The fellow said, "I will try if I can't fetch you back for all your haste." The evening following, we built our two wigwams on a sandy point on the upper end of an island in the river, northwest of the place where the moose went into the woods; and here the Indian pawawed the greatest part of the night following. In the morning we had a fair track of a moose round our wigwams, though we did not see or taste of it. I am of opinion that the devil was permitted to humor those unhappy wretches sometimes, in some things.

That it may appear how much they were deluded, or under the influence of satan, read the two stories which were related and believed by the Indians. The first, of a boy who was carried away by a large bird called a *Gulloua*, who buildeth her nest on a high rock or mountain. A boy was hunting with his bow and arrow at the foot of a rocky mountain, when the gulloua came diving through the air, grasped the boy in her talons, and although he was eight or ten years of age, she soared aloft and laid him in her nest, food for her young. The boy lay still on his face, but observed two of the young birds in the nest with him, having much fish and flesh to feed upon. The old one seeing they would not eat the boy, took him up in her claws and returned him to the place from whence she took him. I have passed near the mountain in a canoe, and the Indians have said, "There is the nest of the great bird that carried away the boy." Indeed there seemed to be a great number of sticks put together like a nest on the top of the mountain. At another time they said, "There is the bird, but he is now as a boy to a giant to what he was in former days." The bird which we saw was a large and speckled one, like an eagle, though somewhat larger.

When from the mountain tops with hideous cry
And clattering wings, the hungry harpies fly,
They snatched * * * * *
* * And whether gods or birds obscene they were,
Our vows for pardon and for peace prefer.

DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.

The other notion is, that a young Indian in his hunting was belated, and losing his way, was on a sudden introduced to a large wigwam full of dried eels, which proved to be a beaver's house, in which he lived till the spring of the year, when he was turned out of the house, and being set upon a beaver's dam, went home and related the affair to his friends at large.

CHAPTER VI.—*A description of several creatures commonly taken by the Indians on St. John's river.*

I. OF THE BEAVER.—The beaver has a very thick, strong neck; his fore teeth, which are two in the upper and two in the under jaw,

are concave and sharp like a carpenter's gouge. Their side teeth are like a sheep's, for they chew the cud. Their legs are short, the claws something longer than in other creatures. The nails on the toes of their hind feet are like an ape's, but joined together by a membrane, as those of the water-fowl; their tails broad and flat like the broad end of a paddle. Near their tails they have four bottles, two of which contain oil, the others gum; the necks of these meet in one common orifice. The latter of these bottles contain the proper castorum, and not the testicles, as some have fancied, for they are distinct and separate from them, in the males only; whereas the castorum and oil bottles are common to male and female. With this oil and gum they preen themselves, so that when they come out of the water it runs off of them, as it does from a fowl. They have four teats, which are on their breasts, so that they hug up their young and suckle them, as women do their infants. They have generally two, and sometimes four in a litter. I have seen seven or five in the matrix, but the Indians think it a strange thing to find so many in a litter; and they assert that when it so happens the dam kills all but four. They are the most laborious creatures that I have met with. I have known them to build dams across a river, thirty or forty perches wide, with wood and mud, so as to flow many acres of land. In the deepest part of a pond so raised, they build their houses, round, in the figure of an Indian wigwam, eight or ten feet high, and six or eight in diameter on the floor, which is made descending to the water, the parts near the centre about four, and near the circumference between ten and twenty inches above the water. These floors are covered with stripings of wood, like shavings. On these they sleep with their tails in the water; and if the freshets rise, they have the advantage of rising on their floor to the highest part. They feed on the leaves and bark of trees, and pond lily roots. In the fall of the year they lay in their provision for the approaching winter; cutting down trees great and small. With one end in their mouths they drag their branches near to their house, and sink many cords of it. (They will cut [gnaw] down trees of a fathom in circumference.) They have doors to go down to the wood under the ice; and in case the freshets rise, break down and carry off their store of wood, they often starve. They have a note for conversing, calling and warning each other when at work or feeding; and while they are at labor they keep out a guard, who, upon the first approach of an enemy, so strikes the water with his tail that he may be heard half a mile. This so alarms the rest that they are all silent, quit their labor, and are to be seen no more for that time. If the male or female die, the survivor seeks a mate, and conducts him or her to their house, and carry on affairs as above.

II. OF THE WOLVERENE. (*Gulo Luscus* of L.) The wolverene is a very fierce and mischievous creature, about the bigness of a middling dog; having short legs, broad feet and very sharp claws, and in my opinion may be reckoned a species of cat. They will climb trees and wait for moose and other animals which feed below, and when opportunity presents, jump upon and strike their claws in

them so fast, that they will hang on them till they have gnawed the main nerve in their neck asunder, which causes their death. I have known many moose killed thus. I was once travelling a little way behind several Indians, and hearing them laugh merrily, when I came up I asked them the cause of their laughter. They showed me the track of a moose, and how a wolverene had climbed a tree, and where he had jumped off upon a moose. It so happened, that after the moose had taken several large leaps, it came under the branch of a tree, which, striking the wolverene, broke his hold and tore him off; and by his tracks in the snow it appeared he went off another way, with short steps, as if he had been stunned by the blow that had broken his hold. The Indians imputed the accident to the cunning of the moose, and were wonderfully pleased that it had thus outwitted the mischievous wolverene.

These wolverenes go into wigwams which have been left for a time, scatter the things abroad, and most filthily pollute them with ordure. I have heard the Indians say that this animal has sometimes pulled their guns from under their heads while they were asleep, and left them so defiled. An Indian told me, that having left his wigwam with sundry things on the scaffold, among which was a birchen flask containing several pounds of powder, he found at his return, much to his surprise and grief, that a wolverene had visited it, mounted the scaffold, and hove down bag and baggage. The powder flask happening to fall into the fire, exploded, blowing up the wolverene, and scattering the wigwam in all directions. At length he found the creature, blind from the blast, wandering backward and forward, and he had the satisfaction of beating and kicking him about! This in a great measure made up their loss, and then they could contentedly pick up their utensils and rig out their wigwam.

III. OF THE HEDGEHOG, (*Histrix Dorsata*), or URCHIN, (*Urson*?) Our hedgehog or urchin is about the bigness of a hog of six months old. His back, sides and tail are full of sharp quills, so that if any creature approach him, he will contract himself into a globular form, and when touched by his enemy, his quills are so sharp and loose in the skin, they fix in the mouth of the adversary. They will strike with great force with their tails, so that whatever falls under the lash of them are certainly filled with their prickles; but that they shoot their quills, as some assert they do, is a great mistake, as respects the American hedgehog, and I believe as to the African hedgehog or porcupine also. As to the former, I have taken them at all seasons of the year.

IV. OF THE TORTOISE. It is needless to describe the fresh-water tortoise, whose form is so well known in all parts; but their manner of propagating their species is not so universally known. I have observed that sort of tortoise whose shell is about fourteen or sixteen inches wide. In their coition they may be heard half a mile, making a noise like a woman washing her linen with a batting staff. They lay their eggs in the sand, near some deep, still water, about a foot beneath the surface of the sand, with which they are very curious in

covering them; so that there is not the least mixture of it amongst them, nor the least rising of sand on the beach where they are deposited. I have often searched for them with the Indians, by thrusting a stick into the sand at random, and brought up some part of an egg clinging to it; when, uncovering the place, we have found near one hundred and fifty in one nest. Both their eggs and flesh are good eating when boiled. I have observed a difference as to the length of time in which they are hatching, which is between twenty and thirty days; some sooner than others. Whether this difference ought to be imputed to the various quality or site of the sand in which they are laid, (as to the degree of cold or heat,) I leave to the conjecture of the virtuosi. As soon as they are hatched, the young tortoise break through the sand and betake themselves to the water, and, as far as I could discover, without any further care or help of the old ones.

CHAPTER VII.—*Of their feasting.* 1. *Before they go to war.* When the Indians determine on war, or are entering upon a particular expedition, they kill a number of their dogs, burn off their hair and cut them to pieces, leaving only one dog's head whole. The rest of the flesh they boil, and make a fine feast of it. Then the dog's head that was left whole is scorched, till the nose and lips have shrunk from the teeth, leaving them bare and grinning. This done, they fasten it on a stick, and the Indian who is proposed to be chief in the expedition takes the head into his hand, and sings a warlike song, in which he mentions the town they design to attack, and the principal man in it; threatening that in a few days he will carry that man's head and scalp in his hand, in the same manner. When the chief has finished singing, he so places the dog's head as to grin at him who he supposes will go his second, who, if he accepts, takes the head in his hand and sings; but if he refuses to go, he turns the teeth to another; and thus from one to another till they have enlisted their company.

The Indians imagine that dog's flesh makes them bold and courageous. I have seen an Indian split a dog's head with a hatchet, take out the brains hot, and eat them raw with the blood running down his jaws!

2. *When a relation dies.* In a still evening, a squaw will walk on the highest land near her abode, and with a loud and mournful voice will exclaim, "*Oh hawe, hawe, hawe,*" with a long mournful tone to each *hawe*, for a long time together. After the mourning season is over, the relations of the deceased make a feast to wipe off tears, and the bereaved may marry freely. If the deceased was a squaw, the relations consult together, and choose a squaw, (doubtless a widow,) and send her to the widower, and if he likes her he takes her to be his wife, if not, he sends her back, and the relations choose and send till they find one that he approves of.

If a young fellow determines to marry, his relations and the Jesuit advise him to a girl. He goes into the wigwam where she is, and looks on her. If he likes her appearance, he tosses a chip or stick

into her lap, which she takes, and with a reserved, side look, views the person who sent it; yet handles the chip with admiration, as though she wondered from whence it came. If she likes him she throws the chip to him with a modest smile, and then nothing is wanting but a ceremony with the Jesuit to consummate the marriage. But if she dislikes her suitor, she, with a surly countenance, throws the chip aside, and he comes no more there.

If parents have a daughter marriageable, they seek a husband for her who is a good hunter. If she has been educated to make *monoodah*, (Indian bags,) birch dishes, to lace snow-shoes, make Indian shoes, string wampum belts, sew birch canoes, and boil the kettle, she is esteemed a lady of fine accomplishments. If the man sought out for her husband have a gun and ammunition, a canoe, spear, and hatchet, a *monoodah*, a crooked knife, looking-glass and paint, a pipe, tobacco, and knot-bowl to toss a kind of dice in, he is accounted a gentleman of a plentiful fortune. Whatever the new married man procures the first year belongs to his wife's parents. If the young pair have a child within a year and nine months, they are thought to be very forward and libidinous persons.

By their play with dice they lose much time, playing whole days and nights together; sometimes staking their whole effects; though this is accounted a great vice by the old men.

A digression.—There is an old story told among the Indians of a family who had a daughter that was accounted a finished beauty, having been adorned with the precious jewel, an Indian education! She was so formed by nature, and polished by art, that they could not find for her a suitable consort. At length, while this family were once residing upon the head of Penobscot river, under the White hills, called *Teddon*, this fine creature was missing, and her parents could learn no tidings of her. After much time and pains spent, and tears showered in quest of her, they saw her diverting herself with a beautiful youth, whose hair, like her own, flowed down below his waist, swimming, washing, &c., in the water; but they vanished upon their approach. This beautiful person, whom they imagined to be one of those kind spirits who inhabit the *Teddon*, they looked upon as their son-in-law; and, according to their custom, they called upon him for moose, bear, or whatever creature they desired; and if they did but go to the water-side and signify their desire, the animal would come swimming to them! I have heard an Indian say that he lived by the river, at the foot of the *Teddon*, the top of which he could see through the hole of his wigwam, left for the smoke to pass out. He was tempted to travel to it, and accordingly set out on a summer morning, and labored hard in ascending the hill all day, and the top seemed as distant from the place where he lodged at night as from his wigwam, where he began his journey. He now concluded the spirits were there, and never dared to make a second attempt.

I have been credibly informed that several others have failed in like attempts. Once three young men climbed towards its summit three

days and a half, at the end of which time they became strangely disordered with delirium, &c., and when their imagination was clear, and they could recollect where they were, they found themselves returned one day's journey. How they came to be thus transported they could not conjecture, unless the genii of the place had conveyed them. These White hills, at the head of Penobscot river, are, by the Indians, said to be much higher than those called Agiockochook, above Saco.

But to return to an Indian feast, of which you may request a bill of fare before you go. If you dislike it, stay at home. The ingredients are fish, flesh, or Indian corn, and beans boiled together; sometimes hasty pudding made of pounded corn, whenever and as often as these are plenty. An Indian boils four or five large kettles full, and sends a messenger to each wigwam door, who exclaims, "*Kuh menscoorebah!*"—that is, "I come to conduct you to a feast." The man within demands whether he must take a spoon or a knife in his dish, which he always carries with him. They appoint two or three young men to mess it out, to each man his portion according to the number of his family at home. This is done with the utmost exactness. When they have done eating, a young fellow stands without the door, and cries aloud, "*Mensecommook,*"—"come and fetch!" Immediately each squaw goes to her husband and takes what he has left, which she carries home and eats with her children. For neither married women, nor any youth under twenty, are allowed to be present; but old widow squaws and captive men may sit by the door. The Indian men continue in the wigwam; some relating their warlike exploits, others something comical, others narrating their hunting exploits. The seniors give maxims of prudence and grave counsel to the young men; and though every one's speech be agreeable to the run of his own fancy, yet they confine themselves to rule, and but one speaks at a time. After every man has told his story, one rises up, sings a feast song, and others succeed alternately as the company sees fit.

Necessity is the mother of invention. If an Indian loses his fire, he can presently take two sticks, one harder than the other, (the drier the better,) and in the softest one make a hollow or socket, in which one end of the hardest stick being inserted, then holding the softest piece firm between his knees, whirls it round like a drill, and fire will kindle in a few minutes.

If they have lost or left their kettle, it is but putting their victuals into a birch dish, leaving a vacancy in the middle, filling it with water, and putting in hot stones alternately; they will thus thoroughly boil the toughest neck of beef.

CHAPTER VIII.—*Of my three years' captivity with the French.* When about six years of my doleful captivity had passed, my second Indian master died, whose squaw and my first Indian master disputed whose slave I should be. Some malicious persons advised them to end the quarrel by putting a period to my life; but honest Father Simon, the priest of the river, told them it would be a heinous crime, and advised them to sell me to the French. There came annually

one or two men-of-war to supply the fort, which was on the river about thirty-four leagues from the sea. The Indians having advice of the arrival of a man-of-war at the mouth of the river, they, about thirty or forty in number, went on board; for the gentlemen from France made a present to them every year, and set forth the riches and victories of their monarch, &c. At this time they presented the Indians with a bag or two of flour, with some prunes, as ingredients for a feast. I, who was dressed up in an old greasy blanket, without cap, hat, or shirt, (for I had had no shirt for the six years except the one I had on at the time I was made prisoner,) was invited into the great cabin, where many well-rigged gentlemen were sitting, who would fain have had a full view of me. I endeavored to hide myself behind the hangings, for I was much ashamed; thinking how I had once worn clothes, and of my living with people who could rig as well as the best of them. My master asked me whether I chose to be sold to the people of the man-of-war, or to the inhabitants of the country. I replied, with tears, that I should be glad if he would sell me to the English from whom I was taken; but that if I must be sold to the French, I wished to be sold to the lowest inhabitants on the river, or those nearest to the sea, who were about twenty-five leagues from the mouth of the river; for I thought that if I were sold to the gentlemen in the ship, I should never return to the English. This was the first time I had seen the sea during my captivity, and the first time I had tasted salt or bread.

My master presently after went on shore, and a few days after all the Indians went up the river. When we came to a house which I had spoken to my master about, he went on shore with me, and tarried all night. The master of the house spoke kindly to me in Indian, for I could not then speak one word of French. Madam also looked pleasant on me, and gave me some bread. The next day I was sent six leagues further up the river to another French house. My master and the friar tarried with Monsieur Dechouffour, the gentleman who had entertained us the night before. Not long after Father Simon came and said, "Now you are one of us, for you are sold to that gentleman by whom you were entertained the other night." I replied, "Sold!—to a Frenchman!" I could say no more, went into the woods alone, and wept till I could scarce see or stand! The word *sold*, and that to a people of that persuasion which my dear mother so much detested, and in her last words manifested so great fears of my falling into! These thoughts almost broke my heart.

When I had thus given vent to my grief, I wiped my eyes, endeavoring to conceal its effects; but Father Simon, perceiving my eyes were swollen, called me aside, bidding me not to grieve, for the gentleman, he said, to whom I was sold, was of a good humor; that he had formerly bought two captives, both of whom had been sent to Boston. This in some measure revived me; but he added he did not suppose I would ever wish to go to the English, for the French religion was so much better. He said, also, he should pass that way in about ten days, and if I did not like to live with the French better

than with the Indians, he would buy me again. On the day following, Father Simon and my Indian master went up the river, six and thirty leagues, to their chief village, and I went down the river sixty leagues with two Frenchmen to my new master. He kindly received me, and in a few days Madam made me an Osnaburg shirt and French cap, and a coat out of one of my master's old coats. Then I threw away my greasy blanket and Indian flap, and looked as smart as —. And I never more saw the old friar, the Indian village, or my Indian master, till about fourteen years after, when I saw my old Indian master at Port Royal, whither I had been sent by the government with a flag of truce for an exchange of prisoners; and again, about twenty-four years since, he came to St. John's, to Fort George, to see me, where I made him very welcome.

My French master held a great trade with the Indians, which suited me very well, I being thorough in the languages of the tribes at Cape Sable and St. John's.

I had not lived long with this gentleman before he committed to me the keys of his store, &c., and my whole employment was trading and hunting, in which I acted faithfully for my master, and never, knowingly, wronged him to the value of one farthing.

They spoke to me so much in Indian, that it was some time before I was perfect in the French tongue. Monsieur generally had his goods from the men-of-war which came there annually from France.

In the year 1696, two men-of-war came to the mouth of the river. In their way they had captured the Newport, Captain Payson, and brought him with them. They made the Indians some presents, and invited them to join in an expedition to Pemmaquid. They accepted it, and soon after arrived there. Captain Chubb, who commanded that post, delivered it up without much dispute to Monsieur D'Iberville, as I heard the gentleman say with whom I lived, who was there present.*

Early in the spring I was sent with three Frenchmen to the mouth of the river for provision, which came from Port Royal. We carried over land from the river to a large bay, where we were driven on an island by a northeast storm, where we were kept seven days without any sustenance, for we expected a quick passage, and carried nothing with us. The wind continuing boisterous, we could not return back, and the ice prevented our going forward. After seven days the ice broke up, and we went forward, though we were so weak that we could scarce hear each other speak. The people at the mouth of the river were surprised to see us alive, and advised us to be cautious and

* The Rev. Dr. Mather says wittily, as he says every thing, "This Chubb found opportunity, in a pretty *Chubbish* manner, to kill the famous Edgeremet and Ahenquid, a couple of principal Indians, on a Lord's day, the 16th of February, 1695. If there is any unfair dealing in this action of Chubb, there will be another February not far off, wherein the avenger of blood will take satisfaction."—Hist. N. E. (Magnalia) B. vii., 79.

Mr. Mather adds, "On the 4th or 5th of August, Chubb, with an uncommon baseness, did surrender the brave fort of Pemmaquid into their hands."

abstemious in eating. By this time I knew as much of fasting as they, and dieted on broth, and recovered very well, as did one of the others; but the other two would not be advised, and I never saw any persons in greater distress, till at length they had action of the bowels, when they recovered.

A friar, who lived in the family, invited me to confession, but I excused myself as well as I could at that time. One evening he took me into his apartment in the dark, and advised me to confess to him what sins I had committed. I told him I could not remember a thousandth part of them, they were so numerous. Then he bid me remember and relate as many as I could, and he would pardon them, signifying he had a bag to put them in. I told him I did not believe it was in the power of any but God to pardon sin. He asked me whether I had read the Bible. I told him I had, when I was a little boy, but it was so long ago I had forgotten most of it. Then he told me he did not pardon my sins, but when he knew them he prayed to God to pardon them, when, perhaps, I was at my sports and plays. He wished me well, and hoped I should be better advised, and said he should call for me in a little time. Thus he dismissed me, nor did he ever call me to confession afterwards.

The gentleman with whom I lived had a fine field of wheat, in which great numbers of black-birds continually collected and made great havoc in it. The French said a Jesuit would come and banish them. He did at length come, and having all things prepared, he took a basin of holy water, a staff with a little brush, and having on his white robe, went into the field of wheat. I asked several prisoners who had lately been taken by privateers, and brought in there, viz: Mr. Woodbury, Cocks, (Cox?) and Morgan, whether they would go and see the ceremony. Mr. Woodbury asked me whether I designed to go, and I told him yes. He then said I was as bad as a papist, and a d—d fool. I told him I believed as little of it as he did, but that I was inclined to see the ceremony, that I might tell it to my friends.

With about thirty following in procession, the Jesuit marched through the field of wheat, a young lad going before him bearing the holy water. Then the Jesuit, dipping his brush into the holy water, sprinkled the field on each side of him, a little bell jingling at the same time, and all singing the words *Ora pro nobis*. At the end of the field they wheeled to the left about and returned. Thus they passed and repassed the field of wheat, the black-birds all the while rising before them only to light behind. At their return I told a French lad that the friar had done no service, and recommended them to shoot the birds. The lad left me, as I thought, to see what the Jesuit would say to my observation, which turned out to be the case, for he told the lad that the sins of the people were so great that he could not prevail against those birds. The same friar as vainly attempted to banish musquitoes from Signecto, but the sins of the people there were also too great for him to prevail; but, on the other hand, it seemed

that more came, which caused the people to suspect that some had come for the sins of the Jesuit also.

Some time after, Colonel Hawthorne attempted the taking of the French fort up this river. We heard of him some time before he came up, by the guard which Governor Villebon had stationed at the river's mouth. Monsieur, my master, had gone to France, and Madam, his wife, advised with me. She desired me to nail a paper on the door of her house, which paper read as follows:

"I entreat the general of the English not to burn my house or barn, nor destroy my cattle. I don't suppose that such an army comes here to destroy a few inhabitants, but to take the fort above us. I have shown kindness to the English captives, as we were capacitated, and have bought two of the Indians, and sent them to Boston; we have one now with us, and he shall go also when a convenient opportunity presents, and he desires it."

When I had done this, Madam said to me, "Little English," (which was the familiar name she used to call me by,) "we have shown you kindness, and now it lies in your power to serve or disserve us, as you know where our goods are hid in the woods, and that Monsieur is not at home. I could have sent you to the fort and put you under confinement, but my respect to you and your assurance of love to us have disposed me to confide in you, persuaded you will not hurt us or our affairs. And now, if you will not run away to the English, who are coming up the river, but serve our interest, I will acquaint Monsieur of it on his return from France, which will be very pleasing to him; and I now give my word you shall have liberty to go to Boston on the first opportunity, if you desire it, or any other favor in my power shall not be denied you." I replied:

"Madam, it is contrary to the nature of the English to requite evil for good. I shall endeavor to serve you and your interest. I shall not run to the English, but if I am taken by them I shall willingly go with them, and yet endeavor not to disserve you either in person or goods."

The place where we lived was called Hagimsack, twenty-five leagues from the river's mouth, as I have before stated.

We now embarked, and went in a large boat and canoe two or three miles up an eastern branch of the river that comes from a large pond, and on the following evening sent down four hands to make discovery. And while they were sitting in the house, the English surrounded it and took one of the four. The other three made their escape in the dark and through the English soldiers, and coming to us, gave a surprising account of affairs. Upon this news Madam said to me, "Little English, now you can go from us, but I hope you will remember your word." I said, "Madam, be not concerned; I will not leave you in this strait." She said, "I know not what to do with my two poor little babes." I said, "Madam, the sooner we embark and go over the great pond the better." Accordingly we embarked and went over the pond. The next day we spoke with Indians, who were in a canoe, and they gave us an account that Sig-

necto town was taken and burnt. Soon after we heard the great guns at Governor Villebon's fort, which the English engaged several days. They killed one man, then drew off down the river; fearing to continue longer for fear of being frozen in for the winter, which in truth they would have been.

Hearing no report of cannon for several days, I, with two others, went down to our house to make discovery. We found our young lad who was taken by the English when they went up the river. The general had shown himself so honorable, that on reading the note on our door, he ordered it not to be burnt, nor the barn. Our cattle and other things he preserved, except one or two, and the poultry, for their use. At their return they ordered the young lad to be put on shore. Finding things in this posture, we returned and gave Madam an account of it.

She acknowledged the many favors which the English had shown her, with gratitude, and treated me with great civility. The next spring Monsieur arrived from France in the man-of-war. He thanked me for my care of his affairs, and said he would endeavor to fulfil what Madam had promised me.

Accordingly, in the year 1698, peace being proclaimed, a sloop came to the mouth of the river with ransom for one Michael Cooms. I put Monsieur in mind of his word, telling him there was now an opportunity for me to go and see the English. He advised me to continue with him, said he would do for me as for his own, &c. I thanked him for his kindness, but rather chose to go to Boston, hoping to find some of my relations yet alive. Then he advised me to go up to the fort and take my leave of the governor, which I did, and he spoke very kindly to me. Some days after I took my leave of Madam, and Monsieur went down to the mouth of the river to see me safely on board. He asked the master, Mr. Starkee, a Scotsman, whether I must pay for my passage, and if so, he would pay it himself rather than I should have it to pay at my arrival in Boston, but he gave me not a penny. The master told him there was nothing to pay, and that if the owner should make any demand, he would pay it himself rather than that a poor prisoner should suffer, for he was glad to see any English person come out of captivity.

On the 13th of June I took my leave of Monsieur, and the sloop came to sail for Boston, where we arrived on the 19th of the same, at night. In the morning after my arrival, a youth came on board and asked many questions relating to my captivity, and at length gave me to understand that he was my little brother, who was at play with some other children at Pemmaquid when I was taken captive, and who escaped into the fort at that perilous time. He told me my elder brother, who made his escape from the farm when it was taken, and our two little sisters, were alive, but that our mother had been dead some years. Then we went on shore and saw our elder brother.

On the 2d of August, 1689, I was taken, and on the 19th of June, 1698, I arrived at Boston; so that I was absent eight years, ten months, and seventeen days. In all which time, though I underwent

extreme difficulties, yet I saw much of God's goodness. And may the most powerful and beneficent Being accept of this public testimony of it, and bless my experiences to excite others to confide in his all-sufficiency, through the infinite merits of Jesus Christ.

CHAPTER XVII.

NARRATIVES OF EXCESSIVE DISTRESS OF PERSONS TAKEN AT THE DESTRUCTION OF SALMON FALLS, IN THE STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE, ON THE TWENTY-SEVENTH OF MARCH, 1690.

When the news of the destruction of Schenectady reached New England, it spread great alarm over the whole country. The wise men gave particular caution to all the frontier posts, urging them to keep strict watch, and to make strong their fortifications; but the people in the east did not their duty, and Salmon Falls, a fine settlement upon a branch of Piscataqua river, fell into the hands of an infuriated and cruel enemy; the particulars whereof are at large set forth in the work entitled *The Book of the Indians*.

But, as has been observed, notwithstanding these warnings, the people dreamed that while the deep snow of the winter continued, they were safe enough, which proved as vain as a dream of a dry summer. Near thirty persons were slain, and more than fifty were led into what the reader will by and by call the worst captivity in the world. It would be a long story to tell what a particular share in this calamity fell to the lot of the family of one Clement Short. This honest man with his pious wife and three children were killed, and six or seven others of their children were made prisoners. The most of these arrived safe at Canada, through a thousand hardships, and the most of these were with more than a thousand mercies afterwards redeemed from Canada, and returned unto their English friends again. But as we cannot take notice of all the individuals, we will pass to the notice of those mentioned at the commencement of this narrative.

Among the prisoners was one Robert Rogers, with whom as the Indians journeyed they came to a hill, where this man, (being through his corpulency called *Robin Pork*) being under such an intolerable and unsupportable burden of Indian luggage, was not so able to travel as the rest; he therefore, watching for an opportunity, made his escape. The wretches, missing him, immediately went in pursuit of him, and it was not long before they found his burden cast in the way, and the tracks of his feet going out of the way. This they followed, and found him hid in a hollow tree. They dragged him out, stripped him, beat and pricked him, pushed him forward with the points of their swords, until they got back to the hill from whence he had escaped. It being almost night, they fastened him to a tree, with his hands behind him, then made themselves a supper, singing and dancing around him, roaring, and uttering great and many signs of

joy, but with joy little enough to the poor creature who foresaw what all this tended to.

The Indians next cut a parcel of wood, and bringing it into a plain place, they cut off the top of a small red-oak tree, leaving the trunk for a stake, whereunto they bound their sacrifice. They first made a great fire near this *tree of death*, and bringing Rogers unto it, bid him take his leave of his friends, which he did in a doleful manner, such as no pen, though made of a harpy's quill, were able to describe the dolor of it. They then allowed him a little time to make his prayers unto heaven, which he did with an extreme fervency and agony; whereupon they bound him to the stake, and brought the rest of the prisoners, with their arms tied each to the other, and seated them round the fire. This being done, they went behind the fire, and thrust it forwards upon the man with much laughter and shouting; and when the fire had burnt some time upon him, even till he was almost suffocated, they pulled it away from him, to prolong his existence. They now resumed their dancing around him, and at every turn they did with their knives cut collops of his flesh out of his naked limbs, and throw them with his blood into his face. In this manner was their work continued until he expired.

Being now dead, they set his body down upon the glowing coals of fire, and thus left him tied with his back to the stake, where he was found by some English forces soon after, who were in pursuit of these Indians.

MEHETABLE GOODWIN, another of the captives of this band of Indians, who, it will be proper to notice, were led by the renowned Indian chief Hopehood, had a child with her about five months old. This, through hunger and hardship, she being unable to nourish from her breast, occasioned it to make grievous and distressing ejaculations. Her Indian master told her that if the child were not quiet he would soon dispose of it, which caused her to use all possible means that his Netopship might not be offended; and sometimes she would carry it from the fire out of his hearing, when she would sit down up to her waist in the snow, for several hours together, until it was exhausted and lulled to sleep. She thus for several days preserved the life of her babe, until he saw cause to travel with his own cubs farther afield; and then, lest he should be retarded in his travel, he violently snatched the babe out of its mother's arms, and before her face knocked out its brains; and having stripped it of its few rags it had hitherto enjoyed, ordered the mother to go and wash them of the blood wherewith they were stained! Returning from this sad and melancholy task, she found the infant hanging by the neck in a forked bough of a tree. She requested liberty to lay it in the earth, but the savage said, "It is better as it is, for now the wild beasts cannot come at it;" (I am sure they had been at it;) "and you may have the comfort of seeing it again, if ever you come that way."

The journey now before them was like to be very long, as far as Canada, where Mrs. Goodwin's master's purpose was to make mer-

chandise of her, and glad was she to hear such happy tidings. But the desperate length of the way, and want of food, and grief of mind, wherewith she was now encountered, caused her within a few days to faint under her difficulties; when, at length, she sat down for some repose, with many prayers and tears unto God for the salvation of her soul, she found herself unable to rise, until she saw her furious executioner coming towards her with fire in his eyes, the devil in his heart, and his hatchet in his hand, ready to bestow a mercy-stroke of death upon her. Then it was that this poor captive woman, in this extreme misery, got upon her knees, and with weeping and wailing and all expressions of agony and entreaty, prevailed on him to spare her life a little longer, and she did not question but God would enable her to walk a little faster. The merciless tyrant was prevailed with to spare her this time; nevertheless her former weakness quickly returning upon her, he was just going to murder her, when a couple of Indians, just at this moment coming in, called suddenly upon him to hold his hand. At this such a horror surprised his guilty soul, that he ran away from her; but hearing them call his name, he returned, and then permitted these his friends to ransom his prisoner.

After these events, as we were seated by the side of a river, we heard several guns go off on the opposite side, which the Indians concluded was occasioned by a party of Albany Indians, who were their enemies. Whereupon this bold blade (her old master) would needs go in a canoe to discover what they were. They fired upon and shot him through, together with several of his friends, before the discovery could be made. Some days after this, divers of his friends gathered a party to revenge his death on their supposed enemies. With these they soon joined battle, and after several hours' hard fighting were themselves put to rout. Among the captives which they left in their flight was this poor woman, who was overjoyed, supposing herself now at liberty; but her joy did not last long, for these Indians were of the same sort as the others, and had been by their own friends thus, through a strange mistake, set upon.

However, this crew proved more favorable to her than the former, and went away silently with their booty; being loath to have any noise made of their foul mistake. And yet a few days after, such another mistake happened; for meeting with another party of Indians, which they imagined were in the English interest, they also furiously engaged each other, and many were killed and wounded on both sides; but the conquerors proved to be a party of French Indians this time, who took this poor Mrs. Goodwin and presented her to the French captain of the party, by whom she was carried to Canada, where she continued five years. After which she was brought safely back to New England.

THOMAS TOOGOOD's short narrative is introduced to relieve the reader from the contemplation of blood and misery. At the same time the other captives were taken, three Indians hotly pursued this man, and one of them overtook him, while the rest, perceiving it,

staid behind the hill, having seen him quietly yield himself a prisoner. While the Indian was getting out his strings to bind his prisoner, he held his gun under his arm, which Toogood observing, suddenly sprang and wrested it from him; and momentarily presenting it at the Indian, protested he would shoot him down if he made the least noise. And so away he ran with it unto Quochecho. If my reader be now inclined to smile, when he thinks how simply poor *Isgrim* looked, returning to his mates behind the hill, without either gun or prey, or any thing but strings, to remind him of his own deserts, I am sure his brethren felt not less so, for they derided him with ridicule at his misadventure. The Indians are singularly excessive in the practice of sporting at the misfortunes of one another in any case they are outwitted, or have been guilty of committing any blunder.

MARY PLAISTED was another of the unfortunate captives at that time and place, but only a few particulars of extreme sufferings are related. She had been out of her bed of family sickness but three weeks when she was taken, and like others she was obliged to wade through swamps and snow, when at length she was relieved of the burthen of her infant son by her cruel master, who, after dashing out its brains, threw it into a river!

CHAPTER XVIII.

GOD'S MERCY SURMOUNTING MAN'S CRUELTY, EXEMPLIFIED IN THE CAPTIVITY AND SURPRISING DELIVERANCE OF ELIZABETH HANSON, WIFE OF JOHN HANSON, OF KNOXMARSH, AT KECHEACHY, IN DOVER TOWNSHIP, WHO WAS TAKEN CAPTIVE WITH HER CHILDREN AND MAID-SERVANT, BY THE INDIANS IN NEW ENGLAND, IN THE YEAR 1724.

Remarkable and many are the providences of God towards his people for their deliverance in a time of trouble, by which we may behold, as in lively characters, the truth of that saying, "That he is a God near at hand, and always ready to help and assist those that fear him and put their confidence in him."

The sacred writings give us instances of the truth hereof in days of old, as in the cases of the Israelites, Job, David, Daniel, Paul, Silas, and many others. Besides which, our modern histories have plentifully abounded with instances of God's fatherly care over his people, in their sharpest trials, deepest distresses, and sorest exercises, by which we may know he is a God that changeth not, but is the same yesterday, to-day and forever.

Among the many modern instances, I think I have not met with a more singular one of the mercy and preserving hand of God, than in the case of Elizabeth Hanson, wife of John Hanson, of Knoxmarsh, in Kecheachy, (Cochecho) in Dover township, in New England, who was taken into captivity the twenty-seventh day of the sixth month, called June, 1724, and carried away (with four children and a servant)

by the Indians ; which relation, as it was taken from her own mouth, by a friend, is as follows :

As soon as the Indians discovered themselves, (having, as we afterwards understood, been skulking in the fields some days, watching their opportunity, when my dear husband, with the rest of our men, were gone out of the way,) two of them came in upon us, and then eleven more, all naked, with their guns and tomahawks, and in great fury killed one child immediately, as soon as they entered the door, thinking thereby to strike in us the greater terror, and to make us more fearful of them. After which, in like fury, the captain came up to me ; but at my request he gave me quarter. There were with me our servant and six of our children ; two of the little ones being at play about the orchard, and my youngest child, but fourteen days old, whether in cradle or arms, I now remember not. Being in this condition, I was very unfit for the hardships I after met with, which I shall endeavor briefly to relate.

They went to rifling the house in a great hurry, (fearing, as I suppose, a surprise from our people, it being late in the afternoon,) and packed up some linen, woollen, and what other things pleased them best, and when they had done what they would, they turned out of the house immediately ; and while they were at the door two of my younger children, one six, and the other four years old, came in sight, and being under a great surprise, cried aloud, upon which one of the Indians, running to them, took them under the arms, and brought them to us. My maid prevailed with the biggest to be quiet and still ; but the other could by no means be prevailed with, but continued shrieking and crying very much, and the Indians, to ease themselves of the noise, and to prevent the danger of a discovery that might arise from it, immediately, before my face, knocked his brains out. I bore this as well as I could, not daring to appear disturbed or to show much uneasiness, lest they should do the same to the others ; but should have been exceeding glad if they had kept out of sight until we had gone from the house.

Now having killed two of my children, they scalped them, (a practice common with these people, which is, whenever they kill any enemies, they cut the skin off from the crown of their heads, and carry it with them for a testimony and evidence that they have killed so many, receiving sometimes a reward for every scalp,) and then put forward to leave the house in great haste, without doing any other spoil than taking what they had packed together, with myself and little babe, fourteen days old, the boy six years, and two daughters, the one about fourteen and the other about sixteen years, with my servant girl.

It must be considered, that I having lain in but fourteen days, and being but very tender and weakly, and removed now out of a good room well accommodated with fire, bedding, and other things suiting a person in my condition, it made these hardships to me greater than if I had been in a strong and healthy frame ; yet, for all this, I must go or die. There was no resistance.

In this condition aforesaid we left the house, each Indian having something; and I with my babe and three children that could go of themselves. The captain, though he had as great a load as he could well carry, and was helped up with it, did, for all that, carry my babe for me in his arms, which I took to be a favor from him. Thus we went through several swamps and some brooks, they carefully avoiding all paths of any track like a road, lest by our footsteps we should be followed.

We got that night, I suppose, not quite ten miles from our house in a direct line; then taking up their quarters, lighted a fire, some of them lying down, while others kept watch. I being both wet and weary, and lying on the cold ground in the open woods, took but little rest.

However, early in the morning, we must go just as the day appeared, travelling very hard all that day through sundry rivers, brooks and swamps, they, as before, carefully avoiding all paths for the reason already assigned. At night, I was both wet and tired exceedingly; having the same lodging on the cold ground, in the open woods. Thus, for twenty-six days, day by day we travelled very hard, sometimes a little by water, over lakes and ponds; and in this journey we went up some high mountains, so steep that I was forced to creep up on my hands and knees; under which difficulty, the Indian, my master, would mostly carry my babe for me, which I took as a great favor of God, that his heart was so tenderly inclined to assist me, though he had, as it is said, a very heavy burden of his own; nay, he would sometimes take my very blanket, so that I had nothing to do but to take my little boy by the hand for his help, and assist him as well as I could, taking him up in my arms a little at times, because so small; and when we came to very bad places, he would lend me his hand, or, coming behind, would push me before him; in all which, he showed some humanity and civility, more than I could have expected: for which privilege I was secretly thankful to God, as the moving cause thereof.

Next to this we had some very great runs of water and brooks to wade through, in which at times we met with much difficulty, wading often to our middles, and sometimes our girls were up to their shoulders and chins, the Indians carrying my boy on their shoulders. At the side of one of these runs or rivers, the Indians would have my eldest daughter, Sarah, to sing them a song. Then was brought into her remembrance that passage in the 137th Psalm, "By the rivers of Babylon," (&c.) When my poor child had given me this account, it was very affecting, and my heart was very full of trouble, yet on my child's account I was glad that she had so good an inclination, which she yet further manifested in longing for a Bible, that we might have the comfort of reading the holy text at vacant times, for our spiritual comfort under our present affliction.

Next to the difficulties of the rivers, were the prodigious swamps and thickets, very difficult to pass through, in which places my master would sometimes lead me by the hand, a great way together, and give

me what help he was capable of, under the straits we went through; and we, passing, one after another, the first made it pretty passable for the hindmost.

But the greatest difficulty, that deserves the first to be named, was want of food, having at times nothing to eat but pieces of old beaver-skin match-coats, which the Indians having hid, (for they came naked as was said before,) which in their going back again they took with them, and they were used more for food than raiment. Being cut into long narrow strips, they gave us little pieces, which by the Indians' example we laid on the fire until the hair was singed away, and then we ate them as a sweet morsel, experimentally knowing "that to the hungry soul every bitter thing is sweet."

It is to be considered further, that of this poor diet we had but very scanty allowance; so that we were in no danger of being overcharged. But that which added to my trouble, was the complaints of my poor children, especially the little boy. Sometimes the Indians would catch a squirrel or beaver, and at other times we met with nuts, berries, and roots which they digged out of the ground, with the bark of some trees; but we had no corn for a great while together, though some of the younger Indians went back and brought some corn from the English inhabitants, (the harvest not being gathered,) of which we had a little allowed us. But when they caught a beaver, we lived high while it lasted; they allowed me the guts and garbage for myself and children; but not allowing us to clean and wash them, as they ought, made the food very irksome to us to feed upon, and nothing besides pinching hunger could have made it any way tolerable to be borne.

The next difficulty was no less hard to me; for my daily travel and hard living made my milk dry almost quite up, and how to preserve my poor babe's life was no small care on my mind; having no other sustenance for her, many times, but cold water, which I took in my mouth, and let it fall on my breast, when I gave her the teat to suck in, with what it could get from the breast; and when I had any of the broth of the beaver's guts, or other guts, I fed my babe with it, and as well as I could I preserved her life until I got to Canada, and then I had some other food, of which, more in its place.

Having by this time got considerably on the way, the Indians parted, and we were divided amongst them. This was a sore grief to us all; but we must submit, and no way to help ourselves. My eldest daughter was first taken away, and carried to another part of the country, far distant from us, where for the present time we must take leave of her, though with a heavy heart.

We did not travel far after this, before they divided again, taking my second daughter and servant maid from me, into another part of the country. So, I having now only my babe at my breast, and little boy six years old, we remained with the captain still. But my daughter and servant underwent great hardships after they were parted from me, travelling three days without any food, taking nothing for support but cold water; and the third day, what with the cold, the wet, and

hunger, the servant fell down as dead in a swoon, being both very cold and wet, at which the Indians, with whom they were, were surprised, showing some kind of tenderness, being unwilling then to lose them by death, having got them so near home; hoping, if they lived, by their ransom to make considerable profit of them.

In a few days after this, they got near their journey's end, where they had more plenty of corn, and other food. But flesh often fell very short, having no other way to depend on for it but hunting; and when that had failed, they had very short commons. It was not long ere my daughter and servant were likewise parted, and my daughter's master being sick, was not able to hunt for flesh; neither had they any corn in that place, but were forced to eat the bark of trees for a whole week.

Being almost famished in this distress, Providence so ordered that some other Indians, hearing of their misery, came to visit them, (these people being very kind and helpful to one another, which is very commendable,) and brought to them the guts and liver of a beaver, which afforded them a good repast, being but four in number, the Indian, his wife and daughter, and my daughter.

By this time my master and our company got to our journey's end, where we were better fed at times, having some corn and venison, and wild fowl, or what they could catch by hunting in the woods; and my master having a large family, fifteen in number, we had at times very short commons, more especially when game was scarce.

But here our lodging was still on the cold ground, in a poor wigwam, (which is a kind of little shelter made with the rind of trees, and mats for a covering, something like a tent.) These are so easily set up and taken down, that they often remove them from one place to another. Our shoes and stockings, and our other clothes, being worn out in this long journey through the bushes and swamps, and the weather coming in very hard, we were poorly defended from the cold, for want of necessaries; which caused one of my feet, one of the little babe's, and both of the little boy's, to freeze; and this was no small exercise, yet, through mercy, we all did well.

Now, though we got to our journey's end, we were never long in one place, but very often removed from one place to another, carrying our wigwams with us, which we could do without much difficulty. This, being for the convenience of hunting, made our accommodations much more unpleasant, than if we had continued in one place, by reason the coldness and dampness of the ground, where our wigwams were pitched, made it very unwholesome, and unpleasant lodging.

Having now got to the Indian fort, many of the Indians came to visit us, and in their way welcomed my master home, and held a great rejoicing, with dancing, firing of guns, beating on hollow trees, instead of drums; shouting, drinking, and feasting after their manner, in much excess, for several days together, which I suppose, in their thoughts, was a kind of thanks to God, put up for their safe return and good success. But while they were in their jollity and mirth, my mind was greatly exercised towards the Lord, that I, with my

dear children, separated from me, might be preserved from repining against God under our trials and afflictions on the one hand, and on the other we might have our dependence on Him, who rules the hearts of men, and can do what he pleases in the kingdoms of the earth, knowing that his care is over them who put their trust in him; but I found it very hard to keep my mind as I ought, in the resignation which is proper it should be, under such afflictions and sore trials as at that time I suffered in being under various fears and doubts concerning my children, that were separated from me, which helped to add to and greatly increase my troubles. And here I may truly say, my afflictions are not to be set forth in words to the extent of them.

We had not been long at home ere my master went a hunting, and was absent about a week, he ordering me in his absence to get in wood, gather nuts, &c. I was very diligent cutting the wood and putting it in order, not having very far to carry it. But when he returned, having got no prey, he was very much out of humor, and the disappointment was so great that he could not forbear revenging it on us poor captives. However, he allowed me a little boiled corn for myself and child, but with a very angry look threw a stick or corn-cob at me with such violence as did bespeak he grudged our eating. At this his squaw and daughter broke out into a great crying. This made me fear mischief was hatching against us. I immediately went out of his presence into another wigwam; upon which he came after me, and in a great fury tore my blanket off my back, and took my little boy from me, and struck him down as he went along before him; but the poor child not being hurt, only frightened in the fall, started up and ran away without crying. Then the Indian, my master, left me; but his wife's mother came and sat down by me, and told me I must sleep there that night. She then going from me a little time, came back with a small skin to cover my feet withal, informing me that my master intended now to kill us, and I, being desirous to know the reason, expostulated, that in his absence I had been diligent to do as I was ordered by him. Thus as well as I could I made her sensible how unreasonable he was. Now, though she could not understand me, nor I her, but by signs, we reasoned as well as we could. She therefore made signs that I must die, advising me, by pointing up with her fingers, in her way, to pray to God, endeavoring by her signs and tears to instruct me in that which was most needful, viz: to prepare for death, which now threatened me. The poor old squaw was so very kind and tender, that she would not leave me all the night, but laid herself down at my feet, designing what she could to assuage her son-in-law's wrath, who had conceived evil against me, chiefly, as I understood, because the want of victuals urged him to it. My rest was little this night, my poor babe sleeping sweetly by me.

I dreaded the tragical design of my master, looking every hour for his coming to execute his bloody will upon us; but he being weary with hunting and travel in the woods, having toiled for nothing, went to rest and forgot it. Next morning he applied himself again to hunting in the woods, but I dreaded his returning empty, and prayed

secretly in my heart that he might catch some food to satisfy his hunger, and cool his ill humor. He had not been gone but a little time, when he returned with booty, having shot some wild ducks; and now he appeared in a better temper, ordered the fowls to be dressed with speed; for these kind of people, when they have plenty, spend it as freely as they get it, using with gluttony and drunkenness, in two days' time, as much as with prudent management might serve a week. Thus do they live, for the most part, either in excess of gluttony and drunkenness, or under great straits of want of necessaries. However, in this plentiful time, I felt the comfort of it in part with the family; having a portion sent for me and my little ones, which was very acceptable. Now, I thinking the bitterness of death was over for this time, my spirits were a little easier.

Not long after this he got into the like ill-humor again, threatening to take away my life. But I always observed whenever he was in such a temper, he wanted food, and was pinched with hunger. But when he had success in hunting, to take either bears, bucks, or fowls, on which he could fill his belly, he was better humored, though he was naturally of a very hot and passionate temper, throwing sticks, stones, or whatever lay in his way, on every slight occasion. This made me in continual danger of my life; but God, whose providence is over all his works, so preserved me that I never received any damage from him, that was of any great consequence to me; for which I ever desire to be thankful to my Maker.

When flesh was scarce we had only the guts and garbage allowed to our part, and not being permitted to cleanse the guts any other wise than emptying the dung (out), without so much as washing them, as before noted; in that filthy pickle we must boil them and eat them, which was very unpleasant. But hunger made up that difficulty, so that this food, which was very often our lot, became pretty tolerable to a sharp appetite, which otherwise could not have been dispensed with. Thus I considered, none know what they can undergo until they are tried; for what I had thought in my own family not fit food, would here have been a dainty dish and sweet morsel.

By this time, what with fatigue of spirits, hard labor, mean diet, and often want of natural rest, I was brought so low that my milk was dried up, my babe very poor and weak, just skin and bones, for I could perceive all her joints from one end of the back to the other, and how to get what would suit her weak appetite, I was at a loss; on which one of the Indian squaws, perceiving my uneasiness about my child, began some discourse with me, in which she advised me to take the kernels of walnuts, clean them and beat them with a little water, which I did, and when I had so done, the water looked like milk; then she advised me to add to this water a little of the finest of Indian corn meal, and boil it a little together. I did so, and it became palatable, and was very nourishing to the babe, so that she began to thrive and look well, who was before more like to die than live. I found that with this kind of diet the Indians did often nurse

their infants. This was no small comfort to me; but this comfort was soon mixed with bitterness and trouble, which thus happened: my master taking notice of my dear babe's thriving condition, would often look upon her, and say when she was fat enough she would be killed, and he would eat her; and, pursuant to his pretence, at a certain time he made me fetch him a stick that he had prepared for a spit to roast the child upon, as he said, which, when I had done, he made me sit down by him and undress the infant. When the child was naked he felt her arms, legs, and thighs, and told me she was not fat enough yet; I must dress her again until she was in better case.

Now, though he thus acted, I could not persuade myself that he intended to do as he pretended, but only to aggravate and afflict me; neither ever could I think but our lives would be preserved from his barbarous hands, by the overruling power of Him in whose providence I put my trust both day and night.

A little time after this, my master fell sick, and in his sickness, as he lay in his wigwam, he ordered his own son to beat my son; but the old squaw, the Indian boy's grandmother, would not suffer him to do it; then his father, being provoked, caught up a stick, very sharp at one end, and with great violence threw it from him at my son, and hit him on the breast, with which my child was very much bruised, and the pain, with the surprise, made him turn as pale as death; I entreating him not to cry, and the boy, though but six years old, bore it with wonderful patience, not so much as in the least complaining, so that the child's patience assuaged the barbarity of his heart; who, no doubt, would have carried his passion and resentment much higher had he cried, as always complaining did aggravate his passion, and his anger grew hotter upon it. Some little time after, on the same day, he got upon his feet, but far from being well. However, though he was sick, his wife and daughter let me know he intended to kill us, and I was under a fear, unless Providence now interposed, how it would end. I therefore put down my child, and going out of his presence, went to cut wood for the fire as I used to do, hoping that would in part allay his passion; but withal, ere I came to the wigwam again, I expected my child would be killed in this mad fit, having no other way but to cast my care upon God, who had hitherto helped and cared for me and mine.

Under this great feud, the old squaw, my master's mother-in-law, left him; but my mistress and her daughter abode in the wigwam with my master, and when I came with my wood, the daughter came to me, whom I asked if her father had killed my child, and she made me a sign, no, with a countenance that seemed pleased it was so; for instead of his further venting his passion on me and my children, the Lord in whom I trusted did seasonably interpose, and I took it as a merciful deliverance from him, and the Indian was under some sense of the same, as himself did confess to them about him afterwards.

Thus it was: a little after he got upon his feet, the Lord struck him with great sickness, and a violent pain, as appeared by the com-

plaint he made in a doleful and hideous manner; which, when I understood, not having yet seen him, I went to another squaw that was come to see my master, which could both speak and understand English, and inquired of her if my mistress (for so I always called her, and him master,) thought that master would die. She answered yes, it was very likely he would, being worse and worse. Then I told her he struck my boy a dreadful blow without any provocation at all, and had threatened to kill us all in his fury and passion; upon which the squaw told me my master had confessed the above abuse he offered my child, and that the mischief he had done was the cause why God afflicted him with that sickness and pain, and he had promised never to abuse us in such sort more; and after this he soon recovered, but was not so passionate; nor do I remember he ever after struck either me or my children, so as to hurt us, or with that mischievous intent as before he used to do. This I took as the Lord's doing, and it was marvellous in my eyes.

Some few weeks after this, my master made another remove, having as before made several; but this was the longest ever he made, it being two days' journey, and mostly upon ice. The first days' journey the ice was bare, but the next day, some snow falling, made it very troublesome, tedious, and difficult travelling; and I took much damage in often falling, having the care of my babe, that added not a little to my uneasiness. And the last night when we came to encamp, it being in the night, I was ordered to fetch water; but having sat awhile on the cold ground, I could neither go nor stand; but, crawling on my hands and knees, a young Indian squaw came to see our people, being of another family, in compassion took the kettle, and knowing where to go, which I did not, fetched the water for me. This I took as a great kindness and favor, that her heart was inclined to do me this service.

I now saw the design of this journey. My master being, as I suppose, weary to keep us, was willing to make what he could of our ransom; therefore he went further towards the French, and left his family in this place, where they had a great dance, sundry other Indians coming to our people. This held some time, and while they were in it, I got out of their way in a corner of the wigwam as well (as) I could; but every time they came by me in their dancing, they would bow my head towards the ground, and frequently kick me with as great fury as they could bear, being sundry of them barefoot, and others having Indian moccasins. This dance held some time, and they made, in their manner, great rejoicings and noise.

It was not many days ere my master returned from the French; but he was in such a humor when he came back, he would not suffer me in his presence. Therefore I had a little shelter made with some boughs, they having digged through the snow to the ground, it being pretty deep. In this hole I and my poor children were put to lodge; the weather being very sharp, with hard frost, in the month called January, made it more tedious to me and my children. Our stay was not long in this place before he took me to the French, in order for a

chapman. When we came among them I was exposed for sale, and he asked for me eight hundred livres. But his chapman not complying with his demand, put him in a great rage, offering him but six hundred; he said, in a great passion, if he could not have his demand, he would make a great fire and burn me and the babe in the view of the town, which was named Fort Royal. The Frenchman bid the Indian make the fire, "and I will," says he, "help you, if you think that will do you more good than six hundred livres;" calling my master a fool, and speaking roughly to him, bid him begone. But at the same time the Frenchman was civil to me; and, for my encouragement, bid me be of good cheer, for I should be redeemed, and not go back with them again.

Retiring now with my master for this night, the next day I was redeemed for six hundred livres; and in treating with my master, the Frenchman queried why he asked so much for the child's ransom, urging, when she had her belly full, she would die. My master said, "No, she would not die, having already lived twenty-six days on nothing but water, believing the child to be a devil." The Frenchman told him, "No, the child is ordered for longer life; and it has pleased God to preserve her to admiration." My master said no, she was a devil, and he believed she would not die, unless they took a hatchet and beat her brains out. Thus ended their discourse, and I was, as aforesaid, with my babe, ransomed for six hundred livres; my little boy, likewise, at the same time, for an additional sum of livres, was redeemed also.

I now having changed my landlord, my table and diet, as well as my lodging, the French were civil beyond what I could either desire or expect. But the next day after I was redeemed, the Romish priest took my babe from me, and according to their custom, they baptized her, urging if she died before that she would be damned, like some of our modern pretended reformed priests, and they gave her a name as pleased them best, which was Mary Ann Frossways, telling me my child, if she now died, would be saved, being baptized; and my landlord speaking to the priest that baptized her, said, "It would be well, now Frossways was baptized, for her to die, being now in a state to be saved;" but the priest said, "No, the child having been so miraculously preserved through so many hardships, she may be designed by God for some great work, and by her life being still continued, may much more glorify God than if she should now die." A very sensible remark, and I wish it may prove true.

I having been about five months amongst the Indians, in about one month after I got amongst the French, my dear husband, to my unspeakable comfort and joy, came to me, who was now himself concerned to redeem his children, two of our daughters being still captives, and only myself and two little ones redeemed; and, through great difficulty and trouble, he recovered the younger daughter. But the eldest we could by no means obtain from their hands, for the squaw to whom she was given had a son whom she intended my daughter should in time be prevailed with to marry. The Indians

are very civil towards their captive women, not offering any incivility by any indecent carriage, (unless they be much overcome in liquor,) which is commendable in them so far.

However, the affections they had for my daughter made them refuse all offers and terms of ransom; so that, after my poor husband had waited, and made what attempts and endeavors he could to obtain his child, and all to no purpose, we were forced to make homeward, leaving our daughter, to our great grief, behind us, amongst the Indians, and set forward over the lake, with three of our children, and the servant maid, in company with sundry others, and by the kindness of Providence, we got well home on the 1st day of the 7th month, 1725. From which it appears I had been from home, amongst the Indians and French, about twelve months and six days.

In the series of which time, the many deliverances and wonderful providences of God unto us, and over us, hath been, and I hope will so remain to be, as a continued obligation on my mind, ever to live in that fear, love, and obedience to God, duly regarding, by his grace, with meekness and wisdom, to approve myself by his spirit, in all holiness of life and godliness of conversation, to the praise of him that hath called me, who is God blessed forever.

But my dear husband, poor man! could not enjoy himself in quiet with us, for want of his dear daughter Sarah, that was left behind; and not willing to omit anything for her redemption which lay in his power, he could not be easy without making a second attempt: in order to which, he took his journey about the 19th day of the second month, 1727, in company with a kinsman and his wife who went to redeem some of their children, and were so happy as to obtain what they went about. But my dear husband being taken sick on the way, grew worse and worse, as we were informed, and was sensible he should not get over it; telling my kinsman that if it was the Lord's will he must die in the wilderness, he was freely given up to it. He was under a good composure of mind, and sensible to his last moment, and died, as near as we can judge, in about the half way between Albany and Canada, in my kinsman's arms, and is at rest, I hope, in the Lord: and though my own children's loss is very great, yet I doubt not but his gain is much more; I therefore desire and pray, that the Lord will enable me patiently to submit to his will in all things he is pleased to suffer to be my lot while here, earnestly supplicating the God and father of all our mercies to be a father to my fatherless children, and give unto them that blessing which maketh truly rich, and adds no sorrow with it; that as they grow in years they may grow in grace, and experience the joy of salvation, which is come by Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour. Amen.

Now, though my husband died, by reason of which his labor was ended, yet my kinsman prosecuted the thing, and left no stone unturned, that he thought, or could be advised, was proper to the obtaining my daughter's freedom; but could by no means prevail; for, as is before said, she being in another part of the country distant from where I was, and given to an old squaw, who intended to marry her in time

to her son, using what persuasion she could to effect her end, sometimes by fair means, and sometimes by severe.

In the mean time a Frenchman interposed, and they by persuasions enticing my child to marry, in order to obtain her freedom, by reason that those captives married by the French are, by that marriage, made free among them, the Indians having then no pretence longer to keep them as captives; she therefore was prevailed upon, for the reasons afore assigned, to marry, and she was accordingly married to the said Frenchman.

Thus, as well, and as near as I can from my memory, (not being capable of keeping a journal,) I have given a short but a true account of some of the remarkable trials and wonderful deliverances which I never purposed to expose; but that I hope thereby the merciful kindness and goodness of God may be magnified, and the reader hereof provoked with more care and fear to serve him in righteousness and humility, and then my designed end and purpose will be answered.

E. H.

CHAPTER XIX.

A NARRATIVE OF THE CAPTIVITY OF NEHEMIAH HOW, WHO WAS TAKEN BY THE INDIANS AT THE GREAT MEADOW FORT ABOVE FORT DUMMER. WHERE HE WAS AN INHABITANT, OCTOBER 11TH, 1745.

At the Great Meadow's fort, fourteen miles above Fort Dummer, October 11th, 1745, where I was an inhabitant, I went out from the fort about fifty rods to cut wood; and when I had done, I walked towards the fort, but in my way heard the crackling of fences behind me, and turning about, saw twelve or thirteen Indians, with red painted heads, running after me; on which I cried to God for help, and ran, and hallooed as I ran, to alarm the fort. But by the time I had run ten rods, the Indians came up with me and took hold of me. At the same time the men at the fort shot at the Indians, and killed one on the spot, wounded another, who died fourteen days after he got home, and likewise shot a bullet through the powder-horn of one that had hold of me. They then led me into the swamp and pinioned me. I then committed my case to God, and prayed that, since it was his will to deliver me into the hands of those cruel men, I might find favor in their eyes; which request God in his infinite mercy was pleased to grant; for they were generally kind to me while I was with them. Some of the Indians at that time took charge of me; others ran into the field to kill cattle. They led me about half a mile, where we staid in open sight of the fort, till the Indians who were killing cattle came to us, laden with beef. Then they went a little further to a house, where they staid to cut the meat from the bones, and cut the helve off of my axe, and stuck it into the ground, pointing the way we went.

Then we travelled along the river side, and when we had got about

three miles, I espied a canoe coming down on the further side of the river, with David Rugg and Robert Baker, belonging to our fort. I made as much noise as I could, by hammering, &c., that they might see us before the Indians saw them, and so get ashore and escape. But the Indians saw them, and shot across the river twenty or thirty guns at them, by which the first-mentioned man was killed, but the other, Robert Baker, got ashore and escaped. Then some of the Indians swam across the river and brought the canoe to us; having stripped and scalped the dead man, and then we went about a mile further, when we came to another house, where we stopped. While there we heard men running by the bank of the river, whom I knew to be Jonathan Thayer, Samuel Nutting, and my son Caleb How. Five of the Indians ran to head them. My heart ached for them, and prayed to God to save them from the hands of the enemy. I suppose they hid under the bank of the river, for the Indians were gone some time, but came back without them, blessed be God.

We went about a mile further, where we lodged that night, and roasted the meat they had got. The next day we travelled very slow, by reason of the wounded Indian, which was a great favor to me. We lodged the second night against Number Four (since Charlestown, N. H.) The third day we likewise travelled slowly, and stopped often to rest, and get along the wounded man. We lodged that night by the second small river that runs into the great river against Number Four.

The fourth day morning the Indians held a piece of bark, and bid me write my name, and how many days we had travelled; "for," said they, "may be Englishmen will come here." That was a hard day to me, as it was wet and we went over prodigious mountains, so that I became weak and faint; for I had not eaten the value of one meal from the time I was taken, and that being beef almost raw, without bread or salt. When I came first to the foot of those hills, I thought it was impossible for me to ascend them, without immediate help from God; therefore my constant recourse was to him for strength, which he was graciously pleased to grant me, and for which I desire to praise him.

We got that day a little before night to a place where they had a hunting house, a kettle, some beer, some Indian corn, and salt. They boiled a good mess of it. I drank of the broth, eat of the meat and corn, and was wonderfully refreshed, so that I felt like another man. The next morning we got up early, and after we had eaten, my master said to me, "You must walk quick to day, or I kill you." I told him I would go as fast as I could, and no faster, if he did kill me. At which an old Indian, who was the best friend I had, took care of me. We travelled that day very hard, and over steep hills, but it being a cool, windy day, I performed it with more ease than before; yet I was much tired before night, but dare not complain.

The next day the Indians gave me a pair of their shoes, so that I travelled with abundant more ease than when I wore my own shoes. I ate but very little, as our victuals were almost spent. When the

sun was about two hours high, the Indians scattered to hunt, and they soon killed a fawn, and three small bears, so that we had again meat enough; some of which we boiled and eat heartily of, by which I felt strong.

The next day we travelled very hard, and performed it with ease, insomuch that one of the Indians told me I was a very strong man. About three o'clock we came to the lake, where they had five canoes, pork, Indian corn, and tobacco. We got into the canoes, and the Indians stuck up a pole about eight feet long, with the scalp of David Rugg on the top of it, painted red, with the likeness of eyes and mouth on it. We sailed about ten miles, and then went on shore, and after we had made a fire, we boiled a good supper and eat heartily.

The next day we set sail for Crown Point, but when we were within a mile of the place they went on shore, where were eight or ten French and Indians, two of whom, before I got on shore, came running into the water, knee deep, and pulled me out of the canoe. There they sung and danced around me a while, when one of them bid me sit down, which I did. Then they pulled off my shoes and buckles, and took them from me. Soon after we went along to Crown Point. When we got there the people, both French and English, were very thick by the water-side. Two of the Indians took me out of the canoe, and leading me, bid me run, which I did, about twenty rods to the fort. The fort is large, built with stone and lime. They led me up to the third loft, where was the captain's chamber. A chair was brought that I might sit by the fire and warm me. Soon after, the Indians that I belonged to, and others that were there, came into the chamber, among whom was one I knew, named Pealtomy. He came and spoke to me, and shook hands with me, and I was glad to see him. He went out, but soon returned and brought to me another Indian, named Amrusus, husband to her who was Eunice Williams, daughter of the late Rev. John Williams, of Deerfield; he was glad to see me, and I to see him. He asked me about his wife's relations, and showed a great deal of respect to me.

A while after this, the Indians sat in a ring in the chamber, and Pealtomy came to me, and told me I must go and sing and dance before the Indians. I told him I could not. He told me over some Indian words, and bid me sing them. I told him I could not. With that the rest of the fort who could speak some English came to me, and bid me sing it in English, which was, "I don't know where I go," which I did, dancing round that ring three times. I then sat down by the fire. The priest came to me and gave me a dram of rum, and afterwards the captain brought me part of a loaf of bread and a plate of butter, and asked me to eat, which I did heartily, for I had not eaten any bread from the time I was taken till then. The French priest and all the officers showed me a great deal of respect. The captain gave me a pair of good buck-skin shoes, and the priest fixed them on my feet. We staid there that night, and I slept with the priest, captain, and the lieutenant. The lieutenant's name was

Ballock; he had been a prisoner at Boston, and had been at Northampton and the towns thereabouts. This day, which was the Sabbath, I was well treated by the French officers with victuals and drink. We tarried there till noon, then went off about a mile, and put on shore, where they staid the most of the day; and having rum with them, most of them were much liquored. Pealtomy and his squaw, and another Indian family, went with us, and by them I found out that William Phips killed an Indian, besides him we wounded before he was killed; for an Indian who was with us asked me if there was one killed near our fort last summer. I told him I did not know. He said he had a brother who went out then, and he had not seen him since, and had heard he was killed at our fort, and wanted to know if it was true. But I did not think it best to tell him any such thing was suspected.

The Indians now got into a frolic, and quarrelled about me, and made me sit in the canoe by the water side. I was afraid they would hurt, if not kill me. They attempted to come to me, but the sober Indians hindered them that were in liquor. Pealtomy seeing the rout, went to the fort, and soon after Lieut. Ballock, with some soldiers, came to us, and when the Indians were made easy, they went away. We lodged there that night, and the next day was a stormy day of wind, snow, and rain, so that we were forced to tarry there that day and the next night. In this time the Indians continued fetching rum from the fort, and kept half drunk. Here I underwent some hardship by staying there so long in a storm without shelter or blanket. They had a great dance that night, and hung up David Rugg's scalp on a pole, dancing round it. After they had done, they lay down to sleep.

The next morning, which was the tenth day from the time of my being taken, we went off in the canoe, and the night after we arrived at the wide lake, and there we staid that night. Some of the Indians went a-hunting, and killed a fat deer, so that we had victuals plenty, for we had a full supply of bread given us at the fort at Crown Point.

The next morning, the wind being calm, we set out about two hours before day, and soon after came to a schooner lying at anchor. We went on board her, and the French treated us very civilly. They gave each of us a dram of rum, and victuals to eat. As soon as it was day we left the schooner, and two hours before sunset got over the lake, and next day came to Shamballee, (Chamblee) where we met three hundred French and two hundred Indians, who did the mischief about Mr. Lydin's fort. I was taken out of the canoe by two Frenchmen, and fled to a house about ten rods off as fast as I could run, the Indians flinging snow-balls at me. As soon as I got to the house, the Indians stood round me very thick, and bid me sing and dance, which I did with them, in their way; then they gave a shout, and left off. Two of them came to me, one of whom smote me on one cheek, the other on the other, which made the blood run plentifully. Then they bid me sing and dance again, which I did with them, and they with me, shouting as before. Then two Frenchmen took me under each arm, and ran so fast that the Indians could

not keep with us to hurt me. We ran about forty rods to another house, where a chair was brought for me to sit down. The house was soon full of French and Indians, and others surrounded it, and some were looking into the windows. A French gentleman came to me, took me by the hand, and led me into a small room, where none came in but such as he admitted. He gave me victuals and drink. Several French gentlemen and Indians came in, and were civil to me. The Indians who came in could speak English, shook hands with me, and called me brother. They told me they were all soldiers, and were going to New England. They said they should go to my town, which was a great damp to my spirits, till I heard of their return, where they had been, and what they had done. A while after this, the Indians whom I belonged to came to me and told me we must go. I went with them. After going down the river about two miles, we came to the thickest of the town, where was a large fort, built with stone and lime, and very large and fine houses in it. Here was the general of the army I spoke of before. He asked me what news from London and Boston. I told him such stories as I thought convenient, and omitted the rest, and then went down to the canoes. Some of the Indians went and got a plenty of bread and beef, which they put into the canoes, and then we went into a French house, where we had a good supper. There came in several French gentlemen to see me, who were civil. One of them gave me a crown, sterling. We lodged there till about two hours before day, when we arose, and went down the river. I suppose we went a hundred miles that day, which brought us into a great river, called Quebec. We lodged that night in a French house, and were civilly treated.

The next day we went down the river, and I was carried before the governor there, which was the Sabbath, and the sixteenth day after my being taken. We staid there about three hours, and were well treated by the French. The Indians were then ordered to carry me down to Quebec, which was ninety miles further. We went down the river about three miles that night, then going on shore, lodged the remainder of the night.

The next morning we set off, and the second day, which was the eighteenth from the time I was taken, we arrived at Quebec. The land is inhabited on both sides of the river from the lake to Quebec, which is at least two hundred miles, especially below Chamblee, very thick, so that the houses are within sight of one another all the way.

But to return: After we arrived at Quebec, I was carried up into a large chamber, which was full of Indians, who were civil to me. Many of the French came in to see me, and were also very kind. I staid there about two hours, when a French gentleman, who could speak good English, came in and told me I must go with him to the governor, which I did; and after answering a great many questions, and being treated with as much bread and wine as I desired, I was sent with an officer to the guard-house, and led into a small room, where was an Englishman named William Stroud, a kinsman of the Hon. Judge Lynd, in New England. He belonged to South Carolina,

and had been at Quebec six years. The governor kept him confined for fear he should leave him and go to New England, and discover their strength. Mr. Stroud and I were kept in the guard-house one week, with a sufficiency of food and drink. The French gentlemen kept coming in to see me, and I was very civilly treated by them. I had the better opportunity of discoursing with them, as Mr. Stroud was a good interpreter.

After this we were sent to prison, where I found one James Kinlade, who was taken fourteen days before I was, at Sheepscoot, at the eastward, in New England. I was much pleased with his conversation, esteeming him a man of true piety. We were kept in this prison eight days, with liberty to keep in the room with the prison-keeper. We were daily visited by gentlemen and ladies, who showed great kindness in giving us money and other things, and their behaviour towards us was pleasant. Blessed be God therefore, for I desire to ascribe all the favors I have been the partaker of, ever since my captivity, to the abundant grace and goodness of a bountiful God, as the first cause.

After this Mr. Kinlade and I were sent to another prison, where were twenty-two seamen belonging to several parts of our king's dominions; three of them captains of vessels, viz: James Southerland, of Cape Cod; William Chipman, of Marblehead; William Pote, of Casco Bay. This prison was a large house, built with stone and lime, two feet thick, and about one hundred and twenty feet long. We had two large stoves in it, and wood enough, so that we could keep ourselves warm in the coldest weather. We had provision sufficient, viz: two pounds of good wheat bread, one pound of beef, and peas answerable, to each man, ready dressed every day.

When I had been there a few days, the captives desired me to lead them in carrying on morning and evening devotion, which I was willing to do. We had a Bible, psalm-book, and some other good books. Our constant practice was to read a chapter in the Bible, and sing part of a psalm, and to pray, night and morning.

When I was at the first prison, I was stripped of all my old and lousy clothes, and had other clothing given me from head to foot, and had many kindnesses shown me by those that lived thereabouts; more especially by one Mr. Corby and his wife, who gave me money there, and brought me many good things at the other prison. But here I was taken ill, as was also most of the other prisoners, with a flux, which lasted near a month, so that I was grown very weak. After that I was healthy, through divine goodness. Blessed be God for it.

I was much concerned for my country, especially for the place I was taken from, by reason that I met an army going thither, as they told me. The 27th day of November we had news come to the prison that this army had returned to Chamblee, and had taken upwards of a hundred captives, which increased my concern; for I expected our fort, and others thereabouts, were destroyed. This news put me upon earnest prayer to God that he would give me grace to submit to his will; after which I was easy in my mind.

About a fortnight after, a Dutchman was brought to prison, who was one of the captives the said army had taken. He told me they had burnt Mr. Lydin's fort, and all the houses at that new township, killed Capt. Schuyler and five or six more, and had brought fifty whites and about sixty negroes to Montreal. I was sorry to hear of so much mischief done, but rejoiced they had not been upon our river, and the towns thereabouts, for which I gave thanks to God for his great goodness in preserving them, and particularly my family.

When Christmas came, the governor sent us twenty-four livres, and the lord-intendant came into the prison and gave us twenty-four more, which was about two guineas. He told us he hoped we should be sent home in a little time. He was a pleasant gentleman, and very kind to captives. Sometime after, Mr. Shearly, a gentleman of quality, came to us, and gave to the three sea-captains twenty-four livres, and to me twelve, and the next day sent me a bottle of claret wine. About ten days after he sent me twelve livres more; in all eight pounds, old tenor.

January 20th, 1746, eighteen captives were brought from Montreal to the prison at Quebec, which is one hundred and eighty miles.

February 22d, seven captives more, who were taken at Albany, were brought to the prison to us, viz: six men and one old woman seventy years old, who had been so infirm for seven years past that she had not been able to walk the streets, yet performed this tedious journey with ease.

March 15th, one of the captives taken at Albany, after fourteen or fifteen days' sickness, died in the hospital at Quebec,—a man of a sober, pious conversation. His name was Lawrence Plaffer, a German born.

May 3d, three captives taken at No. Four, sixteen miles above where I was taken, viz: Capt. John Spafford, Isaac Parker, and Stephen Fansworth, were brought to prison to us. They informed me my family was well, a few days before they were taken, which rejoiced me much. I was sorry for the misfortune of these my friends, but was glad of their company, and of their being well used by those who took them.

May 14th, two captives were brought into prison, Jacob Read and Edward Cloutman, taken at a new township called Gorhamtown, near Casco Bay. They informed us that one man and four children of one of them were killed, and his wife taken at the same time with them, and was in the hands of the Indians.

May 16th, two lads, James and Samuel Anderson, brothers, taken at Sheepscot, were brought to prison. On the 17th, Samuel Burbank and David Woodwell, who were taken at New Hopkinton, near Rumford, (Concord, N. H.) were brought to prison, and informed us there were taken with them two sons of the said Burbank, and the wife, two sons and a daughter of the said Woodwell, whom they left in the hands of the Indians.

May 24th, Thomas Jones, of Holliston, who was a soldier at Contoocook, was brought to prison, and told us that one Elisha Cook,

and a negro belonging to the Rev. Mr. Stevens, were killed when he was taken.

June 1st, William Aikings, taken at Pleasant Point, near Fort George, was brought to prison. June 2d, Mr. Shearly brought several letters of deacon Timothy Brown, of Lower Ashuelot, and money, and delivered them to me, which made me think he was killed or taken. A few days after, Mr. Shearly told me he was taken. I was glad to hear he was alive.

June 6th, Timothy Cummings, aged sixty, was brought to prison, who informed us he was at work with five other men, about forty rods from the block-house, George's (fort,) when five Indians shot at them, but hurt none. The men ran away, and left him and guns to the Indians. He told us that the ensign was killed as he stood on the top of the fort, and that the English killed five Indians at the same time.

June 13th, Mr. Shearly brought to the captives some letters which were sent from Albany, and among them one from Lieut. Gov. Phips, of the Massachusetts Bay, to the Governor of Canada, for the exchange of prisoners, which gave us great hopes of a speedy release.

June 22d, eight men were brought to prison, among whom were Deacon Brown and Robert Morse, who informed me that there were six or eight Indians killed, a little before they were taken, at Upper Ashuelot, and that they learnt, by the Indians who took them, there were six more of the English killed at other places near Connecticut river, and several more much wounded; these last were supposed to be the wife and children of the aforesaid Burbank and Woodwell.

July 5th, we sent a petition to the chief governor that we might be exchanged, and the 7th, Mr. Shearly told us we should be exchanged for other captives in a short time, which caused great joy among us. The same day, at night, John Berran, of Northfield, was brought to prison, who told us that an expedition against Canada was on foot, which much rejoiced us. He also told us of the three fights in No. Four, and who were killed and taken, and of the mischief done in other places near Connecticut river; and that my brother Daniel How's son Daniel was taken with him, and was in the hands of the Indians, who designed to keep him.

July 20th, John Jones, a seaman, was brought into prison, who told us he was going from Cape Breton to Newfoundland, with one Englishman and four Frenchmen, who had sworn allegiance to King George, and in the passage they had killed the other Englishman, but carried him to the bay of Arb, where there was an army of French and Indians, to whom they delivered him, and by them was sent to Quebec.

July 21st, John Richards, and a boy of nine or ten years of age, who belonged to Rochester, in New Hampshire, were brought to prison. They told us there were four Englishmen killed when they were taken.

August 15th, seven captives, who with eight more were taken at St. John's Island, were brought to prison. They told us that several

were killed after quarters were given, among whom was James Owen, late of Brookfield, in New England. On the 16th, Thomas Jones, late of Sherburne, in New England, after seven or eight days' sickness, died. He gave good satisfaction as to his future state. On the 25th we had a squall of snow.

September 12th, Robert Downing, who had been a soldier at Cape Breton, and was taken at St. John's, and who was with the Indians two months, and suffered great abuse from them, was brought to prison.

On the 15th, twenty-three of the captives taken at Hoosuck fort were brought to prison, among whom was the Rev. Mr. John Norton. They informed us that after fighting twenty-five hours, with eight hundred French and Indians, they surrendered themselves, on capitulation, prisoners of war; that Thomas Nalton and Josiah Read were killed when they were taken. The names of those now brought in are the Rev. Mr. Norton, John Hawks, John Smead, his wife and six children, John Perry and his wife, Moses Scott, his wife and two children, Samuel Goodman, Jonathan Bridgman, Nathan Eames, Joseph Scott, Amos Pratt, Benjamin Sinconds, Samuel Lovet, David Warren, and Phinehas Furbush. The two last of these informed me that my brother Daniel How's son was taken from the Indians, and now lives with a French gentleman at Montreal. There were four captives more taken at Albany the last summer, who were brought to prison the same day.

On the 26th (Sept.) seventy-four men and two women, taken at sea, were brought to prison. October 1st, Jacob Shepard, of Westborough, taken at Hoosuck, was brought to prison. On the 3d, Jonathan Batherick was brought in; and on the 5th, seventeen other men, three of whom were taken with Mr. Norton and others, viz: Nathaniel Hitchcock, John Aldrick, and Stephen Scott. Richard Subs, who was taken at New Casco, says that one man was killed at the same time. Also Pike Gooden, taken at Saco, was brought to prison. He says he had a brother killed at the same time. On the 12th, twenty-four seamen were brought in, and on the 19th, six more. On the 20th, Jacob Read died. On the 23d, Edward Cloutman and Robert Dunbar broke prison and escaped for New England. The 27th, a man was brought into prison, who said the Indians took five more (besides himself,) and brought ten scalps to Montreal.

November 1st, John Read died. The 9th, John Davies, taken with Mr. Norman, died. The 17th, Nathan Eames, of Marlborough, died. On the 19th, Mr. Adams, taken at Sheepscot, was brought to prison. He says that James Anderson's father was killed, and his uncle taken at the same time. The 20th, Leonard Lydle and the widow Sarah Briant were married in Canada, by the Rev. Mr. Norton. On the 22d, the above said Anderson's uncle was brought to prison. Two days after, (24th) John Bradshaw died. He had not been well for most of the time he had been a prisoner. It is a very melancholy time with us. There are now thirty sick, and deaths among us daily. Died on the 28th, Jonathan Dunham, and on the 29th, died also Capt. Bailey of Amesbury.

December 1st, an Albany man died, and on the 6th, Pike Gooden, who, we have reason to believe, made a happy change. On the 7th, a girl of ten years died. The 11th, Moses Scott's wife died, and on the 15th, one of Captain Robertson's lieutenants. Daniel Woodwell's wife died on the 18th, a pious woman. John Perry's wife died the 23d. On the 26th, William Dayly, of New York, died.

January 3d, 1747, Jonathan Harthan died. On the 12th, Phinehas Andrews, of Cape Ann, died. He was one of the twenty captives, who, the same night, had been removed to another prison, hoping thereby to get rid of the infection. Jacob Bailey, brother to Capt. Bailey, died the 15th; and the 17th, Giat Braban, Captain Chapman's carpenter, died. On the 23d, Samuel Lovet, son of Major Lovet, of Mendon, in New England, died.

February 10th, William Garwafs died, also the youngest child of Moses Scott. The 15th, my nephew, Daniel How, and six more were brought down from Montreal to Quebec, viz: John Sunderland, John Smith, Richard Smith, William Scott, Philip Scoffil, and Benjamin Tainter, son to Lieutenant Tainter, of Westborough, in New England. The 23d, Richard Bennet died, and the 25th, Michael Dugon.

March 18th, James Margra died, and on the 22d, Capt. John Fort and Samuel Goodman; the 28th, the wife of John Smead died, and left six children, the youngest of whom was born the second night after the mother was taken.

April 7th, Philip Scaffield, (Scofield?) and next day John Saneld, the next day Captain James Jordan and one of his men, died. On the 12th, Amos Pratt, of Shrewsbury, and on the 14th, Timothy Cummings; the 17th, John Dill, of Hull in New England; the 18th, Samuel Venhon, of Plymouth, died. On the 26th, Capt. Jonathan Williamson was brought to prison. He was taken at the new town on Sheepscot river. The same day came in, also, three men who were taken at Albany, three weeks before, and tell us that thirteen were killed, Capt. Trent being one. They were all soldiers for the expedition to Canada. On the 27th, Joseph Denox, and on the 28th Samuel Evans, died. The same night the prison took fire, and was burnt, but the things therein were mostly saved. We were kept that night under a guard.

May 7th, Sarah Lydle, whose name was Briant when she was taken, and married while a captive, died; and on the 13th, Mr. Smead's son, Daniel, died, and Christian Tether the 14th. The same day died also Hezekiah Huntington, a hopeful youth, of a liberal education. He was a son of Colonel Huntington, of Connecticut, in New England. On the 15th, Joseph Grey, and on the 19th Samuel Burbank, died. At the same time died two children who were put out to the French to nurse.

At this time I received a letter from Major Willard, dated March 17th, 1747, wherein he informs me my family were well, which was joyful news to me. May 19th, Abraham Fort died.

CHAPTER XX.

PARTICULARS RELATING TO THE CAPTIVITY OF JOHN FITCH, OF ASHBY,
MASS., RELATED BY MR. ENOS JONES, OF ASHBURNHAM.

The town of Lunenburg, in Massachusetts, was incorporated August 1, 1728, and received its name in compliment to George II., who, the preceding year, came to the British throne, and was styled Duke of Lunenburg, having in his German dominions a town of that name. On the 3rd of February, 1764, a part of Lunenburg was detached and incorporated as a distinct town by the name of Fitchburg. In 1767, a part of Fitchburg was disannexed, to aid in forming the town of Ashby. Mr. John Fitch lived on the frontiers of the county, in the tract now included in Ashby. After the commencement of the French and Indian war of 1745, Fitch proposed to the government to keep a garrison, with the aid of three soldiers, who were immediately despatched to him. Mr. Fitch was a gentleman of much enterprise, and had had considerable dealings with the Indians in peltries, furs, &c., and was generally well known among them. Soon after the breaking out of the war, they determined to make him a prisoner; and in July, 1746-7, they came into the vicinity, to the number of about eighty. The inhabitants of the garrison were Fitch, his wife, five children, and the three soldiers. One of these last left the garrison early in the morning of the disaster, on furlough, to visit a house at the distance of three or four miles. Another went out in quest of game. He had not proceeded far when he discovered the Indians crawling in the high grass between him and the garrison. He attempted to return, but was instantly shot down. One soldier only remained with Fitch and his family, and they determined to defend themselves to the best of their power. The soldier, whose name was Jennings, fired several times, when an Indian shot him through the neck, and he fell. Mrs. Fitch regularly loaded the guns for her husband, and they continued to defend themselves for some time; when the Indians informed them that if they would surrender they should have quarter, but if they refused they should perish in the flames of the garrison. After some consultation with his wife, Fitch concluded to surrender. The Indians then burned the garrison, and after committing various mischiefs in the neighborhood, they took the captive family to Canada. Immediately after the garrison was burnt, Perkins, the soldier on furlough, espied the smoke, and on ascending a hill in the vicinity he could see the ruins. He immediately gave the alarm, and in the evening nearly an hundred had assembled in arms for the pursuit of the enemy. It being dark, however, they concluded to wait till the following morning, and ere day broke they set out. After proceeding a short distance in the track of the Indians, they saw a piece of paper tied to a limb of a tree, which, on examining, they found to be in the hand-writing of Fitch, requesting them by no means to pursue him, as the Indians had assured him of safety if they were not pursued, but would destroy him if his friends should attempt

his rescue. Upon this the party returned to their homes. At the close of the war Fitch and his family were liberated, and were crossing the Connecticut on their return home, when Mrs. Fitch took cold and died. The rest of the family returned, and Fitch was afterwards married again. Jennings, who was killed in the garrison, was burnt in the flames. The name of the soldier killed without the garrison was Blodget. The third soldier, whose name was Perkins, escaped.

CHAPTER XXI.

CAPTIVITY OF MARY FOWLER, OF HOPKINTON.

Mary Fowler, formerly Mary Woodwell, now living in Canterbury, in this State, was born in the town of Hopkinton, in Massachusetts, May 11, 1730. Her parents moved to Hopkinton, in this State, when she was about twelve years of age, and settled on the westerly side of what is called Putney's Hill.

On the 22d day of April, in the year 1746, while in the garrison at her father's house, six Indians, armed with muskets, tomahawks, knives, &c., broke into the garrison, and took eight persons while in their beds, viz: the said Mary, her parents, two of her brothers, Benjamin and Thomas, Samuel Burbank, an aged man, and his two sons, Caleb and Jonathan. They carried them through the wilderness to St. Francis, in Canada. Here Mary and Jonathan Burbank were detained for the term of three years, (though not in one family,) and the other six were carried prisoners to Quebec, where Burbank, the aged, and Mary's mother, died of the yellow fever in prison. The other four were afterwards exchanged.

The circumstances relative to their being taken were as follows: Ten persons, viz: the eight above mentioned. Samuel Burbank's wife and a soldier were secluded in the garrison for fear of being attacked by the Indians, who had been frequently scouting through Hopkinton and the other adjacent towns. Early on the morning of their captivity, Samuel Burbank left the garrison, and went to the barn in order to feed the cattle before the rest were up, leaving the door unfastened. The Indians, who lay near in ambush, immediately sallied forth and took him. From this affrighted captive they got information that the garrison was weak, whereupon they rushed in and took them all, except the soldier who escaped, and Burbank's wife, who secreted herself in the cellar. During this attack Mary's mother, being closely embraced by a sturdy Indian, wrested from his side a long knife, with which she was in the act of running him through, when her husband prevailed with her to desist, fearing the fatal consequences. However, she secured the deadly weapon, and before they commenced their march threw it into the well, from whence it was taken after the captives returned. Another Indian presented a musket to Mary's breast, intending to blow her through,

when a chief by the name of Pennos, who had previously received numerous kindnesses from her father's family, instantly interfered, and kept him from his cruel design, taking her for his own captive.

After having arrived at St. Francis, Pennos sold Mary to a squaw of another family, while J. Burbank continued in some remote part of the neighborhood under his own master. Mary's father and brothers, after they were exchanged, solicited a contribution for her redemption, which was at last obtained with great difficulty for one hundred livres, through the stratagem of a French doctor, all previous efforts made by her father and brothers having failed. This tender parent, though reduced to poverty by the savages, and having no pecuniary assistance except what he received through the hand of charity from his distant friends, had frequently visited St. Francis in order to have an interview with his only daughter, and to compromise with her mistress, offering her a large sum for Mary's redemption, but all to no effect. She refused to let her go short of her weight in silver. Moreover, Mary had previously been told by her mistress that if she intimated a word to her father that she wanted to go home with him, she should never see his face again; therefore, when interrogated by him on this subject, she remained silent, through fear of worse treatment; yet she could not conceal her grief, for her internal agitation and distress of mind caused the tears to flow profusely from her eyes. Her father, at length, worn out with grief and toil, retired to Montreal, where he contracted with a Frenchman as an agent to effect, if possible, the purchase of his daughter. This agent, after having attempted a compromise several times in vain, employed a French physician, who was in high reputation among the Indians, to assist him. The doctor, under a cloak of friendship, secretly advised Mary to feign herself sick, as the only alternative, and gave her medicine for the purpose. This doctor was soon called upon for medical aid, and although he appeared to exert the utmost of his skill, yet his patient continued to grow worse. After making several visits to no effect, he at length gave her over as being past recovery, advising her mistress, as a real friend, to sell her the first opportunity for what she could get, even if it were but a small sum; otherwise, said he, she will die on your hands, and you must lose her. The squaw, alarmed at the doctor's ceremony, and the dangerous appearance of her captive, immediately contracted with the French agent for one hundred livres; whereupon Mary soon began to amend, and was shortly after conveyed to Montreal, where she continued six months longer among the French, waiting for a passport.

Thus, after having been compelled to three years' hard labor in planting and hoeing corn, chopping and carrying wood, pounding samp, gathering cranberries and other wild fruit for the market, &c., this young woman was at length redeemed from the merciless hands and cruel servitude of the savages, who had not only wrested her from her home, but also from the tender embraces of her parents, and from all social intercourse with her friends.

Jonathan Burbank was redeemed about the same time,—became

an officer, and was afterwards killed by the Indians in the French war. These sons of the forest, supposing him to have been Rogers, their avowed enemy, rushed upon him and slew him without ceremony, after he had given himself up as a prisoner of war.

After six months' detention among the French at Montreal, Mary was conveyed (mostly by water) to Albany by the Dutch, who had proceeded to Canada in order to redeem their black slaves, whom the Indians had previously taken and carried thither; from thence she was conducted to the place of her nativity, where she continued about five years, and was married to one Jesse Corbett, by whom she had two sons. From thence they moved to Hopkinton, in this State, to the place where Mary had been taken by the Indians. Corbett, her husband, was drowned in Almsbury river, (now Warner river,) in Hopkinton, in the year 1759, in attempting to swim across the river,—was carried down into the Contoocook, thence into the Merrimack, and was finally taken up in Dunstable, with his clothes tied fast to his head. Mary was afterwards married to a Jeremiah Fowler, by whom she had five children. She is now living in Canterbury, in the enjoyment of good health and remarkable powers of mind, being in the ninety-third year of her age. The foregoing narrative was written a few weeks since as she related it.

CHAPTER XXII.

NARRATIVE OF THE CAPTIVITY OF MRS. ISABELLA M'COY, WHO WAS TAKEN CAPTIVE AT EPSOM, N. H., IN THE YEAR 1747. COLLECTED FROM THE RECOLLECTIONS OF AGED PEOPLE WHO KNEW HER, BY THE REV. JONATHAN CURTIS, A MINISTER OF THAT TOWN, ABOUT SEVENTEEN YEARS AGO, AND BY HIM COMMUNICATED TO THE PUBLISHERS OF THE NEW HAMPSHIRE HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS.

The Indians were first attracted to the new settlements in the town of Epsom, N. H., by discovering M'Coy at Suncook, now Pembroke. This, as nearly as can be ascertained, was in the year 1747. Reports were spread of the depredations of the Indians in various places; and M'Coy had heard that they had been seen lurking about the woods at Penacook, now Concord. He went as far as Pembroke; ascertained that they were in the vicinity; was somewhere discovered by them, and followed home. They told his wife, whom they afterwards made prisoner, that they looked through cracks around the house, and saw what they had for supper that night. They however did not discover themselves till the second day after. They probably wished to take a little time to learn the strength and preparation of the inhabitants. The next day, Mrs. M'Coy, attended by their two dogs, went down to see if any of the other families had returned from the garrison. She found no one. On her return, as she was passing the block-house, which stood near the present site of the meeting-house, the dogs, which had passed round it, came running back growling and very much excited. Their appearance induced her to make the best of her way

home. The Indians afterwards told her that they then lay concealed there, and saw the dogs, when they came round.

M'Coy, being now strongly suspicious that the Indians were actually in the town, determined to set off the next day with his family for the garrison at Nottingham. His family now consisted of himself, his wife, and son John. The younger children were still at the garrison. They accordingly secured their house as well as they could, and all set off next morning;—M'Coy and his son with their guns, though without ammunition, having fired away what they brought with them in hunting.

As they were travelling a little distance east of the place where the meeting-house now stands, Mrs. M'Coy fell a little in the rear of the others. This circumstance gave the Indians a favorable opportunity for separating her from her husband and son. The Indians, three men and a boy, lay in ambush near the foot of Marden's hill, not far from the junction of the mountain road with the main road. Here they suffered M'Coy and his son to pass; but, as his wife was passing them, they reached from the bushes, and took hold of her, charging her to make no noise, and covering her mouth with their hands, as she cried to her husband for assistance. Her husband, hearing her cries, turned, and was about coming to her relief. But he no sooner began to advance, than the Indians, expecting probably that he would fire upon them, began to raise their pieces, which she pushed one side, and motioned to her friends to make their escape, knowing that their guns were not loaded, and that they would doubtless be killed, if they approached. They accordingly ran into the woods and made their escape to the garrison. This took place August 21, 1747.

The Indians then collected together what booty they could obtain, which consisted of an iron trammel, from Mr. George Wallace's, the apples of the only tree which bore in town, which was in the orchard now owned by Mr. David Griffin, and some other trifling articles, and prepared to set off with their prisoner to Canada.

Before they took their departure, they conveyed Mrs. M'Coy to a place near the Suncook river, where they left her in the care of the young Indian, while the three men, whose names were afterwards ascertained to be Plausawa,* Sabatis, and Christi, went away, and were for some time absent. During their absence, Mrs. M'Coy thought of attempting to make her escape. She saw opportunities, when she thought she might despatch the young Indian with the trammel, which, with other things, was left with them, and thus perhaps avoid some strange and barbarous death, or a long and distressing captivity. But, on the other hand, she knew not at what distance the others were. If she attempted to kill her young keeper, she might fail. If she effected her purpose in this, she might be pursued and overtaken by a cruel and revengeful foe, and then some dreadful death would be her certain portion. On the whole, she thought best to endeavor to prepare her mind to bear what might be no more than a period of savage captivity.

* These were of the Arosaguntacook or St. Francis tribe.

Soon, however, the Indians returned, and put an end for the present to all thoughts of escape. From the direction in which they went and returned, and from their smutty appearance, she suspected what their business had been. She told them she guessed they had been burning her house. Plausawa, who could speak some broken English, informed her they had.

They now commenced their long and tedious journey to Canada, in which the poor captive might well expect that great and complicated sufferings would be her lot. She did indeed find the journey fatiguing, and her fare scanty and precarious. But, in her treatment from the Indians, she experienced a very agreeable disappointment. The kindness she received from them was far greater than she had expected from those who were so often distinguished for their cruelties. The apples they had gathered they saved for her, giving her one every day. In this way, they lasted her as far on the way as Lake Champlain. They gave her the last, as they were crossing that lake in their canoes. This circumstance gave to the tree, on which the apples grew, the name of "*Isabell's tree*," her name being Isabella. In many ways did they appear desirous of mitigating the distresses of their prisoner while on their tedious journey. When night came on, and they halted to repose themselves in the dark wilderness, Plausawa, the head man, would make a little couch in the leaves a little way from theirs, cover her up with his own blanket, and there she was suffered to sleep undisturbed till morning. When they came to a river, which must be forded, one of them would carry her over on his back. Nothing like insult or indecency did they ever offer her during the whole time she was with them. They carried her to Canada, and sold her as a servant to a French family, whence, at the close of that war, she returned home. But so comfortable was her condition there, and her husband being a man of rather a rough and violent temper, she declared she never should have thought of attempting the journey home, were it not for the sake of her children.

After the capture of Mrs. M'Coy, the Indians frequently visited the town, but never committed any very great depredations. The greatest damage they ever did to the property of the inhabitants was the spoiling of all the ox-teams in town. At the time referred to, there were but four yoke of oxen in the place, viz: M'Coy's, Captain M'Clary's, George Wallace's, and Lieut. Blake's. It was a time of apprehension from the Indians; and the inhabitants had therefore all fled to the garrison at Nottingham. They left their oxen to graze about the woods, with a bell upon one of them. The Indians found them, shot one out of each yoke, took out their tongues, made a prize of the bell, and left them.

The ferocity and cruelty of the savages were doubtless very much averted by a friendly, conciliating course of conduct in the inhabitants towards them. This was particularly the case in the course pursued by Sergeant Blake. Being himself a curious marksman and an expert hunter, traits of character in their view of the highest order, he soon

secured their respect; and, by a course of kind treatment, he secured their friendship to such a degree, that, though they had opportunities, they would not injure him even in time of war.

The first he ever saw of them was a company of them making towards his house, through the opening from the top of Sanborn's hill. He fled to the woods, and there lay concealed, till they had made a thorough search about his house and enclosures, and had gone off. The next time his visitors came, he was constrained to become more acquainted with them, and to treat them with more attention. As he was busily engaged towards the close of the day in completing a yard for his cow, the declining sun suddenly threw along several enormous shadows on the ground before him. He had no sooner turned to see the cause, than he found himself in the company of a number of stately Indians. Seeing his perturbation, they patted him on the head, and told him not to be afraid, for they would not hurt him. They then went with him into his house; and their first business was to search all his bottles to see if he had any "*occapee*," rum. They then told him they were very hungry, and wanted something to eat. He happened to have a quarter of a bear, which he gave them. They took it and threw it whole upon the fire, and very soon began to cut and eat from it half raw. While they were eating, he employed himself in cutting pieces from it, and broiling upon a stick for them, which pleased them very much. After their repast, they wished for the privilege of lying by his fire through the night, which he granted. The next morning, they proposed trying skill with him in firing at a mark. To this he acceded. But in this, finding themselves outdone, they were much astonished and chagrined; nevertheless they highly commended him for his skill, patting him on the head, and telling him if he would go off with them they would make him their big captain. They used often to call upon him, and his kindness to them they never forgot even in time of war.

Plausawa had a peculiar manner of doubling his lip, and producing a very shrill, piercing whistle, which might be heard a great distance. At a time when considerable danger was apprehended from the Indians, Blake went off into the woods alone, though considered hazardous, to look for his cow, that was missing. As he was passing along by Sinclair's brook, an unfrequented place, northerly from M'Coy's mountain, a very loud, sharp whistle, which he knew to be Plausawa's, suddenly passed through his head, like the report of a pistol. The sudden alarm almost raised him from the ground; and, with a very light step, he soon reached home without his cow. In more peaceable times, Plausawa asked him if he did not remember the time, and laughed very much to think how he ran at the fright, and told him the reason for his whistling. "*Young Indian*," said he, "*put up gun to shoot Englishman. Me knock it down, and whistle to start you off.*" So lasting is their friendship, when treated well. At the close of the wars, the Indians built several wigwam's near the confluence of Wallace's brook with the great Suncook. On a little island in this



river, near the place called "Short Falls," one of them lived for a considerable time. Plausawa and Sabatis were finally both killed in time of peace by one of the whites, after a drunken quarrel, and buried near a certain brook in Boscawen.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE REMARKABLE OCCURRENCES IN THE LIFE AND TRAVELS OF COLONEL JAMES SMITH, (LATE A CITIZEN OF BOURBON COUNTY, KENTUCKY,) DURING HIS CAPTIVITY WITH THE INDIANS, IN THE YEARS 1755, '56, '57, '58, AND '59.

In May, 1755, the province of Pennsylvania agreed to send out three hundred men, in order to cut a wagon road from Fort Loudon, to join Braddock's road, near the Turkey Foot, or three forks of Yohogania. My brother-in-law, William Smith, Esq., of Conococheague, was appointed commissioner, to have the oversight of these road-cutters.

Though I was at that time only eighteen years of age, I had fallen violently in love with a young lady, whom I apprehended was possessed of a large share of both beauty and virtue; but being born between Venus and Mars, I concluded I must also leave my dear fair one, and go out with this company of road-cutters, to see the event of this campaign; but still expecting that some time in the course of this summer I should again return to the arms of my beloved.

We went on with the road without interruption until near the Alleghany mountain, when I was sent back, in order to hurry up some provision-wagons that were on the way after us. I proceeded down the road as far as the crossings of Juniata, where, finding the wagons were coming on as fast as possible, I returned up the road again towards the Alleghany mountain, in company with one Arnold Vigoras. About four or five miles above Bedford, three Indians had made a blind of bushes, stuck in the ground as though they grew naturally, where they concealed themselves, about fifteen yards from the road. When we came opposite to them they fired upon us at this short distance, and killed my fellow-traveller, yet their bullets did not touch me; but my horse making a violent start, threw me, and the Indians immediately ran up and took me prisoner. The one that laid hold on me was a Canasatauga, the other two were Delawares. One of them could speak English, and asked me if there were any more white men coming after. I told them not any near that I knew of. Two of these Indians stood by me, whilst the other scalped my comrade; they then set off and ran at a smart rate through the woods for about fifteen miles, and that night we slept on the Alleghany mountain, without fire.

The next morning they divided the last of their provision which they had brought from Fort Du Quesne, and gave me an equal share, which was about two or three ounces of mouldy biscuit; this, and a young ground-hog, about as large as a rabbit, roasted, and also



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EVENTS OF INDIAN HISTORY.

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equally divided, was all the provision we had until we came to the Loyal Hannan, which was about fifty miles; and a great part of the way we came through exceedingly rocky laurel thickets, without any path. When we came to the west side of Laurel Hill, they gave the scalp halloo, as usual, which is a long yell or halloo for every scalp or prisoner they have in possession; the last of these scalp halloos was followed with quick and sudden shrill shouts of joy and triumph. On their performing this, we were answered by the firing of a number of guns on the Loyal Hannan, one after another, quicker than one could count, by another party of Indians, who were encamped near where Ligoncer now stands. As we advanced near this party, they increased with repeated shouts of joy and triumph; but I did not share with them in their excessive mirth. When we came to this camp, we found they had plenty of turkeys and other meat there, and though I never before eat venison without bread or salt, yet as I was hungry, it relished very well. There we lay that night, and the next morning the whole of us marched on our way for Fort Du Quesne. The night after we came to another camp of Indians, with nearly the same ceremony, attended with great noise and apparent joy among all except one. The next morning we continued our march, and in the afternoon we came in full view of the fort, which stood on the point near where Fort Pitt now stands. We then made a halt on the bank of the Alleghany, and repeated the scalp halloo, which was answered by the firing of all the firelocks in the hands of both Indians and French who were in and about the fort, in the aforesaid manner, which were followed by the continued shouts and yells of the different savage tribes who were then collected there.

As I was at that time unacquainted with this mode of firing and yelling of the savages, I concluded that there were thousands of Indians there ready to receive General Braddock; but what added to my surprise, I saw numbers running towards me, stripped naked, excepting the breech-clouts, and painted in the most hideous manner, of various colors, though the principal color was vermilion, or a bright red, yet there was annexed to this black, brown, blue, &c. As they approached, they formed themselves into two long ranks, about two or three rods apart. I was told by an Indian that could speak English that I must run betwixt these ranks, and that they would flog me all the way as I ran; and if I ran quick, it would be so much the better, as they would quit when I got to the end of the ranks. There appeared to be a general rejoicing around me, yet I could find nothing like joy in my breast; but I started to the race with all the resolution and vigor I was capable of exerting, and found that it was as I had been told, for I was flogged the whole way. When I had got near the end of the lines, I was struck with something that appeared to me to be a stick, or the handle of a tomahawk, which caused me to fall to the ground. On my recovering my senses, I endeavored to renew my race; but as I arose, some one cast sand in my eyes, which blinded me so that I could not see where to run. They continued beating me most intolerably, until I was at length insensible; but before I lost my

senses, I remember my wishing them to strike the fatal blow, for I thought they intended killing me, but apprehended they were too long about it.

The first thing I remember was my being in the fort amidst the French and Indians, and a French doctor standing by me, who had opened a vein in my left arm; after which the interpreter asked me how I did; I told him I felt much pain. The doctor then washed my wounds and the bruised places of my body with French brandy. As I felt faint, and the brandy smelt well, I asked for some inwardly, but the doctor told me, by the interpreter, that it did not suit my case.

When they found I could speak, a number of Indians came around me, and examined me, with threats of cruel death if I did not tell the truth. The first question they asked me was, how many men were there in the party that were coming from Pennsylvania to join Braddock? I told them the truth, that there were three hundred. The next question was, were they well armed? I told them they were all well armed, (meaning the arm of flesh,) for they had only about thirty guns among the whole of them, which, if the Indians had known, they would certainly have gone and cut them off, therefore I could not in conscience let them know the defenceless situation of these road-cutters. I was then sent to the hospital, and carefully attended by the doctors, and recovered quicker than what I expected.

Some time after I was there, I was visited by the Delaware Indian already mentioned, who was at the taking of me, and could speak some English. Though he spoke but bad English, yet I found him to be a man of considerable understanding. I asked him if I had done any thing that had offended the Indians, which caused them to treat me so unmercifully. He said no; it was only an old custom the Indians had, and it was like how do you do; after that, he said, I would be well used. I asked him if I should be admitted to remain with the French. He said no; and told me that, as soon as I recovered, I must not only go with the Indians, but must be made an Indian myself. I asked him what news from Braddock's army. He said the Indians spied them every day, and he showed me, by making marks on the ground with a stick, that Braddock's army was advancing in very close order, and that the Indians would surround them, take trees, and (as he expressed it) *shoot um down all one pigeon*.

Shortly after this, on the 9th day of July, 1755, in the morning, I heard a great stir in the fort. As I could then walk with a staff in my hand, I went out of the door, which was just by the wall of the fort, and stood upon the wall, and viewed the Indians in a huddle before the gate, where were barrels of powder, bullets flints, &c., and every one taking what suited. I saw the Indians also march off in rank entire; likewise the French Canadians, and some regulars. After viewing the Indians and French in different positions, I computed them to be about four hundred, and wondered that they attempted to go out against Braddock with so small a party. I was then in high hopes that I would soon see them fly before the British troops, and that General Braddock would take the fort and rescue me.

I remained anxious to know the event of this day ; and, in the afternoon, I again observed a great noise and commotion in the fort, and though at that time I could not understand French, yet I found that it was the voice of joy and triumph, and feared that they had received what I called bad news.-

I had observed some of the old country soldiers speak Dutch ; as I spoke Dutch, I went to one of them, and asked him what was the news. He told me that a runner had just arrived, who said that Braddock would certainly be defeated ; that the Indians and French had surrounded him, and were concealed behind trees and in gullies, and kept a constant fire upon the English, and that they saw the English falling in heaps, and if they did not take the river, which was the only gap, and make their escape, there would not be one man left alive before sundown. Some time after this I heard a number of scalp halloos, and saw a company of Indians and French coming in. I observed they had a great many bloody scalps, grenadiers' caps, British canteens, bayonets, &c., with them. They brought the news that Braddock was defeated. After that another company came in, which appeared to be about one hundred, and chiefly Indians, and it seemed to me that almost every one of this company was carrying scalps ; after this came another company with a number of wagon horses, and also a great many scalps. Those that were coming in, and those that had arrived, kept a constant firing of small arms, and also the great guns in the fort, which were accompanied with the most hideous shouts and yells from all quarters ; so that it appeared to me as if the infernal regions had broke loose.

About sundown, I beheld a small party coming in with about a dozen prisoners, stripped naked, with their hands tied behind their backs, and their faces and part of their bodies blacked ; these prisoners they burned to death on the bank of Alleghany river, opposite to the fort. I stood on the fort wall until I beheld them begin to burn one of these men ; they had him tied to a stake, and kept touching him with fire-brands, red-hot irons, &c., and he screamed in a most doleful manner ; the Indians, in the mean time, yelling like infernal spirits.

As this scene appeared too shocking for me to behold, I retired to my lodgings both sore and sorry.

When I came into my lodgings I saw Russel's Seven Sermons, which they had brought from the field of battle, which a Frenchman made a present to me. From the best information I could receive, there were only seven Indians and four French killed in this battle, and five hundred British lay dead in the field, besides what were killed in the river on their retreat.

The morning after the battle I saw Braddock's artillery brought into the fort ; the same day I also saw several Indians in British officers' dress, with sash, half moon, laced hats, &c., which the British then wore.

A few days after this the Indians demanded me, and I was obliged to go with them. I was not yet well able to march, but they took me in a canoc up the Alleghany river to an Indian town, that was on the

north side of the river, about forty miles above Fort Du Quesne. Here I remained about three weeks, and was then taken to an Indian town on the west branch of Muskingum, about twenty miles above the forks, which was called Tullahas, inhabited by Delawares, Caughnewagas, and Mohicans. On our route betwixt the aforesaid towns the country was chiefly black oak and white oak land, which appeared generally to be good wheat land, chiefly second and third rate, intermixed with some rich bottoms.

The day after my arrival at the aforesaid town, a number of Indians collected about me, and one of them began to pull the hair out of my head. He had some ashes on a piece of bark, in which he frequently dipped his fingers, in order to take the firmer hold, and so he went on, as if he had been plucking a turkey, until he had all the hair clean out of my head, except a small spot about three or four inches square on my crown; this they cut off with a pair of scissors, excepting three locks, which they dressed up in their own mode. Two of these they wrapped round with a narrow beaded garter made by themselves for that purpose, and the other they plaited at full length, and then stuck it full of silver broaches. After this they bored my nose and ears, and fixed me off with ear-rings and nose jewels; then they ordered me to strip off my clothes and put on a breech-clout, which I did; they then painted my head, face, and body, in various colors. They put a large belt of wampum on my neck, and silver bands on my hands and right arm; and so an old chief led me out in the street, and gave the alarm halloo, *coo-wigh*, several times repeated quick; and on this, all that were in the town came running and stood round the old chief, who held me by the hand in the midst. As I at that time knew nothing of their mode of adoption, and had seen them put to death all they had taken, and as I never could find that they saved a man alive at Braddock's defeat, I made no doubt but they were about putting me to death in some cruel manner. The old chief, holding me by the hand, made a long speech, very loud, and when he had done, he handed me to three young squaws, who led me by the hand down the bank, into the river, until the water was up to our middle. The squaws then made signs to me to plunge myself into the water, but I did not understand them; I thought that the result of the council was that I should be drowned, and that these young ladies were to be the executioners. They all three laid violent hold of me, and I for some time opposed them with all my might, which occasioned loud laughter by the multitude that were on the bank of the river. At length one of the squaws made out to speak a little English, (for I believe they began to be afraid of me,) and said *no hurt you*. On this I gave myself up to their ladyships, who were as good as their word; for though they plunged me under water, and washed and rubbed me severely, yet I could not say they hurt me much.

These young women then led me up to the council-house, where some of the tribe were ready with new clothes for me. They gave me a new ruffled shirt, which I put on, also a pair of leggins done off

with ribbons and beads, likewise a pair of moccasins, and garters dressed with beads, porcupine quills, and red hair—also a tinsel-laced cappel. They again painted my head and face with various colors, and tied a bunch of red feathers to one of those locks they had left on the crown of my head, which stood up five or six inches. They seated me on a bear-skin, and gave me a pipe, tomahawk, and polecat-skin pouch, which had been skinned pocket fashion, and contained tobacco, killegenico, or dry sumach leaves, which they mix with their tobacco; also spunk, flint, and steel. When I was thus seated, the Indians came in dressed and painted in their grandest manner. As they came in they took their seats, and for a considerable time there was a profound silence—every one was smoking; but not a word was spoken among them. At length one of the chiefs made a speech, which was delivered to me by an interpreter, and was as followeth: “My son, you are now flesh of our flesh, and bone of our bone. By the ceremony which was performed this day every drop of white blood was washed out of your veins; you are taken into the Caughnewaga nation, and initiated into a warlike tribe; you are adopted into a great family, and now received with great seriousness and solemnity in the room and place of a great man. After what has passed this day, you are now one of us by an old strong law and custom. My son, you have now nothing to fear—we are now under the same obligations to love, support, and defend you that we are to love and to defend one another; therefore, you are to consider yourself as one of our people.” At this time I did not believe this fine speech, especially that of the white blood being washed out of me; but since that time I have found that there was much sincerity in said speech; for, from that day, I never knew them to make any distinction between me and themselves in any respect whatever until I left them. If they had plenty of clothing, I had plenty; if we were scarce, we all shared one fate.

After this ceremony was over, I was introduced to my new kin, and told that I was to attend a feast that evening, which I did. And as the custom was, they gave me also a bowl and wooden spoon, which I carried with me to the place, where there was a number of large brass kettles full of boiled venison and green corn; every one advanced with his bowl and spoon, and had his share given him. After this, one of the chiefs made a short speech, and then we began to eat.

The name of one of the chiefs in this town was Tecanyaterightto, alias Pluggy, and the other Asallecoa, alias Mohawk Solomon. As Pluggy and his party were to start the next day to war, to the frontiers of Virginia, the next thing to be performed was the war-dance, and their war-songs. At their war-dance they had both vocal and instrumental music; they had a short hollow gun, closed at one end, with water in it, and parchment stretched over the open end thereof, which they beat with one stick, and made a sound nearly like a muffled drum. All those who were going on this expedition collected together and formed. An old Indian then began to sing, and timed the music by beating on this drum, as the ancients formerly timed their music by beating the tabor. On this the warriors began to advance, or

move forward in concert, like well-disciplined troops would march to the fife and drum. Each warrior had a tomahawk, spear, or war-mallet in his hand, and they all moved regularly towards the east, or the way they intended to go to war. At length they all stretched their tomahawks towards the Potomac, and giving a hideous shout or yell, they wheeled quick about, and danced in the same manner back. The next was the war-song. In performing this, only one sung at a time, in a moving posture, with a tomahawk in his hand, while all the other warriors were engaged in calling aloud *he-uh, he-uh*, which they constantly repeated while the war-song was going on. When the warrior that was singing had ended his song, he struck a war-post with his tomahawk, and with a loud voice told what warlike exploits he had done, and what he now intended to do, which were answered by the other warriors with loud shouts of applause. Some who had not before intended to go to war, at this time, were so animated by this performance, that they took up the tomahawk and sung the war-song, which was answered with shouts of joy, as they were then initiated into the present marching company. The next morning this company all collected at one place, with their heads and faces painted with various colors, and packs upon their backs; they marched off, all silent, except the commander, who, in the front, sung the travelling song, which began in this manner: *hoo caughtainte heegana*. Just as the rear passed the end of the town, they began to fire in their slow manner, from the front to the rear, which was accompanied with shouts and yells from all quarters.

This evening I was invited to another sort of dance, which was a kind of promiscuous dance. The young men stood in one rank, and the young women in another, about one rod apart, facing each other. The one that raised the tune, or started the song, held a small gourd or dry shell of a squash in his hand, which contained beads or small stones, which rattled. When he began to sing, he timed the tune with his rattle; both men and women danced and sung together, advancing towards each other, stooping until their heads would be touching together, and then ceased from dancing, with loud shouts, and retreated and formed again, and so repeated the same thing over and over, for three or four hours, without intermission. This exercise appeared to me at first irrational and insipid; but I found that in singing their tunes they used *ya ne no hoo wa ne*, &c., like our *fa sol la*, and though they have no such thing as jingling verse, yet they can intermix sentences with their notes, and say what they please to each other, and carry on the tune in concert. I found that this was a kind of wooing or courting dance, and as they advanced stooping with their heads together, they could say what they pleased in each other's ear, without disconcerting their rough music, and the others, or those near, not hear what they said.

Shortly after this I went out to hunt, in company with Mohawk Solomon, some of the Caughnewagas, and a Delaware Indian, that was married to a Caughnewaga squaw. We travelled about south from this town, and the first night we killed nothing, but we had with

us green corn, which we roasted and ate that night. The next day we encamped about twelve o'clock, and the hunters turned out to hunt, and I went down the run that we encamped on, in company with some squaws and boys, to hunt plums, which we found in great plenty. On my return to camp I observed a large piece of fat meat; the Delaware Indian, that could talk some English, observed me looking earnestly at this meat, and asked me, *what meat you think that is?* I said I supposed it was bear meat; he laughed, and said, *ho, all one fool you, beal now elly pool;* and pointing to the other side of the camp, he said, *look at that skin, you think that beal skin?* I went and lifted the skin, which appeared like an ox-hide; he then said, *what skin you think that?* I replied, that I thought it was a buffalo hide; he laughed, and said, *you fool again, you know nothing, you think buffalo that colo?* I acknowledged I did not know much about these things, and told him I never saw a buffalo, and that I had not heard what color they were. He replied, *by and by you shall see gleat many buffalo; he now go to gleat lick. That skin no buffalo skin, that skin buck-elk skin.* They went out with horses, and brought in the remainder of this buck-elk, which was the fattest creature I ever saw of the tallow kind.

We remained at this camp about eight or ten days, and killed a number of deer. Though we had neither bread nor salt at this time, yet we had both roast and boiled meat in great plenty, and they were frequently inviting me to eat when I had no appetite.

We then moved to the buffalo lick, where we killed several buffalo, and in their small brass kettles they made about half a bushel of salt. I suppose this lick was about thirty or forty miles from the aforesaid town, and somewhere between the Muskingum, Ohio, and Sciota. About the lick were clear, open woods, and thin white oak land, and at that time there were large roads leading to the lick, like wagon roads. We moved from this lick about six or seven miles, and encamped on a creek.

Though the Indians had given me a gun, I had not yet been admitted to go out from the camp to hunt. At this place Mohawk Solomon asked me to go out with him to hunt, which I readily agreed to. After some time we came upon some fresh buffalo tracks. I had observed before this that the Indians were upon their guard, and afraid of an enemy; for, until now, they and the southern nations had been at war. As we were following the buffalo tracks, Solomon seemed to be upon his guard, went very slow, and would frequently stand and listen, and appeared to be in suspense. We came to where the tracks were very plain in the sand, and I said it is surely buffalo tracks; he said, *hush, you know nothing, may be buffalo tracks, may be Catawba.* He went very cautious until we found some fresh buffalo dung; he then smiled, and said *Catawba cannot make so.* He then stopped, and told me an odd story about the Catawbas. He said that formerly the Catawbas came near one of their hunting camps, and at some distance from the camp lay in ambush; and in order to decoy them out, sent two or three Catawbas in the night past their camp,

with buffalo hoofs fixed on their feet, so as to make artificial tracks. In the morning, those in the camp followed after these tracks, thinking they were buffalo, until they were fired on by the Catawbas, and several of them killed. The others fled, collected a party and pursued the Catawbas; but they, in their subtilty, brought with them rattlesnake poison, which they had collected from the bladder that lieth at the root of the snake's teeth; this they had corked up in a short piece of a cane-stalk. They had also brought with them small cane or reed, about the size of a rye-straw, which they made sharp at the end like a pen, and dipped them in this poison, and stuck them in the ground among the grass, along their own tracks, in such a position that they might stick into the legs of the pursuers, which answered the design; and as the Catawbas had runners behind to watch the motion of the pursuers, when they found that a number of them were lame, being artificially snake-bitten, and that they were all turning back, the Catawbas turned upon the pursuers, and defeated them, and killed and scalped all those that were lame. When Solomon had finished this story, and found that I understood him, he concluded by saying; *you don't know, Catawba velly bad Indian, Catawba all one devil Catawba.*

Some time after this, I was told to take the dogs with me, and go down the creek, perhaps I might kill a turkey; it being in the afternoon, I was also told not to go far from the creek, and to come up the creek again to the camp, and to take care not to get lost. When I had gone some distance down the creek, I came upon fresh buffalo tracks, and as I had a number of dogs with me to stop the buffalo, I concluded I would follow after and kill one; and as the grass and weeds were rank, I could readily follow the track. A little before sundown I despaired of coming up with them. I was then thinking how I might get to camp before night. I concluded, as the buffalo had made several turns, if I took the track back to the creek it would be dark before I could get to camp; therefore I thought I would take a near way through the hills, and strike the creek a little below the camp; but as it was cloudy weather, and I a very young woodsman, I could find neither creek nor camp. When night came on I fired my gun several times, and halloed, but could have no answer. The next morning early, the Indians were out after me, and as I had with me ten or a dozen dogs, and the grass and weeds rank, they could readily follow my track. When they came up with me, they appeared to be in very good humor. I asked Solomon if he thought I was running away; he said, *no, no, you go too much clooked.* On my return to camp they took my gun from me, and for this rash step I was reduced to a bow and arrows, for near two years. We were out on this tour for about six weeks.

This country is generally hilly, though intermixed with considerable quantities of rich upland, and some good bottoms.

When we returned to the town, Pluggy and his party had arrived, and brought with them a considerable number of scalps and prisoners from the south branch of the Potomac; they also brought with them

an English Bible, which they gave to a Dutch woman who was a prisoner; but as she could not read English, she made a present of it to me, which was very acceptable.

I remained in this town until some time in October, when my adopted brother, called Tontileaugo, who had married a Wyandot squaw, took me with him to Lake Erie. We proceeded up the west branch of Muskingum, and for some distance up the river the land was hilly, but intermixed with large bodies of tolerable rich upland, and excellent bottoms. We proceeded on to the head waters of the west branch of Muskingum. On the head waters of this branch, and from thence to the waters of Canesadooharie, there is a large body of rich, well lying land; the timber is ash, walnut, sugar-tree, buckeye, honey-locust, and cherry, intermixed with some oak, hickory, &c. This tour was at the time that the black haws were ripe, and we were seldom out of sight of them; they were common here both in the bottoms and upland.

As we proceeded down the Canesadooharie waters, our packs increased by the skins that were daily killed, and became so very heavy that we could not march more than eight or ten miles per day. We came to Lake Erie about six miles west of the mouth of Canesadooharie. As the wind was very high the evening we came to the lake, I was surprised to hear the roaring of the water, and see the high waves that dashed against the shore, like the ocean. We encamped on a run near the lake, and as the wind fell that night, the next morning the lake was only in moderate motion, and we marched on the sand along the side of the water, frequently resting ourselves, as we were heavily laden. I saw on the sand a number of large fish, that had been left in flat or hollow places; as the wind fell, and the waves abated, they were left without water, or only a small quantity, and numbers of bald and gray eagles, &c., were along the shore devouring them.

Some time in the afternoon we came to a large camp of Wyandots, at the mouth of Canesadooharie, where Tontileaugo's wife was. Here we were kindly received; they gave us a kind of rough, brown potatoes, which grow spontaneously, and were called by the Caughnewagas *ohnenata*. These potatoes, peeled and dipped in raccoon's fat, taste nearly like our sweet potatoes. They also gave us what they call *caneheanta*, which is a kind of homony, made of green corn, dried, and beans, mixed together.

We continued our camp at the mouth of Canesadooharie for some time, where we killed some deer, and a great many raccoons; the raccoons here were remarkably large and fat. At length we all embarked in a large birch-bark canoe. This vessel was about four feet wide, and three feet deep, and about five and thirty feet long; and though it could carry a heavy burden, it was so artfully and curiously constructed, that four men could carry it several miles, or from one landing place to another, or from the waters of the lake to the waters of the Ohio. We proceeded up Canesadooharie a few miles, and went on shore to hunt; but to my great surprise they carried the

vessel we all came in up the bank, and inverted it, or turned the bottom up, and converted it to a dwelling-house, and kindled a fire before us to warm ourselves by and cook. With our baggage and ourselves in this house we were very much crowded, yet our little house turned off the rain very well.

We kept moving and hunting up this river until we came to the falls; here we remained some weeks, and killed a number of deer, several bears, and a great many raccoons.

As we had at this time no horse, every one got a pack on his back, and we steered an east course about twelve miles and encamped. The next morning we proceeded on the same course about ten miles to a large creek that empties into Lake Erie, betwixt Canesadooharie and Cayahaga. Here they made their winter cabin in the following form: they cut logs about fifteen feet long, and laid these logs upon each other, and drove posts in the ground at each end to keep them together; the posts they tied together at the top with bark, and by this means raised a wall fifteen feet long, and about four feet high, and in the same manner they raised another wall opposite to this, at about twelve feet distance; then they drove forks in the ground in the centre of each end, and laid a strong pole from end to end on these forks; and from these walls to the poles, they set up poles instead of rafters, and on these they tied small poles in place of laths; and a cover was made of lynn bark, which will run even in the winter season.

As every tree will not run, they examine the tree first, by trying it near the ground, and when they find it will do they fell the tree, and raise the bark with the tomahawk, near the top of the tree, about five or six inches broad, then put the tomahawk handle under this bark, and pull it along down to the butt of the tree; so that sometimes one piece of bark will be thirty feet long. This bark they cut at suitable lengths in order to cover the hut.

At the end of these walls they set up split timber, so that they had timber all round, excepting a door at each end. At the top, in place of a chimney, they left an open place, and for bedding they laid down the aforesaid kind of bark, on which they spread bear-skins. From end to end of this hut along the middle there were fires, which the squaws made of dry split wood, and the holes or open places that appeared the squaws stopped with moss, which they collected from old logs, and at the door they hung a bear-skin; and notwithstanding the winters are hard here, our lodging was much better than what I expected.

It was some time in December when we finished this winter cabin; but when we had got into this comparatively fine lodging, another difficulty arose; we had nothing to eat. While I was travelling with Tontileaugo, as was before mentioned, and had plenty of fat venison, bear's meat and raccoons, I then thought it was hard living without bread or salt; but now I began to conclude, that if I had any thing that would banish pinching hunger, and keep soul and body together, I would be content.

While the hunters were all out, exerting themselves to the utmost of their ability, the squaws and boys (in which class I was) were scattered out in the bottoms, hunting red haws, black haws and hickory nuts. As it was too late in the year, we did not succeed in gathering haws; but we had tolerable success in scratching up hickory nuts from under a light snow, which we carried with us lest the hunters should not succeed. After our return the hunters came in, who had killed only two small turkeys, which were but little among eight hunters and thirteen squaws, boys, and children; but they were divided with the greatest equity and justice—every one got their equal share.

The next day the hunters turned out again, and killed one deer and three bears.

One of the bears was very large and remarkably fat. The hunters carried in meat sufficient to give us all a hearty supper and breakfast.

The squaws and all that could carry turned out to bring in meat;—every one had their share assigned them, and my load was among the least; yet, not being accustomed to carrying in this way, I got exceedingly weary, and told them my load was too heavy, I must leave part of it and come for it again. They made a halt and only laughed at me, and took part of my load and added it to a young squaw's, who had as much before as I carried.

This kind of reproof had a greater tendency to excite me to exert myself in carrying without complaining, than if they had whipped me for laziness. After this the hunters held a council, and concluded that they must have horses to carry their loads; and that they would go to war even in this inclement season, in order to bring in horses.

Tontileaugo wished to be one of those who should go to war; but the votes went against him, as he was one of our best hunters; it was thought necessary to leave him at this winter camp to provide for the squaws and children. It was agreed upon that Tontileaugo and three others should stay and hunt, and the other four go to war.

They then began to go through their common ceremony. They sung their war-songs, danced their war-dances, &c. And when they were equipped they went off singing their marching song, and firing their guns. Our camp appeared to be rejoicing; but I was grieved to think that some innocent persons would be murdered, not thinking of danger.

After the departure of these warriors we had hard times; and though we were not altogether out of provisions, we were brought to short allowance. At length Tontileaugo had considerable success, and we had meat brought into camp sufficient to last ten days. Tontileaugo then took me with him in order to encamp some distance from this winter cabin, to try his luck there. We carried no provisions with us; he said he would leave what was there for the squaws and children, and that we could shift for ourselves. We steered about a south course up the waters of this creek, and encamped about ten or twelve miles from the winter cabin. As it was still cold weather and a crust upon the snow, which made a noise as we walked, and alarmed

the deer, we could kill nothing, and consequently went to sleep without supper. The only chance we had under these circumstances was to hunt bear holes; as the bears about Christmas search out a winter lodging place, where they lie about three or four months without eating or drinking. This may appear to some incredible; but it is well known to be the case by those who live in the remote western parts of North America.

The next morning early we proceeded on, and when we found a tree scratched by the bears climbing up, and the hole in the tree sufficiently large for the reception of the bear, we then felled a sapling or small tree against or near the hole; and it was my business to climb up and drive out the bear, while Tontileaugo stood ready with his gun and bow. We went on in this manner until evening, without success. At length we found a large elm scratched, and a hole in it about forty feet up; but no tree nigh, suitable to lodge against the hole. Tontileaugo got a long pole and some dry rotten wood, which he tied in bunches, with bark; and as there was a tree that grew near the elm, and extended up near the hole, but leaned the wrong way, so that we could not lodge it to advantage, to remedy this inconvenience, he climbed up this tree and carried with him his rotten wood, fire and pole. The rotten wood he tied to his belt, and to one end of the pole he tied a hook and a piece of rotten wood, which he set fire to, as it would retain fire almost like spunk, and reached this hook from limb to limb as he went up. When he got up with his pole he put dry wood on fire into the hole; after he put in the fire he heard the bear snuff, and he came speedily down, took his gun in his hand, and waited until the bear would come out; but it was some time before it appeared, and when it did appear he attempted taking sight with his rifle; but it being then too dark to see the sights, he set it down by a tree, and instantly bent his bow, took hold of an arrow, and shot the bear a little behind the shoulder. I was preparing also to shoot an arrow, but he called to me to stop, there was no occasion; and with that the bear fell to the ground.

Being very hungry, we kindled a fire, opened the bear, took out the liver, and wrapped some of the caul fat round, and put it on a wooden spit, which we stuck in the ground by the fire to roast; then we skinned the bear, got on our kettle, and had both roast and boiled, and also sauce to our meat, which appeared to me to be delicate fare. After I was fully satisfied I went to sleep. Tontileaugo awoke me, saying, come, eat hearty, we have got plenty meat now.

The next morning we cut down a lynn tree, peeled bark and made a snug little shelter, facing the southeast, with a large log betwixt us and the northwest; we made a good fire before us, and scaffolded up our meat at one side. When we had finished our camp we went out to hunt, searched two trees for bears, but to no purpose. As the snow thawed a little in the afternoon, Tontileaugo killed a deer, which we carried with us to camp.

The next day we turned out to hunt, and near the camp we found a tree well scratched; but the hole was above forty feet high, and

no tree that we could lodge against the hole; but finding that it was very hollow, we concluded that we could cut down the tree with our tomahawks, which kept us working a considerable part of the day. When the tree fell we ran up, Tontileaugo with his gun and bow, and I with my bow ready bent. Tontileaugo shot the bear through with his rifle, a little behind the shoulders; I also shot, but too far back; and not being then much accustomed to the business, my arrow penetrated only a few inches through the skin. Having killed an old she bear and three cubs, we hauled her on the snow to the camp, and only had time afterwards to get wood, make a fire, cook, &c., before dark.

Early the next morning we went to business, searched several trees, but found no bears. On our way home we took three raccoons out of a hollow elm, not far from the ground.

We remained here about two weeks, and in this time killed four bears, three deer, several turkeys, and a number of raccoons. We packed up as much meat as we could carry, and returned to our winter cabin. On our arrival there was great joy, as they were all in a starving condition, the three hunters that we had left having killed but very little. All that could carry a pack repaired to our camp to bring in meat.

Some time in February the four warriors returned, who had taken two scalps and six horses from the frontiers of Pennsylvania. The hunters could then scatter out a considerable distance from the winter cabin and encamp, kill meat, and bring it in upon horses; so that we commonly after this had plenty of provision.

In this month we began to make sugar. As some of the elm bark will strip at this season, the squaws, after finding a tree that would do, cut it down, and with a crooked stick, broad and sharp at the end, took the bark off the tree, and of this bark made vessels in a curious manner, that would hold about two gallons each: they made above one hundred of these kind of vessels. In the sugar tree they cut a notch, sloping down, and at the end of the notch stuck in a tomahawk; in the place where they stuck the tomahawk they drove a long chip, in order to carry the water out from the tree, and under this they set their vessel to receive it. As sugar trees were plenty and large here, they seldom or never notched a tree that was not two or three feet over. They also made bark vessels for carrying the water, that would hold about four gallons each. They had two brass kettles, that held about fifteen gallons each, and other smaller kettles in which they boiled the water. But as they could not at times boil away the water as fast as it was collected, they made vessels of bark, that would hold about one hundred gallons each, for retaining the water; and though the sugar trees did not run every day, they had always a sufficient quantity of water to keep them boiling during the whole sugar season.

The way we commonly used our sugar while encamped was, by putting it in bear's fat until the fat was almost as sweet as the sugar itself, and in this we dipped our roasted venison. About this time

some of the Indian lads and myself were employed in making and attending traps for catching raccoons, foxes, wild-cats, &c.

About the latter end of March, we began to prepare for moving into town, in order to plant corn. The squaws were then frying the last of their bear's fat, and making vessels to hold it: the vessels were made of deer skins, which were skinned by pulling the skin off the neck, without ripping. After they had taken off the hair, they gathered it in small plaits round the neck, and with a string drew it together like a purse; in the centre a pin was put, below which they tied a string, and while it was wet they blew it up like a bladder, and let it remain in this manner until it was dry, when it appeared nearly in the shape of a sugar loaf, but more rounding at the lower end. One of these vessels would hold about four or five gallons. In these vessels it was they carried their bear's oil.

On our arrival at the falls, (as we had brought with us on horseback about two hundred weight of sugar, a large quantity of bear's oil, skins, &c.,) the canoe we had buried was not sufficient to carry all; therefore we were obliged to make another one of elm bark. While we lay here, a young Wyandot found my books. On this they collected together; I was a little way from the camp, and saw the collection, but did not know what it meant. They called me by my Indian name, which was Scoouwa, repeatedly. I ran to see what was the matter; they showed me my books, and said they were glad they had been found, for they knew I was grieved at the loss of them, and that they now rejoiced with me because they were found. As I could then speak some Indian, especially Caughnewaga, (for both that and the Wyandot tongue were spoken in this camp,) I told them that I thanked them for the kindness they had always shown me, and also for finding my books. They asked if the books were damaged. I told them not much. They then showed how they lay, which was in the best manner to turn off the water. In a deer-skin pouch they lay all winter. The print was not much injured, though the binding was. This was the first time that I felt my heart warm towards the Indians. Though they had been exceedingly kind to me, I still before detested them, on account of the barbarity I beheld after Braddock's defeat. Neither had I ever before pretended kindness, or expressed myself in a friendly manner; but I began now to excuse the Indians on account of their want of information.

When we were ready to embark, Tontileaugo would not go to town, but go up the river and take a hunt. He asked me if I chose to go with him. I told him I did. We then got some sugar, bear's oil bottled up in a bear's gut, and some dry venison, which we packed up, and went up Canesadooharie about thirty miles, and encamped. At this time I did not know either the day of the week or the month, but I supposed it to be about the first of April. We had considerable success in our business. We also found some stray horses, or a horse, mare, and a young colt; and though they had run in the woods all winter, they were in exceeding good order. There is plenty of

grass here all winter under the snow, and horses accustomed to the woods can work it out. These horses had run in the woods until they were very wild.

Tontileaugo one night concluded that we must run them down. I told him I thought we could not accomplish it. He said he had run down bears, buffaloes, and elks; and in the great plains, with only a small snow on the ground, he had run down a deer; and he thought that in one whole day he could tire or run down any four-footed animal except a wolf. I told him that though a deer was the swiftest animal to run a short distance, yet it would tire sooner than a horse. He said he would at all events try the experiment. He had heard the Wyandots say that I could run well, and now he would see whether I could or not. I told him that I had never run all day, and of course was not accustomed to that way of running. I never had run with the Wyandots more than seven or eight miles at one time. He said that was nothing; we must either catch these horses or run all day.

In the morning early we left camp, and about sunrise we started after them, stripped naked excepting breech-clouts and moccasins. About ten o'clock I lost sight of both Tontileaugo and the horses, and did not see them again until about three o'clock in the afternoon. As the horses run all day in about three or four miles square, at length they passed where I was, and I fell in close after them. As I then had a long rest, I endeavored to keep ahead of Tontileaugo, and after some time I could hear him after me, calling, *Chakoh, chakoanaugh*, which signifies, pull away, or do your best. We pursued on, and after some time Tontileaugo passed me, and about an hour before sundown we despaired of catching these horses, and returned to camp, where we had left our clothes.

I reminded Tontileaugo of what I had told him; he replied he did not know what horses could do. They are wonderful strong to run, but withal we made them very tired. Tontileaugo then concluded he would do as the Indians did with wild horses when out at war, which is, to shoot them through the neck under the mane, and above the bone, which will cause them to fall and lie until they can halter them, and then they recover again. This he attempted to do; but as the mare was very wild, he could not get sufficiently nigh to shoot her in the proper place; however, he shot, the ball passed too low, and killed her. As the horse and colt stayed at this place, we caught the horse, and took him and the colt with us to camp.

We stayed at this camp about two weeks, and killed a number of bears, raccoons, and some beavers. We made a canoe of elm bark, and Tontileaugo embarked in it. He arrived at the falls that night; whilst I, mounted on horseback, with a bear-skin saddle and bark stirrups, proceeded by land to the falls. I came there the next morning, and we carried our canoe and loading past the falls.

The river is very rapid for some distance above the falls, which are about twelve or fifteen feet, nearly perpendicular. This river, called Canesadooharie, interlocks with the west branch of Muskingum,

runs nearly a north course, and empties into the south side of Lake Erie, about eight miles east from Sandusky, or betwixt Sandusky and Cayahaga.

We again proceeded towards the lake, I on horseback, and Tontileaugo by water. Here the land is generally good, but I found some difficulty in getting round swamps and ponds. When we came to the lake, I proceeded along the strand, and Tontileaugo near the shore, sometimes paddling, and sometimes poleing his canoe along.

After some time the wind arose, and he went into the mouth of a small creek and encamped. Here we staid several days on account of high wind, which raised the lake in great billows. While we were here Tontileaugo went out to hunt, and when he was gone a Wyandot came to our camp; I gave him a shoulder of venison which I had by the fire well roasted, and he received it gladly, told me he was hungry, and thanked me for my kindness. When Tontileaugo came home, I told him that a Wyandot had been at camp, and that I gave him a shoulder of roasted venison; he said that was very well, and I suppose you gave him also sugar and bear's oil to eat with his venison. I told him I did not; as the sugar and bear's oil was down in the canoe I did not go for it. He replied, you have behaved just like a Dutchman. Do you not know that when strangers come to our camp we ought always to give them the best that we have? I acknowledged that I was wrong. He said that he would excuse this, as I was but young; but I must learn to behave like a warrior, and do great things, and never be found in any such little actions.

The lake being again calm, we proceeded, and arrived safe at Sunyendeand, which was a Wyandot town that lay upon a small creek which empties into the little lake below the mouth of Sandusky.

The town was about eighty rods above the mouth of the creek, on the south side of a large plain on which timber grew, and nothing more but grass or nettles. In some places there were large flats where nothing but grass grew, about three feet high when grown; and in other places nothing but nettles, very rank, where the soil is extremely rich and loose: here they planted corn. In this town there were also French traders, who purchased our skins and fur, and we all got new clothes, paint, tobacco, &c.

After I had got my new clothes, and my head done off like a red-headed wood-pecker, I, in company with a number of young Indians, went down to the corn-field to see the squaws at work. When we came there, they asked me to take a hoe, which I did, and hoed for some time. The squaws applauded me as a good hand at the business; but when I returned to the town, the old men, hearing of what I had done, chid me, and said that I was adopted in the place of a great man, and must not hoe corn like a squaw. They never had occasion to reprove me for any thing like this again; as I never was extremely fond of work, I readily complied with their orders.

As the Indians on their return from their winter hunt bring in with them large quantities of bear's oil, sugar, dried venison, &c., at this time they have plenty, and do not spare eating or giving; thus they

make way with their provision as quick as possible. They have no such thing as regular meals, breakfast, dinner, or supper; but if any one, even the town folks, would go to the same house several times in one day, he would be invited to eat of the best; and with them it is bad manners to refuse to eat when it is offered. If they will not eat it is interpreted as a symptom of displeasure, or that the persons refusing to eat were angry with those who invited them.

At this time homony, plentifully mixed with bear's oil and sugar, or dried venison, bear's oil, and sugar, is what they offer to every one who comes in any time of the day; and so they go on until their sugar, bear's oil and venison are all gone, and then they have to eat, homony by itself, without bread, salt, or any thing else; yet still they invite every one that comes in to eat whilst they have any thing to give. It is thought a shame not to invite people to eat while they have any thing; but if they can in truth only say we have got nothing to eat, this is accepted as an honorable apology. All the hunters and warriors continued in town about six weeks after we came in; they spent this time in painting, going from house to house, eating, smoking, and playing at a game resembling dice, or hustle-cap. They put a number of plum-stones in a small bowl; one side of each stone is black, and the other white; they then shake or hustle the bowl, calling, hits, hits, hits, honesy, honesy, rago, rago, which signifies calling for white or black, or what they wish to turn up; they then turn the bowl, and count the whites and blacks. Some were beating their kind of drum and singing; others were employed in playing on a sort of flute made of hollow cane, and others playing on the jew's-harp. Some part of this time was also taken up in attending the council-house, where the chiefs, and as many others as chose, attended; and at night they were frequently employed in singing and dancing. Towards the last of this time, which was in June, 1756, they were all preparing to go to war against the frontiers of Virginia. When they were equipped, they went through their ceremonies, sung their war-songs, &c. They all marched off, from fifteen to sixty years of age; and some boys, only twelve years old, were equipped with their bows and arrows, and went to war; so that none were left in town but squaws and children, except myself, one very old man, and another, about fifty years of age, who was lame.

The Indians were then in great hopes that they would drive all the Virginians over the lake, which is all the name they know for the sea. They had some cause for this hope, because at this time the Americans were altogether unacquainted with war of any kind, and consequently very unfit to stand their hand with such subtle enemies as the Indians were. The two old Indians asked me if I did not think that the Indians and French would subdue all America, except New England, which they said they had tried in old times. I told them I thought not. They said they had already drove them all out of the mountains, and had chiefly laid waste the great valley betwixt the north and south mountain, from Potomac to James river, which is a considerable part of the best land in Virginia, Maryland, and Penn-

sylvania, and that the white people appeared to them like fools; they could neither guard against surprise, run, nor fight. These, they said, were their reasons for saying that they would subdue the whites. They asked me to offer my reasons for my opinion, and told me to speak my mind freely. I told them that the white people to the east were very numerous, like the trees, and though they appeared to them to be fools, as they were not acquainted with their way of war, yet they were not fools; therefore, after some time, they will learn your mode of war, and turn upon you, or at least defend themselves. I found that the old men themselves did not believe they could conquer America, yet they were willing to propagate the idea in order to encourage the young men to go to war.

When the warriors left this town, we had neither meat, sugar, nor bear's oil left. All that we had then to live on was corn pounded into coarse meal or small homony; this they boiled in water, which appeared like well thickened soup, without salt or any thing else. For some time we had plenty of this kind of homony; at length we were brought to very short allowance, and as the warriors did not return as soon as they expected, we were in a starving condition, and but one gun in the town, and very little ammunition. The old lame Wyandot concluded that he would go a-hunting in a canoe, and take me with him, and try to kill a deer in the water, as it was then watering time. We went up Sandusky a few miles, then turned up a creek and encamped. We had lights prepared, as we were to hunt in the night, and also a piece of bark and some bushes set up in the canoe, in order to conceal ourselves from the deer. A little boy that was with us held the light; I worked the canoe, and the old man, who had his gun loaded with large shot, when we came near the deer, fired, and in this manner killed three deer in part of one night. We went to our fire, ate heartily, and in the morning returned to town in order to relieve the hungry and distressed.

When we came to town, the children were crying bitterly on account of pinching hunger. We delivered what we had taken, and though it was but little among so many, it was divided according to the strictest rules of justice. We immediately set out for another hunt, but before we returned a part of the warriors had come in, and brought with them on horseback a quantity of meat. These warriors had divided into different parties, and all struck at different places in Augusta county. They brought in with them a considerable number of scalps, prisoners, horses, and other plunder. One of the parties brought in with them one Arthur Campbell, that is now Colonel Campbell, who lives on Holston river, near the Royal Oak. As the Wyandots at Sunyendeand and those at Detroit were connected, Mr. Campbell was taken to Detroit; but he remained some time with me in this town. His company was very agreeable, and I was sorry when he left me. During his stay at Sunyendeand he borrowed my Bible, and made some pertinent remarks on what he had read. One passage was where it said, "It is good for man that he bear the yoke in his youth." He said we ought to be resigned to the will of Provi-

dence, as we were now bearing the yoke in our youth. Mr. Campbell appeared to be then about sixteen or seventeen years of age.

There was a number of prisoners brought in by these parties, and when they were to run the gauntlet, I went and told them how they were to act. One John Savage was brought in, a middle-aged man, or about forty years of age. He was to run the gauntlet. I told him what he had to do; and after this I fell into one of the ranks with the Indians, shouting and yelling like them; and as they were not very severe on him, as he passed me I hit him with a piece of pumpkin, which pleased the Indians much, but hurt my feelings.

About the time that these warriors came in, the green corn was beginning to be of use, so that we had either green corn or venison, and sometimes both, which was, comparatively, high living. When we could have plenty of green corn, or roasting ears, the hunters became lazy, and spent their time, as already mentioned, in singing and dancing, &c. They appeared to be fulfilling the scriptures beyond those who profess to believe them, in that of taking no thought of to-morrow; and also in living in love, peace, and friendship together, without disputes. In this respect they shame those who profess Christianity.

In this manner we lived until October; then the geese, swans, ducks, cranes, &c., came from the north, and alighted on this little lake, without number, or innumerable. Sunyendeand is a remarkable place for fish in the spring, and fowl both in the fall and spring.

Some time in October, another adopted brother, older than Tontileaugo, came to pay us a visit at Sunyendeand, and he asked me to take a hunt with him on Cayahaga. As they always used me as a free man, and gave me the liberty of choosing, I told him that I was attached to Tontileaugo, had never seen him before, and therefore asked some time to consider of this. He told me that the party he was going with would not be along, or at the mouth of this little lake, in less than six days, and I could in this time be acquainted with him, and judge for myself. I consulted with Tontileaugo on this occasion, and he told me that our old brother Tecaughretanego (which was his name) was a chief, and a better man than he was, and if I went with him I might expect to be well used; but he said I might do as I pleased, and if I staid he would use me as he had done. I told him he had acted in every respect as a brother to me; yet I was much pleased with my old brother's conduct and conversation; and as he was going to a part of the country I had never been in, I wished to go with him. He said that he was perfectly willing.

I then went with Tecaughretanego to the mouth of the little lake, where he met with the company he intended going with, which was composed of Caughnewagas and Ottawas. Here I was introduced to a Caughnewaga sister, and others I had never before seen. My sister's name was Mary, which they pronounced Maully. I asked Tecaughretanego how it came that she had an English name. He said that he did not know that it was an English name; but it was the name the priest gave her when she was baptized, which he said

was the name of the mother of Jesus. He said there were a great many of the Caughnewagas and Wyandots that were a kind of half Roman Catholics; but as for himself, he said that the priest and him could not agree, as they held notions that contradicted both sense and reason, and had the assurance to tell him that the book of God taught them these foolish absurdities: but he could not believe the great and good Spirit ever taught them any such nonsense; and therefore he concluded that the Indians' old religion was better than this new way of worshipping God.

As the wind was high and we could not proceed on our voyage, we remained here several days, and killed abundance of wild fowl, and a number of raccoons.

When a company of Indians are moving together on the lake, as it is at this time of the year often dangerous sailing, the old men hold a council; and when they agree to embark, every one is engaged immediately in making ready, without offering one word against the measure, though the lake may be boisterous and horrid. One morning, though the wind appeared to me to be as high as in days past, and the billows raging, yet the call was given, yohoh-yohoh, which was quickly answered by all—ooh-ooh, which signifies agreed. We were all instantly engaged in preparing to start, and had considerable difficulties in embarking.

As soon as we got into our canoes we fell to paddling with all our might, making out from the shore. Though these sort of canoes ride waves beyond what could be expected, yet the water several times dashed into them. When we got out about half a mile from shore, we hoisted sail, and as it was nearly a west wind, we then seemed to ride the waves with ease, and went on at a rapid rate. We then all laid down our paddles, excepting one that steered, and there was no water dashed into our canoes until we came near the shore again. We sailed about sixty miles that day, and encamped some time before night.

The next day we again embarked, and went on very well for some time; but the lake being boisterous, and the wind not fair, we were obliged to make to shore, which we accomplished with hard work and some difficulty in landing. The next morning a council was held by the old men.

As we had this day to pass by a long precipice of rocks on the shore about nine miles, which rendered it impossible for us to land, though the wind was high and the lake rough, yet, as it was fair, we were all ordered to embark. We wrought ourselves out from the shore and hoisted sail, (what we used in place of sail-cloth were our tent mats, which answered the purpose very well,) and went on for some time with a fair wind, until we were opposite to the precipice, and then it turned towards the shore, and we began to fear we should be cast upon the rocks. Two of the canoes were considerably farther out from the rocks than the canoe I was in. Those who were farthest out in the lake did not let down their sails until they had passed the precipice; but as we were nearer the rock, we were obliged to lower our sails, and paddle with all our might. With much difficulty we

cleared ourselves of the rock, and landed. As the other canoes had landed before us, there were immediately runners sent off to see if we were all safely landed.

This night the wind fell, and the next morning the lake was tolerably calm, and we embarked without difficulty, and paddled along near the shore, until we came to the mouth of Cayahaga, which empties into Lake Erie, on the south side, betwixt Canesadooharie and Presqu'Isle.

We turned up Cayahaga and encamped, where we staid and hunted for several days; and so we kept moving and hunting until we came to the forks of Cayahaga.

This is a very gentle river, and but few ripples, or swift running places, from the mouth to the forks. Deer here were tolerably plenty, large and fat; but bear and other game scarce. The upland is hilly, and principally second and third rate land; the timber chiefly black oak, white oak, hickory, dogwood, &c. The bottoms are rich and large, and the timber is walnut, locust, mulberry, sugar-tree, red haw, black haw, wild apple-trees, &c. The west branch of this river interlocks with the east branch of Muskingum, and the east branch with the Big Beaver creek, that empties into the Ohio about thirty miles below Pittsburg.

From the forks of Cayahaga to the east branch of Muskingum there is a carrying place, where the Indians carry their canoes, &c., from the waters of Lake Erie into the waters of the Ohio.

From the forks I went over with some hunters to the east branch of Muskingum, where they killed several deer, a number of beavers, and returned heavy laden with skins and meat, which we carried on our backs, as we had no horses.

The land here is chiefly second and third rate, and the timber chiefly oak and hickory. A little above the forks, on the east branch of Cayahaga, are considerable rapids, very rocky for some distance, but no perpendicular falls.

About the first of December, 1756, we were preparing for leaving the river: we buried our canoes, and as usual hung up our skins, and every one had a pack to carry. The squaws also packed up their tents, which they carried in large rolls that extended up above their heads, and though a great bulk, yet not heavy. We steered about a southeast course, and could not march over ten miles per day. At night we lodged in our flag-tents, which, when erected, were nearly in the shape of a sugar-loaf, and about fifteen feet diameter in the ground.

In this manner we proceeded about forty miles, and wintered in these tents, on the waters of Beaver creek, near a little lake or large pond, which is about two miles long and one broad, and a remarkable place for beaver.

It is a received opinion among the Indians that the geese turn to beavers, and the snakes to raccoons; and though Tecaughretanego, who was a wise man, was not fully persuaded that this was true, yet he seemed in some measure to be carried away with this whimsical notion. He said that this pond had been always a great place for

beaver. Though he said he knew them to be frequently all killed, (as he thought,) yet the next winter they would be as plenty as ever. And as the beaver was an animal that did not travel by land, and there being no water communication to or from this pond, how could such a number of beavers get there year after year? But as this pond was also a considerable place for geese, when they came in the fall from the north, and alighted in this pond, they turned beavers, all but the feet, which remained nearly the same.

I said, that though there was no water communication in or out of this pond, yet it appeared that it was fed by springs, as it was always clear, and never stagnated; and as a very large spring rose about a mile below this pond, it was likely that this spring came from this pond. In the fall, when this spring is comparatively low, there would be air under ground sufficient for the beavers to breathe in, with their heads above water, for they cannot live long under water, and so they might have a subterraneous passage by water into this pond. Tecaughretanego granted that it might be so.

About the sides of this pond there grew great abundance of cranberries, which the Indians gathered up on the ice when the pond was frozen over. These berries were about as large as rifle bullets, of a bright red color, an agreeable sour, though rather too sour of themselves, but when mixed with sugar had a very agreeable taste.

In conversation with Tecaughretanego, I happened to be talking of the beavers catching fish. He asked me why I thought the beaver caught fish. I told him that I had read of the beaver making dams for the conveniency of fishing. He laughed, and made game of me and my book. He said the man that wrote that book knew nothing about the beaver. The beaver never did eat flesh of any kind, but lived on the bark of trees, roots, and other vegetables.

In order to know certainly how this was, when we killed a beaver I carefully examined the intestines, but found no appearance of fish; I afterwards made an experiment on a pet beaver which we had, and found that it would neither eat fish nor flesh; therefore I acknowledged that the book I had read was wrong.

I asked him if the beaver was an amphibious animal, or if it could live under water. He said that the beaver was a kind of subterraneous water animal that lives in or near the water; but they were no more amphibious than the ducks and geese were, which was constantly proven to be the case, as all the beavers that are caught in steel traps are drowned, provided the trap be heavy enough to keep them under water. As the beaver does not eat fish, I inquired of Tecaughretanego why the beaver made such large dams. He said they were of use to them in various respects—both for their safety and food. For their safety, as by raising the water over the mouths of their holes, or subterraneous lodging places, they could not be easily found; and as the beaver feeds chiefly on the bark of trees, by raising the water over the banks, they can cut down saplings for bark to feed upon without going out much upon the land; and when they are obliged to go out on land for this food they frequently are caught by the wolves.

As the beaver can run upon land but little faster than a water tortoise, and is no fighting animal, if they are any distance from the water they become an easy prey to their enemies.

I asked Tecaughretanego what was the use of the beavers' stones, or glands, to them; as the she beaver has two pair, which is commonly called the oil stones, and the bark stones. He said that as the beavers are the dumbest of all animals, and scarcely ever make any noise, and as they were working creatures, they made use of this smell in order to work in concert. If an old beaver was to come on the bank and rub his breech upon the ground, and raise a perfume, the others will collect from different places and go to work; this is also of use to them in travelling, that they may thereby search out and find their company. Cunning hunters, finding this out, have made use of it against the beavers, in order to catch them. What is the bait which you see them make use of but a compound of the oil and bark stones? By this perfume, which is only a false signal, they decoy them to the trap.

Near this pond beaver was the principal game. Before the water froze up we caught a great many with wooden and steel traps; but after that, we hunted the beaver on the ice. Some places here the beavers build large houses to live in, and in other places they have subterraneous lodgings in the banks. Where they lodge in the ground we have no chance of hunting them on the ice; but where they have houses, we go with malls and handspikes, and break all the hollow ice, to prevent them from getting their heads above the water under it. Then we break a hole in the house, and they make their escape into the water; but as they cannot live long under water, they are obliged to go to some of those broken places to breathe, and the Indians commonly put in their hands, catch them by the hind leg, haul them on the ice, and tomahawk them. Sometimes they shoot them in the head when they raise it above the water. I asked the Indians if they were not afraid to catch the beavers with their hands. They said no: they were not much of a biting creature; yet if they would catch them by the fore foot they would bite.

I went out with Tecaughretanego and some others a beaver hunting; but we did not succeed, and on our return we saw where several raccoons had passed while the snow was soft, though there was now a crust upon it; we all made a halt, looking at the raccoon tracks. As they saw a tree with a hole in it, they told me to go and see if they had gone in thereat; and if they had to halloo, and they would come and take them out. When I went to that tree, I found they had gone past; but I saw another the way they had gone, and proceeded to examine that, and found they had gone up it. I then began to halloo, but could have no answer.

As it began to snow and blow most violently, I returned and proceeded after my company, and for some time could see their tracks; but the old snow being only about three inches deep, and a crust upon it, the present driving snow soon filled up the tracks. As I had only a bow, arrows, and tomahawk with me, and no way to strike fire, I

appeared to be in a dismal situation; and as the air was dark with snow, I had little more prospect of steering my course than I would in the night. At length I came to a hollow tree, with a hole at one side that I could go in at. I went in, and found that it was a dry place, and the hollow about three feet diameter, and high enough for me to stand in. I found that there was also a considerable quantity of soft, dry, rotten wood around this hollow; I therefore concluded that I would lodge here, and that I would go to work, and stop up the door of my house. I stripped off my blanket, (which was all the clothes that I had, excepting a breech-clout and moccasins,) and with my tomahawk fell to chopping at the top of a fallen tree that lay near, and carried wood, and set it up on end against the door, until I had it three or four feet thick all around, excepting a hole I had left to creep in at. I had a block prepared that I could haul after me to stop this hole; and before I went in I put in a number of small sticks, that I might more effectually stop it on the inside. When I went in, I took my tomahawk and cut down all the dry rotten wood I could get, and beat it small. With it I made a bed like a goose-nest or hog-bed, and with the small sticks stopped every hole, until my house was almost dark. I stripped off my moccasins, and danced in the centre of my bed, for about half an hour, in order to warm myself. In this time my feet and whole body were agreeably warmed. The snow, in the meanwhile, had stopped all the holes, so that my house was as dark as a dungeon, though I knew it could not yet be dark out of doors. I then coiled myself up in my blanket, lay down in my little round bed, and had a tolerable night's lodging. When I awoke all was dark—not the least glimmering of light was to be seen. Immediately I recollected that I was not to expect light in this new habitation, as there was neither door nor window in it. As I could hear the storm raging, and did not suffer much cold as I was then situated, I concluded I would stay in my nest until I was certain it was day. When I had reason to conclude that it surely was day, I arose and put on my moccasins, which I had laid under my head to keep from freezing. I then endeavored to find the door, and had to do all by the sense of feeling, which took me some time. At length I found the block, but it being heavy, and a large quantity of snow having fallen on it, at the first attempt I did not move it. I then felt terrified—among all the hardships I had sustained, I never knew before what it was to be thus deprived of light. This, with the other circumstances attending it, appeared grievous. I went straightway to bed again, wrapped my blanket round me, and lay and mused awhile, and then prayed to Almighty God to direct and protect me as he had done heretofore. I once again attempted to move away the block, which proved successful; it moved about nine inches. With this a considerable quantity of snow fell in from above, and I immediately received light; so that I found a very great snow had fallen, above what I had ever seen in one night. I then knew why I could not easily move the block, and I was so rejoiced at obtaining the light that all my other difficulties seemed to vanish. I then turned into my cell, and returned God

thanks for having once more received the light of heaven. At length I belted my blanket about me, got my tomahawk, bow and arrows, and went out of my den.

I was now in tolerable high spirits, though the snow had fallen above three feet deep, in addition to what was on the ground before; and the only imperfect guide I had in order to steer my course to camp was the trees, as the moss generally grows on the north-west side of them, if they are straight. I proceeded on, wading through the snow, and about twelve o'clock (as it appeared afterwards, from that time to night, for it was yet cloudy) I came upon the creek that our camp was on, about half a mile below the camp; and when I came in sight of the camp, I found that there was great joy, by the shouts and yelling of the boys, &c.

When I arrived, they all came round me, and received me gladly; but at this time no questions were asked, and I was taken into a tent, where they gave me plenty of fat beaver meat, and then asked me to smoke. When I had done, Tecaughretanego desired me to walk out to a fire they had made. I went out, and they all collected round me, both men, women, and boys. Tecaughretanego asked me to give them a particular account of what had happened from the time they left me yesterday until now. I told them the whole of the story, and they never interrupted me; but when I made a stop the intervals were filled with loud acclamations of joy. As I could not at this time talk Ottawa or Jibewa well, (which is nearly the same,) I delivered my story in Caughnewaga. As my sister Molly's husband was a Jibewa, and could understand Caughnewaga, he acted as interpreter, and delivered my story to the Jibewas and Ottawas, which they received with pleasure. When all this was done, Tecaughretanego made a speech to me in the following manner:

"Brother,—You see we have prepared snow-shoes to go after you, and were almost ready to go when you appeared; yet, as you had not been accustomed to hardships in your country, to the east, we never expected to see you alive. Now we are glad to see you in various respects: we are glad to see you on your own account; and we are glad to see the prospect of your filling the place of a great man, in whose room you were adopted. We do not blame you for what has happened, we blame ourselves; because we did not think of this driving snow filling up the tracks, until after we came to camp.

"Brother,—Your conduct on this occasion hath pleased us much; you have given us an evidence of your fortitude, skill, and resolution; and we hope you will always go on to do great actions, as it is only great actions that can make a great man."

I told my brother Tecaughretanego that I thanked them for their care of me, and for the kindness I always received. I told him that I always wished to do great actions, and hoped I would never do any thing to dishonor any of those with whom I was connected. I likewise told my Jibewa brother-in-law to tell his people that I also thanked them for their care and kindness.

The next morning some of the hunters went out on snow-shoes,

killed several deer, and hauled some of them into camp upon the snow. They fixed their carrying strings (which are broad in the middle and small at each end) in the fore feet and nose of the deer, and laid the broad part of it on their heads or about their shoulders, and pulled it along; and when it is moving, will not sink in the snow much deeper than a snow-shoe; and when taken with the grain of the hair, slips along very easily.

The snow-shoes are made like a hoop-net, and wrought with buckskin thongs. Each shoe is about two feet and a half long, and about eighteen inches broad before, and small behind, with cross-bars, in order to fix or tie them to their feet. After the snow had lain a few days, the Indians tomahawked the deer, by pursuing them in this manner.

About two weeks after this there came a warm rain, and took away the chief part of the snow, and broke up the ice; then we engaged in making wooden traps to catch beavers, as we had but few steel traps. These traps are made nearly in the same manner as the raccoon's traps already described.

One day, as I was looking after my traps, I got benighted, by beaver ponds intercepting my way to camp; and as I had neglected to take fireworks with me, and the weather very cold, I could find no suitable lodging place; therefore, the only expedient I could think of to keep myself from freezing was exercise. I danced and hallooed the whole night with all my might, and the next day came to camp. Though I suffered much more this time than the other night I lay out, yet the Indians were not so much concerned, as they thought I had fireworks with me; but when they knew how it was, they did not blame me. They said that old hunters were frequently involved in this place, as the beaver dams were one above another on every creek and run, so that it is hard to find a fording place. They applauded me for my fortitude, and said, as they had now plenty of beaver skins, they would purchase me a new gun at Detroit, as we were to go there the next spring; and then if I should chance to be lost in dark weather, I could make a fire, kill provision, and return to camp when the sun shined. By being bewildered on the waters of Muskingum, I lost repute, and was reduced to the bow and arrow, and by lying out two nights here I regained my credit.

After some time the waters all froze again, and then, as formerly, we hunted beavers on the ice. Though beaver meat, without salt or bread, was the chief of our food this winter, yet we had always plenty, and I was well contented with my diet, as it appeared delicious fare, after the way we had lived the winter before.

Some time in February, we scaffolded up our fur and skins, and moved about ten miles in quest of a sugar camp, or a suitable place to make sugar, and encamped in a large bottom on the head waters of Big Beaver creek. We had some difficulty in moving, as we had a blind Caughnewaga boy, about fifteen years of age, to lead; and as this country is very brushy, we frequently had him to carry. We had also my Jibewa brother-in-law's father with us, who was thought

by the Indians to be a great conjurer; his name was Manetohcoa. This old man was so decrepit that we had to carry him this route upon a bier, and all our baggage to pack on our backs.

Shortly after we came to this place, the squaws began to make sugar. We had no large kettles with us this year, and they made the frost, in some measure, supply the place of fire, in making sugar. Their large bark vessels, for holding the stock water, they made broad and shallow; and as the weather is very cold here, it frequently freezes at night in sugar time; and the ice they break and cast out of the vessels. I asked them if they were not throwing away the sugar. They said no; it was water they were casting away; sugar did not freeze, and there was scarcely any in that ice. They said I might try the experiment, and boil some of it, and see what I would get. I never did try it; but I observed that, after several times freezing, the water that remained in the vessel changed its color, and became brown and very sweet.

About the time we were done making sugar the snow went off the ground; and one night a squaw raised an alarm. She said she saw two men with guns in their hands, upon the bank on the other side of the creek, spying our tents; they were supposed to be Johnston's Mohawks. On this the squaws were ordered to slip quietly out some distance into the bushes, and all who had either guns or bows were to squat in the bushes near the tents; and if the enemy rushed up, we were to give them the first fire, and let the squaws have an opportunity of escaping. I got down beside Tecaughretanego, and he whispered to me not to be afraid, for he would speak to the Mohawks, and as they spoke the same tongue that we did they would not hurt the Caughnewagas or me; but they would kill all the Jibewas and Ottawas that they could, and take us along with them. This news pleased me well, and I heartily wished for the approach of the Mohawks.

Before we withdrew from the tents they had carried Manetohcoa to the fire, and gave him his conjuring tools, which were dyed feathers, the bone of the shoulder-blade of a wild cat, tobacco, &c. And while we were in the bushes, Manetohcoa was in a tent at the fire, conjuring away to the utmost of his ability. At length he called aloud for us all to come in, which was quickly obeyed. When we came in he told us that after he had gone through the whole of his ceremony, and expected to see a number of Mohawks on the flat bone when it was warmed at the fire, the pictures of two wolves only appeared. He said, though there were no Mohawks about, we must not be angry with the squaw for giving a false alarm; as she had occasion to go out and happened to see the wolves, though it was moonlight, yet she got afraid, and she conceited it was Indians with guns in their hands. So he said we might all go to sleep, for there was no danger; and accordingly we did.

The next morning we went to the place, and found wolf tracks, and where they had scratched with their feet like dogs; but there was no sign of moccasin tracks. If there is any such thing as a wizard, I

think Manetohcoa was as likely to be one as any man, as he was a professed worshipper of the devil. But let him be a conjurer or not, I am persuaded that the Indians believed what he told them upon this occasion, as well as if it had come from an infallible oracle; or they would not, after such an alarm as this, go all to sleep in an unconcerned manner. This appeared to me the most like witchcraft of any thing I beheld while I was with them. Though I scrutinised their proceedings in business of this kind, yet I generally found that their pretended witchcraft was either art or mistaken notions, whereby they deceived themselves. Before a battle they spy the enemy's motions carefully, and when they find that they can have considerable advantage, and the greatest prospect of success, then the old men pretend to conjure, or to tell what the event will be; and this they do in a figurative manner, which will bear something of a different interpretation, which generally comes to pass nearly as they foretold. Therefore the young warriors generally believed these old conjurers, which had a tendency to animate and excite them to push on with vigor.

Some time in March, 1757, we began to move back to the forks of Cayahaga, which was about forty or fifty miles. And as we had no horses, we had all our baggage and several hundred weight of beaver skins, and some deer and bear skins, all to pack on our backs. The method we took to accomplish this was by making short days' journeys. In the morning we would move on, with as much as we were able to carry, about five miles, and encamp, and then run back for more. We commonly made three such trips in the day. When we came to the great pond, we staid there one day to rest ourselves, and to kill ducks and geese.

While we remained here, I went in company with a young Caughnewaga, who was about sixteen or seventeen years of age, Chinnohete by name, in order to gather cranberries. As he was gathering berries at some distance from me, three Jibewa squaws crept up undiscovered, and made at him speedily, but he nimbly escaped, and came to me apparently terrified. I asked him what he was afraid of. He replied, did you not see those squaws? I told him I did, and they appeared to be in a very good humor. I asked him wherefore, then, he was afraid of them. He said the Jibewa squaws were very bad women, and had a very ugly custom among them. I asked him what that custom was. He said that when two or three of them could catch a young lad, that was betwixt a man and a boy, out by himself, if they could overpower him, they would strip him by force, in order to see whether he was coming on to be a man or not. He said that was what they intended when they crawled up and ran so violently at him; but, said he, I am very glad that I so narrowly escaped. I then agreed with Chinnohete in condemning this as a bad custom, and an exceedingly immodest action for young women to be guilty of.

From our sugar camp on the head waters of Big Beaver creek to this place is not hilly. In some places the woods are tolerably clear, but in most places exceedingly brushy. The land here is chiefly second and third rate. The timber on the upland is white oak, black

oak, hickory, and chesnut. There is also in some places walnut upland, and plenty of good water. The bottoms here are generally large and good.

We again proceeded on from the pond to the forks of Cayahaga, at the rate of about five miles per day.

The land on this route is not very hilly; it is well watered, and in many places ill timbered, generally brushy, and chiefly second and third rate land, intermixed with good bottoms.

When we came to the forks, we found that the skins we had scaffolded were all safe. Though this was a public place, and Indians frequently passing, and our skins hanging up in view, yet there were none stolen. And it is seldom that Indians do steal any thing from one another. And they say they never did, until the white people came among them, and learned some of them to lie, cheat, and steal; but be that as it may, they never did curse or swear until the whites learned them. Some think their language will not admit of it, but I am not of that opinion. If I was so disposed, I could find language to curse or swear in the Indian tongue.

I remember that Tecaughretanego, when something displeased him, said, God damn it. I asked him if he knew what he then said. He said he did, and mentioned one of their degrading expressions, which he supposed to be the meaning, or something like the meaning, of what he had said. I told him that it did not bear the least resemblance to it; that what he had said was calling upon the Great Spirit to punish the object he was displeased with. He stood for some time amazed, and then said, if this be the meaning of these words, what sort of people are the whites? When the traders were among us, these words seemed to be intermixed with all their discourse. He told me to reconsider what I had said, for he thought I must be mistaken in my definition. If I was not mistaken, he said, the traders applied these words not only wickedly, but oftentimes very foolishly, and contrary to sense or reason. He said he remembered once of a trader's accidentally breaking his gun-lock, and on that occasion calling out aloud, God damn it; surely, said he, the gun-lock was not an object worthy of punishment for Owaneeyo, or the Great Spirit. He also observed the traders often used this expression when they were in a good humor, and not displeased with any thing. I acknowledged that the traders used this expression very often, in a most irrational, inconsistent, and impious manner; yet I still asserted that I had given the true meaning of these words. He replied, if so, the traders are as bad as Oonahroona, or the under ground inhabitants, which is the name they gave the devils, as they entertain a notion that their place of residence is under the earth.

We took up our birch-bark canoes, which we had buried, and found that they were not damaged by the winter; but they not being sufficient to carry all that we now had, we made a large chesnut-bark canoe, as elm-bark was not to be found at this place.

We all embarked, and had a very agreeable passage down the Cayahaga, and along the south side of Lake Erie, until we passed

the mouth of Sandusky; then the wind arose, and we put in at the mouth of the Miami of the Lake, at Cedar Point, where we remained several days, and killed a number of turkeys, geese, ducks, and swans. The wind being fair, and the lake not extremely rough, we again embarked, hoisted up sails, and arrived safe at the Wyandot town, nearly opposite to Fort Detroit, on the north side of the river. Here we found a number of French traders, every one very willing to deal with us for our beaver.

We bought ourselves fine clothes, ammunition, paint, tobacco, &c., and, according to promise, they purchased me a new gun; yet we had parted with only about one third of our beaver. At length a trader came to town with French brandy; we purchased a keg of it, and held a council about who was to get drunk and who was to keep sober. I was invited to get drunk, but I refused the proposal; then they told me that I must be one of those who were to take care of the drunken people. I did not like this; but of two evils I chose that which I thought was the least,—and fell in with those who were to conceal the arms, and keep every dangerous weapon we could out of their way, and endeavor, if possible, to keep the drinking club from killing one another, which was a very hard task. Several times we hazarded our own lives, and got ourselves hurt, in preventing them from slaying each other. Before they had finished this keg, near one third of the town was introduced to this drinking club; they could not pay their part, as they had already disposed of all their skins; but that made no odds,—all were welcome to drink.

When they were done with this keg, they applied to the traders, and procured a kettle full of brandy at a time, which they divided out with a large wooden spoon; and so they went on, and never quit while they had a single beaver skin.

When the trader had got all our beaver, he moved off to the Ottawa town, about a mile above the Wyandot town.

When the brandy was gone, and the drinking club sober, they appeared much dejected. Some of them were crippled, others badly wounded, a number of their fine new shirts tore, and several blankets were burned. A number of squaws were also in this club, and neglected their corn-planting.

We could now hear the effects of the brandy in the Ottawa town. They were singing and yelling in the most hideous manner both night and day; but their frolic ended worse than ours: five Ottawas were killed, and a great many wounded.

After this, a number of young Indians were getting their ears cut, and they urged me to have mine cut likewise; but they did not attempt to compel me, though they endeavored to persuade me. The principal arguments they used were, its being a great ornament, and also the common fashion. The former I did not believe, and the latter I could not deny. The way they performed this operation was by cutting the fleshy part of the circle of the ear, close to the gristle, quite through. When this was done, they wrapped rags round this fleshy part until it

was entirely healed; they then hung lead to it, and stretched it to a wonderful length; when it was sufficiently stretched, they wrapped the fleshy part round with brass wire, which formed it into a semi-circle about four inches in diameter.

Many of the young men were now exercising themselves in a game resembling foot-ball, though they commonly struck the ball with a crooked stick made for that purpose; also a game something like this, wherein they used a wooden ball, about three inches in diameter, and the instrument they moved it with was a strong staff, about five feet long, with a hoop net on the end of it large enough to contain the ball. Before they begin the play, they lay off about half a mile distance in a clear plain, and the opposite parties all attend at the centre, where a disinterested person casts up the ball, then the opposite parties all contend for it. If any one gets it into his net, he runs with it the way he wishes it to go, and they all pursue him. If one of the opposite party overtakes the person with the ball, he gives the staff a stroke, which causes the ball to fly out of the net; then they have another debate for it, and if the one that gets it can outrun all the opposite party, and can carry it quite out, or over the line at the end, the game is won; but this seldom happens. When any one is running away with the ball, and is likely to be overtaken, he commonly throws it, and with this instrument can cast it fifty or sixty yards. Sometimes, when the ball is almost at the one end, matters will take a sudden turn, and the opposite party may quickly carry it out at the other end. Oftentimes they will work a long while back and forward before they can get the ball over the line, or win the game.

About the 1st of June, 1757, the warriors were preparing to go to war in the Wyandot, Pottowatomie, and Ottawa towns; also a great many Jibewas came down from the upper lakes; and after singing their war-songs, and going through their common ceremonies, they marched off against the frontiers of Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania, in their usual manner, singing the travelling song, slow firing, &c.

On the north side of the river St. Lawrence, opposite to Fort Detroit, there is an island which the Indians call the Long Island, and which they say is above one thousand miles long, and in some places above one hundred miles broad. They further say that the great river that comes down by Canesatauga, and that empties into the main branch of St. Lawrence above Montreal, originates from one source with the St. Lawrence, and forms this island.

Opposite to Detroit, and below it, was originally a prairie, and laid off in lots about sixty rods broad, and a great length; each lot is divided into two fields, which they cultivate year about. The principal grain that the French raised in these fields was spring wheat and peas.

They built all their houses on the front of these lots on the river side; and as the banks of the river are very low, some of the houses are not above three or four feet above the surface of the water; yet

they are in no danger of being disturbed by freshets, as the river seldom rises above eighteen inches ; because it is the communication of the river St. Lawrence, from one lake to another.

As dwelling-houses, barns and stables are all built on the front of these lots, at a distance it appears like a continued row of houses in a town, on each side of the river, for a long way. These villages, the town, the river and the plains, being all in view at once, afford a most delightful prospect.

The inhabitants here chiefly drink the river water ; and as it comes from the northward, it is very wholesome.

The land here is principally second rate, and comparatively speaking, a small part is first or third rate ; though about four or five miles south of Detroit there is a small portion that is worse than what I would call third rate, which produces abundance of whortleberries.

There is plenty of good meadow ground here, and a great many marshes that are overspread with water. The timber is elm, sugar tree, black ash, white ash, abundance of water ash, oak, hickory, and some walnut.

About the middle of June, the Indians were almost all gone to war, from sixteen to sixty ; yet Tecaughretanego remained in town with me. Though he had formerly, when they were at war with the southern nations, been a great warrior and an eminent counsellor, and I think as clear and able a reasoner upon any subject that he had an opportunity of being acquainted with as I ever knew ; yet he had all along been against this war, and had strenuously opposed it in council. He said, if the English and French had a quarrel, let them fight their own battles themselves ; it is not our business to intermeddle therewith.

Before the warriors returned, we were very scarce of provision ; and though we did not commonly steal from one another, yet we stole during this time any thing that we could eat from the French, under the notion that it was just for us to do so, because they supported their soldiers ; and our squaws, old men and children were suffering on the account of the war, as our hunters were all gone.

Some time in August, the warriors returned, and brought in with them a great many scalps, prisoners, horses and plunder ; and the common report among the young warriors was, that they would entirely subdue Tulhasaga, that is the English, or it might be literally rendered the Morning Light inhabitants.

About the first of November, a number of families were preparing to go on their winter hunt, and all agreed to cross the lake together. We encamped at the mouth of the river the first night, and a council was held, whether we should cross through by the three islands, or coast it round the lake. These islands lie in a line across the lake, and are just in sight of each other. Some of the Wyandots, or Ottawas, frequently make their winter hunt on these islands ; though, excepting wild fowl and fish, there is scarcely any game here but raccoons, which are amazingly plenty, and exceedingly large and fat, as they feed upon the wild rice, which grows in abundance in wet

places round these islands. It is said that each hunter, in one winter, will catch one thousand raccoons.

It is a received opinion among the Indians that the snakes and raccoons are transmigratory, and that a great many of the snakes turn raccoons every fall, and raccoons snakes every spring. This notion is founded on observations made on the snakes and raccoons in this island.

As the raccoons here lodge in rocks, the trappers make their wooden traps at the mouth of the holes; and as they go daily to look at their traps, in the winter season, they commonly find them filled with raccoons; but in the spring, or when the frost is out of the ground, they say, they then find their traps filled with large rattlesnakes; and therefore conclude that the raccoons are transformed. They also say that the reason why they are so remarkably plenty in the winter, is, every fall the snakes turn raccoons again.

I told them that though I had never landed on any of these islands, yet, from the unanimous accounts I had received, I believed that both snakes and raccoons were plenty there; but no doubt they all remained there both summer and winter, only the snakes were not to be seen in the latter; yet I did not believe that they were transmigratory.

These islands are seldom visited; because early in the spring, and late in the fall, it is dangerous sailing in their bark canoes; and in the summer they are so infested with various kinds of serpents, (but chiefly rattlesnakes,) that it is dangerous landing.

I shall now quit this digression, and return to the result of the council at the mouth of the river. We concluded to coast it round the lake, and in two days we came to the mouth of the Miami of the Lake, and landed on Cedar Point, where we remained several days. Here we held a council, and concluded we would take a driving hunt in concert and in partnership.

The river in this place is about a mile broad, and as it and the lake forms a kind of neck, which terminates in a point, all the hunters (which were fifty-three) went up the river, and we scattered ourselves from the river to the lake. When we first began to move we were not in sight of each other, but as we all raised the yell, we could move regularly together by the noise. At length we came in sight of each other, and appeared to be marching in good order; before we came to the point, both the squaws and boys in the canoes were scattered up the river and along the lake, to prevent the deer from making their escape by water. As we advanced near the point the guns began to crack slowly, and after some time the firing was like a little engagement. The squaws and boys were busy tomahawking the deer in the water, and we shooting them down on the land. We killed in all about thirty deer, though a great many made their escape by water.

We had now great feasting and rejoicing, as we had plenty of homony, venison and wild fowl. The geese at this time appeared to be preparing to move southward. It might be asked what is meant

by the geese preparing to move. The Indians represent them as holding a great council at this time concerning the weather, in order to conclude upon a day, that they may all at or near one time leave the northern lakes, and wing their way to the southern bays. When matters are brought to a conclusion, and the time appointed that they are to take wing, then they say a great number of expresses are sent off, in order to let the different tribes know the result of this council, that they may all be in readiness to move at the time appointed. As there is a great commotion among the geese at this time, it would appear by their actions that such a council had been held. Certain it is that they are led by instinct to act in concert, and to move off regularly after their leaders.

Here our company separated. The chief part of them went up the Miami river, which empties into Lake Erie at Cedar Point, whilst we proceeded on our journey in company with Tecaughretanego, Ton-tileaugo, and two families of the Wyandots.

As cold weather was now approaching, we began to feel the doleful effects of extravagantly and foolishly spending the large quantity of beaver we had taken in our last winter's hunt. We were all nearly in the same circumstances; scarcely one had a shirt to his back; but each of us had an old blanket, which we belted round us in the day, and slept in at night, with a deer or bear skin under us for our bed.

When we came to the falls of Sandusky, we buried our birch-bark canoes, as usual, at a large burying-place for that purpose, a little below the falls. At this place the river falls about eight feet over a rock, but not perpendicularly. With much difficulty we pushed up our wooden canoes; some of us went up the river, and the rest by land with the horses, until we came to the great meadows or prairies that lie between Sandusky and Sciota.

When we came to this place, we met with some Ottawa hunters, and agreed with them to take what they call a ring hunt, in partnership. We waited until we expected rain was near falling to extinguish the fire, and then we kindled a large circle in the prairie. At this time, or before the bucks began to run, a great number of deer lay concealed in the grass, in the day, and moved about in the night; but as the fire burned in towards the centre of the circle, the deer fled before the fire; the Indians were scattered also at some distance before the fire, and shot them down every opportunity, which was very frequent, especially as the circle became small. When we came to divide the deer, there were about ten to each hunter, which were all killed in a few hours. The rain did not come on that night to put out the outside circle of the fire, and as the wind arose, it extended through the whole prairie, which was about fifty miles in length, and in some places nearly twenty in breadth. This put an end to our ring hunting this season, and was in other respects an injury to us in the hunting business; so that upon the whole we received more harm than benefit by our rapid hunting frolic. We then moved from the north end of the glades, and encamped at the carrying place.

This place is in the plains, betwixt a creek that empties into

Sandusky and one that runs into Sciota. And at the time of high water, or in the spring season, there is but about one half mile of portage, and that very level, and clear of rocks, timber or stones; so that with a little digging there may be water carriage the whole way from Sciota to Lake Erie.

From the mouth of Sandusky to the falls is chiefly first rate land, lying flat or level, intermixed with large bodies of clear meadows, where the grass is exceedingly rank, and in many places three or four feet high. The timber is oak, hickory, walnut, cherry, black ash, elm, sugar-tree, buckeye, locust and beech. In some places there is wet timber land—the timber in these places is chiefly water ash, sycamore, or buttonwood.

From the falls to the prairies, the land lies well to the sun; it is neither too flat nor too hilly, and is chiefly first rate; the timber nearly the same as below the falls, excepting the water ash. There is also here some plats of beech land, that appears to be second rate, as it frequently produces spice-wood. The prairie appears to be a tolerably fertile soil, though in many places too wet for cultivation; yet I apprehend it would produce timber, were it only kept from fire.

The Indians are of the opinion that the squirrels plant all the timber, as they bury a number of nuts for food, and only one at a place. When a squirrel is killed, the various kinds of nuts thus buried will grow.

I have observed that when these prairies have only escaped fire for one year, near where a single tree stood there was a young growth of timber supposed to be planted by the squirrels. But when the prairies were again burned, all this young growth was immediately consumed; as the fire rages in the grass to such a pitch, that numbers of raccoons are thereby burned to death.

On the west side of the prairie, or betwixt that and Sciota, there is a large body of first rate land—the timber, walnut, locust, sugar-tree, buckeye, cherry, ash, elm, mulberry, plum-trees, spice-wood, black haw, red haw, oak, and hickory.

About the time the bucks quit running, Tontileaugo, his wife and children, Tecaughretanego, his son Nunganey and myself, left the Wyandot camps at the carrying-place, and crossed the Sciota river at the south end of the glades, and proceeded on about a southwest course to a large creek called Ollentangy, which I believe interlocks with the waters of the Miami, and empties into Sciota on the west side thereof. From the south end of the prairie to Ollentangy there is a large quantity of beech land, intermixed with first rate land. Here we made our winter hut, and had considerable success in hunting.

After some time, one of Tontileaugo's step-sons (a lad about eight years of age) offended him, and he gave the boy a moderate whipping, which much displeased his Wyandot wife. She acknowledged that the boy was guilty of a fault, but thought that he ought to have been ducked, which is their usual mode of chastisement. She said she could not bear to have her son whipped like a servant or slave; and she was so displeased, that when Tontileaugo went out to hunt, she

got her two horses, and all her effects, (as in this country the husband and wife have separate interests,) and moved back to the Wyandot camp that we had left.

When Tontileaugo returned, he was much disturbed on hearing of his wife's elopement, and said that he would never go after her, were it not that he was afraid that she would get bewildered, and that his children that she had taken with her might suffer. Tontileaugo went after his wife, and when they met they made up the quarrel; and he never returned, but left Tecaughretanego and his son, (a boy about ten years of age,) and myself, who remained here in our hut all winter.

Tecaughretanego had been a first-rate warrior, statesman and hunter, and though he was now near sixty years of age, was yet equal to the common run of hunters, but subject to the rheumatism, which deprived him of the use of his legs.

Shortly after Tontileaugo left us, Tecaughretanego became lame, and could scarcely walk out of our hut for two months. I had considerable success in hunting and trapping. Though Tecaughretanego endured much pain and misery, yet he bore it all with wonderful patience, and would often endeavor to entertain me with cheerful conversation. Sometimes he would applaud me for my diligence, skill and activity; and at other times he would take great care in giving me instructions concerning the hunting and trapping business. He would also tell me that if I failed of success we would suffer very much, as we were about forty miles from any one living, that we knew of; yet he would not intimate that he apprehended we were in any danger, but still supposed that I was fully adequate to the task.

Tontileaugo left us a little before Christmas, and from that until some time in February we had always plenty of bear meat, venison, &c. During this time I killed much more than we could use, but having no horses to carry in what I killed, I left part of it in the woods. In February there came a snow, with a crust, which made a great noise when walking on it, and frightened away the deer; and as bear and beaver were scarce here, we got entirely out of provision. After I had hunted two days without eating any thing, and had very short allowance for some days before, I returned late in the evening, faint and weary. When I came into our hut, Tecaughretanego asked what success. I told him not any. He asked me if I was not very hungry. I replied that the keen appetite seemed to be in some measure removed, but I was both faint and weary. He commanded Nunganey, his little son, to bring me something to eat, and he brought me a kettle with some bones and broth. After eating a few mouthfuls, my appetite violently returned, and I thought the victuals had a most agreeable relish, though it was only fox and wild-cat bones, which lay about the camp, which ravens and turkey-buzzards had picked; these Nunganey had collected and boiled, until the sinews that remained on the bones would strip off. I speedily finished my allowance, such as it was, and when I had ended my sweet repast, Tecaughretanego asked me how I

felt. I told him I was much refreshed. He then handed me his pipe and pouch, and told me to take a smoke. I did so. He then said he had something of importance to tell me, if I was now composed and ready to hear it. I told him I was ready to hear him. He said the reason why he deferred his speech till now was, because few men are in a right humor to hear good talk when they are extremely hungry, as they are then generally fretful and discomposed, but as you appear now to enjoy calmness and serenity of mind, I will now communicate to you the thoughts of my heart, and those things that I know to be true.

“Brother,—As you have lived with the white people, you have not had the same advantage of knowing that the great Being above feeds his people, and gives them their meat in due season, as we Indians have, who are frequently out of provisions, and yet are wonderfully supplied, and that so frequently, that it is evidently the hand of the great Owaneeyo* that doth this. Whereas the white people have commonly large stocks of tame cattle, that they can kill when they please, and also their barns and cribs filled with grain, and therefore have not the same opportunity of seeing and knowing that they are supported by the Ruler of heaven and earth.

“Brother,—I know that you are now afraid that we will all perish with hunger, but you have no just reason to fear this.

“Brother,—I have been young, but am now old; I have been frequently under the like circumstances that we now are, and that some time or other in almost every year of my life; yet I have hitherto been supported, and my wants supplied in time of need.

“Brother,—Owaneeyo sometimes suffers us to be in want, in order to teach us our dependence upon him, and to let us know that we are to love and serve him; and likewise to know the worth of the favors that we receive, and to make us more thankful.

“Brother,—Be assured that you will be supplied with food, and that just in the right time; but you must continue diligent in the use of means. Go to sleep, and rise early in the morning and go a hunting; be strong, and exert yourself like a man, and the Great Spirit will direct your way.”

The next morning I went out, and steered about an east course. I proceeded on slowly for about five miles, and saw deer frequently; but as the crust on the snow made a great noise, they were always running before I spied them, so that I could not get a shot. A violent appetite returned, and I became intolerably hungry. It was now that I concluded I would run off to Pennsylvania, my native country. As the snow was on the ground, and Indian hunters almost the whole of the way before me, I had but a poor prospect of making my escape, but my case appeared desperate. If I staid here, I thought I would perish with hunger, and if I met with Indians they could but kill me.

I then proceeded on as fast as I could walk, and when I got about

* This is the name of God, in their tongue, and signifies the owner and ruler of all things.

ten or twelve miles from our hut, I came upon fresh buffalo tracks; I pursued after, and in a short time came in sight of them as they were passing through a small glade. I ran with all my might and headed them, where I lay in ambush, and killed a very large cow. I immediately kindled a fire and began to roast meat, but could not wait till it was done; I ate it almost raw. When hunger was abated, I began to be tenderly concerned for my old Indian brother and the little boy I had left in a perishing condition. I made haste and packed up what meat I could carry, secured what I left from the wolves, and returned homewards.

I scarcely thought on the old man's speech while I was almost distracted with hunger, but on my return was much affected with it, reflected on myself for my hard-heartedness and ingratitude, in attempting to run off and leave the venerable old man and little boy to perish with hunger. I also considered how remarkably the old man's speech had been verified in our providentially obtaining a supply. I thought also of that part of his speech which treated of the fractious dispositions of hungry people, which was the only excuse I had for my base inhumanity, in attempting to leave them in the most deplorable situation.

As it was moonlight, I got home to our hut, and found the old man in his usual good humor. He thanked me for my exertion, and bid me sit down, as I must certainly be fatigued, and he commanded Nunganey to make haste and cook. I told him I would cook for him, and let the boy lay some meat on the coals for himself; which he did, and ate it almost raw as I had done. I immediately hung on the kettle with some water, and cut the beef in thin slices, and put them in. When it had boiled awhile, I proposed taking it off the fire, but the old man replied, "let it be done enough." This he said in as patient and unconcerned a manner as if he had not wanted one single meal. He commanded Nunganey to eat no more beef at that time, lest he might hurt himself, but told him to sit down, and after some time he might sup some broth; this command he reluctantly obeyed.

When we were all refreshed, Tecaughretanego delivered a speech upon the necessity and pleasure of receiving the necessary supports of life with thankfulness, knowing that Owanceyo is the great giver. Such speeches from an Indian may be thought by those who are unacquainted with them altogether incredible; but when we reflect on the Indian war, we may readily conclude that they are not an ignorant or stupid sort of people, or they would not have been such fatal enemies. When they came into our country they outwitted us; and when we sent armies into their country, they out-generalled and beat us with inferior force. Let us also take into consideration that Tecaughretanego was no common person, but was among the Indians as Socrates in the ancient heathen world; and, it may be, equal to him, if not in wisdom and learning, yet perhaps in patience and fortitude. Notwithstanding Tecaughretanego's uncommon natural abilities, yet in the sequel of this history you will see the deficiency of the light of nature, unaided by revelation, in this truly great man.

The next morning Tecaughretanego desired me to go back and

bring another load of buffalo beef. As I proceeded to do so, about five miles from our hut I found a bear tree. As a sapling grew near the tree, and reached near the hole that the bear went in at, I got dry dozed or rotten wood, that would catch and hold fire almost as well as spunk. This wood I tied up in bunches, fixed them on my back, and then climbed up the sapling, and with a pole I put them, touched with fire, into the hole, and then came down and took my gun in my hand. After some time the bear came out, and I killed and skinned it, packed up a load of the meat, (after securing the remainder from the wolves,) and returned home before night. On my return, my old brother and his son were much rejoiced at my success. After this we had plenty of provisions.

We remained here until some time in April, 1758. At this time Tecaughretanego had recovered so that he could walk about. We made a bark canoe, embarked, and went down Ollentangy some distance, but the water being low, we were in danger of splitting our canoe upon the rocks; therefore Tecaughretanego concluded we would encamp on shore, and pray for rain.

When we encamped, Tecaughretanego made himself a sweat-house, which he did by sticking a number of hoops in the ground, each hoop forming a semicircle; this he covered all over with blankets and skins. He then prepared hot stones, which he rolled into his hut, and then went into it himself with a little kettle of water in his hand, mixed with a variety of herbs, which he had formerly cured, and had now with him in his pack; they afforded an odoriferous perfume. When he was in, he told me to pull down the blankets behind him, and cover all up close, which I did, and then he began to pour water upon the hot stones, and to sing aloud. He continued in this vehement hot place about fifteen minutes. All this he did in order to purify himself before he would address the Supreme Being. When he came out of his sweat-house, he began to burn tobacco and pray. He began each petition with *oh, ho, ho, ho*, which is a kind of aspiration, and signifies an ardent wish. I observed that all his petitions were only for immediate or present temporal blessings. He began his address by thanksgiving in the following manner:

"O Great Being! I thank thee that I have obtained the use of my legs again; that I am now able to walk about and kill turkeys, &c., without feeling exquisite pain and misery. I know that thou art a hearer and a helper, and therefore I will call upon thee."

"Oh, ho, ho, ho,—Grant that my knees and ankles may be right well, and that I may be able not only to walk, but to run and jump logs, as I did last fall."

"Oh, ho, ho, ho,—Grant that on this voyage we may frequently kill bears, as they may be crossing the Sciota and Sandusky."

"Oh, ho, ho, ho,—Grant that we may kill plenty of turkeys along the banks, to stew with our fat bear meat."

"Oh, ho, ho, ho,—Grant that rain may come to raise the Ollentangy about two or three feet, that we may cross in safety down to Sciota, without danger of our canoe being wrecked on the rocks."

And now, O Great Being! thou knowest how matters stand; thou knowest that I am a great lover of tobacco, and though I know not when I may get any more, I now make a present of the last I have unto thee, as a free burnt-offering; therefore I expect thou wilt hear and grant these requests, and I, thy servant, will return thee thanks, and love thee for thy gifts."

During the whole of this scene I sat by Tecaughretanego, and as he went through it with the greatest solemnity, I was seriously affected with his prayers. I remained duly composed until he came to the burning of the tobacco; and as I knew that he was a great lover of it, and saw him cast the last of it into the fire, it excited in me a kind of merriment, and I insensibly smiled. Tecaughretanego observed me laughing, which displeased him, and occasioned him to address me in the following manner:

"Brother,—I have somewhat to say to you, and I hope you will not be offended when I tell you of your faults. You know that when you were reading your books in town, I would not let the boys or any one disturb you; but now, when I was praying, I saw you laughing. I do not think that you look upon praying as a foolish thing; I believe you pray yourself. But perhaps you may think my mode or manner of praying foolish; if so, you ought in a friendly manner to instruct me, and not make sport of sacred things."

I acknowledged my error, and on this he handed me his pipe to smoke, in token of friendship and reconciliation, though at this time he had nothing to smoke but red willow bark. I told him something of the method of reconciliation with an offended God, as revealed in my Bible, which I had then in possession. He said that he liked my story better than that of the French priests, but he thought that he was now too old to begin to learn a new religion, therefore he should continue to worship God in the way that he had been taught, and that if salvation or future happiness was to be had in his way of worship, he expected he would obtain it; and if it was inconsistent with the honor of the Great Spirit to accept of him in his own way of worship, he hoped that Owaneeyo would accept of him in the way I had mentioned, or in some other way, though he might now be ignorant of the channel through which favor or mercy might be conveyed. He said that he believed that Owaneeyo would hear and help every one that sincerely waited upon him.

Here we may see how far the light of nature could go; perhaps we see it here almost in its highest extent. Notwithstanding the just views that this great man entertained of Providence, yet we now see him (though he acknowledged his guilt,) expecting to appease the Deity, and procure his favor, by burning a little tobacco. We may observe that all heathen nations, as far as we can find out either by tradition or the light of nature, agree with revelation in this, that sacrifice is necessary, or that some kind of atonement is to be made in order to remove guilt and reconcile them to God. This, accompanied with numberless other witnesses, is sufficient evidence of the rationality of the Scriptures.

A few days after Tecaughretanego had gone through his ceremonies and finished his prayers, the rain came and raised the creek a sufficient height, so that we passed in safety down to Sciota, and proceeded up to the carrying-place. Let us now describe the land on this route from our winter hut, and down Ollentangy to the Sciota, and up it to the carrying-place.

About our winter cabin is chiefly first and second rate land. A considerable way up Ollentangy, on the southwest side thereof, or betwixt it and the Miami, there is a very large prairie, and from this prairie down Ollentangy to Sciota is generally first rate land. The timber is walnut, sugar-tree, ash, buckeye, locust, wild cherry, and spice-wood, intermixed with some oak and beech. From the mouth of Ollentangy, on the east side of Sciota, up to the carrying-place, there is a large body of first and second rate land, and tolerably well watered. The timber is ash, sugar-tree, walnut, locust, oak, and beech. Up near the carrying-place the land is a little hilly, but the soil good. We proceeded from this place down Sandusky, and in our passage we killed four bears and a number of turkeys. Tecaughretanego appeared now fully persuaded that this came in answer to his prayers, and who can say with any degree of certainty that it was not so?

When we came to the little lake at the mouth of Sandusky, we called at a Wyandot town that was then there, called Sunyendeand. Here we diverted ourselves several days by catching rock-fish in a small creek, the name of which is also Sunyendeand, which signifies rock-fish. They fished in the night with lights, and struck the fish with gigs or spears. The rock-fish here, when they begin first to run up the creek to spawn, are exceedingly fat, sufficiently so to fry themselves. The first night we scarcely caught fish enough for present use for all that were in the town.

The next morning I met with a prisoner at this place by the name of Thompson, who had been taken from Virginia. He told me if the Indians would only omit disturbing the fish for one night, he could catch more fish than the whole town could make use of. I told Mr. Thompson that if he was certain he could do this, that I would use my influence with the Indians to let the fish alone for one night. I applied to the chiefs, who agreed to my proposal, and said they were anxious to see what the Great Knife (as they called the Virginian,) could do. Mr. Thompson, with the assistance of some other prisoners, set to work and made a hoop-net of elm bark; they then cut down a tree across the creek, and stuck in stakes at the lower side of it to prevent the fish from passing up, leaving only a gap at the one side of the creek; here he sat with his net, and when he felt the fish touch the net he drew it up, and frequently would haul out two or three rock-fish that would weigh about five or six pounds each. He continued at this until he had hauled out about a wagon load, and then left the gap open in order to let them pass up, for they could not go far on account of the shallow water. Before day Mr. Thompson shut it up, to prevent them from passing down, in order to let the Indians have some diversion in killing them in daylight.

When the news of the fish came to town, the Indians all collected, and with surprise beheld the large heap of fish, and applauded the ingenuity of the Virginian. When they saw the number of them that were confined in the water above the tree, the young Indians ran back to the town, and in a short time returned with their spears, gigs, bows and arrows, &c., and were the chief part of that day engaged in killing rock-fish, insomuch that we had more than we could use or preserve. As we had no salt, or any way to keep them, they lay upon the banks, and after some time great numbers of turkey-buzzards and eagles collected together and devoured them.

Shortly after this we left Sunyendeand, and in three days arrived at Detroit, where we remained this summer.

Some time in May we heard that General Forbes, with seven thousand men, was preparing to carry on a campaign against Fort Du Quesne, which then stood near where Fort Pitt was afterwards erected. Upon receiving this news, a number of runners were sent off by the French commander at Detroit to urge the different tribes of Indian warriors to repair to Fort Du Quesne.

Some time in July, 1758, the Ottawas, Jibewas, Pottowatomies, and Wyandots, rendezvoused at Detroit, and marched off to Fort Du Quesne, to prepare for the encounter of General Forbes. The common report was that they would serve him as they did General Braddock, and obtain much plunder. From this time until fall, we had frequent accounts of Forbes's army, by Indian runners that were sent out to watch their motion. They espied them frequently from the mountains ever after they left Fort Loudon. Notwithstanding their vigilance, Colonel Grant, with his Highlanders, stole a march upon them, and in the night took possession of a hill about eighty rods from Fort Du Quesne; this hill is on that account called Grant's Hill to this day. The French and Indians knew not that Grant and his men were there, until they beat the drum and played upon the bagpipes just at daylight. They then flew to arms, and the Indians ran up under cover of the banks of the Alleghany and Monongahela for some distance, and then sallied out from the banks of the rivers, and took possession of the hill above Grant; and as he was on the point of it, in sight of the fort, they immediately surrounded him, and as he had his Highlanders in ranks, and in very close order, and the Indians scattered and concealed behind trees, they defeated him with the loss only of a few warriors; most of the Highlanders were killed or taken prisoners.

After this defeat the Indians held a council, but were divided in their opinions. Some said that General Forbes would now turn back and go home the way that he came, as Dunbar had done when General Braddock was defeated; others supposed he would come on. The French urged the Indians to stay and see the event; but as it was hard for the Indians to be absent from their squaws and children at this season of the year, a great many of them returned home to their hunting. After this, the remainder of the Indians, some French regulars, and a number of Canadians, marched off in quest of General

Forbes. They met his army near Fort Ligoneer, and attacked them, but were frustrated in their design. They said that Forbes's men were beginning to learn the art of war, and that there were a great number of American riflemen along with the red-coats, who scattered out, took trees, and were good marksmen; therefore they found they could not accomplish their design, and were obliged to retreat. When they returned from the battle to Fort Du Quesne, the Indians concluded that they would go to their hunting. The French endeavored to persuade them to stay and try another battle. The Indians said if it was only the red-coats they had to do with, they could soon subdue them, but they could not withstand *Ashalecoa*, or the Great Knife, which was the name they gave the Virginians. They then returned home to their hunting, and the French evacuated the fort, which Gen. Forbes came and took possession of, without further opposition, late in the year 1758, and at this time began to build Fort Pitt.

When Tecaughretanego had heard the particulars of Grant's defeat, he said that he could not well account for his contradictory and inconsistent conduct. He said, as the art of war consists in ambushing and surprising our enemies, and in preventing them from ambushing and surprising us, Grant, in the first place, acted like a wise and experienced warrior in artfully approaching in the night without being discovered; but when he came to the place, and the Indians were lying asleep outside of the fort, between him and the Alleghany river, in place of slipping up quietly, and falling upon them with their broadswords, they beat the drums and played upon the bagpipes. He said he could account for this inconsistent conduct no other way than by supposing that he had made too free with spirituous liquors during the night, and became intoxicated about daylight. But to return.

This year we hunted up Sandusky and down Sciota, and took nearly the same route that we had done the last hunting season. We had considerable success, and returned to Detroit some time in April, 1759.

Shortly after this, Tecaughretanego, his son Nunganey and myself, went from Detroit (in an elm-bark canoe) to Caughnewaga, a very ancient Indian town, about nine miles above Montreal, where I remained until about the first of July. I then heard of a French ship at Montreal that had English prisoners on board, in order to carry them over sea and exchange them. I went privately off from the Indians, and got also on board; but as General Wolfe had stopped the river St. Lawrence, we were all sent to prison in Montreal, where I remained four months. Some time in November we were all sent off from this place to Crown Point, and exchanged.

Early in the year 1760, I came home to Conococheague, and found that my people could never ascertain whether I was killed or taken until my return. They received me with great joy, but were surprised to see me so much like an Indian both in my gait and gesture.

Upon inquiry, I found that my sweetheart was married a few days before I arrived. My feelings I must leave on this occasion for those

of my readers to judge who have felt the pangs of disappointed love, as it is impossible now for me to describe the emotion of soul I felt at that time.

Now there was peace with the Indians, which lasted until the year 1763. Some time in May, this year, I married, and about that time the Indians again commenced hostilities, and were busily engaged in killing and scalping the frontier inhabitants in various parts of Pennsylvania. The whole Conococheague valley, from the North to the South Mountain, had been almost entirely evacuated during Braddock's war. This State was then a Quaker government, and at the first of this war the frontiers received no assistance from the State. As the people were now beginning to live at home again, they thought it hard to be drove away a second time, and were determined, if possible, to make a stand; therefore they raised as much money by collections and subscriptions as would pay a company of riflemen for several months. The subscribers met, and elected a committee to manage the business. The committee appointed me captain of this company of rangers, and gave me the appointment of my subalterns. I chose two of the most active young men I could find, who had also been long in captivity with the Indians. As we enlisted our men, we dressed them uniformly in the Indian manner, with breech-clouts, leggins, moccasins, and green shrouds, which we wore in the same manner that the Indians do, and nearly as the Highlanders wear their plaids. In place of hats we wore red handkerchiefs, and painted our faces red and black like Indian warriors. I taught them the Indian discipline, as I knew of no other at that time, which would answer the purpose much better than British. We succeeded beyond expectation in defending the frontiers, and were extolled by our employers. Near the conclusion of this expedition I accepted of an ensign's commission in the regular service, under King George, in what was then called the Pennsylvania line. Upon my resignation, my lieutenant succeeded me in command the rest of the time they were to serve. In the fall (the same year) I went on the Susquehanna campaign against the Indians, under the command of General Armstrong. In this route we burnt the Delaware and Monsey towns, on the west branch of the Susquehanna, and destroyed all their corn.

In the year 1764 I received a lieutenant's commission, and went out on Gen. Bouquet's campaign against the Indians on the Muskingum. Here we brought them to terms, and promised to be at peace with them, upon condition that they would give up all our people that they had then in captivity among them. They then delivered unto us three hundred of the prisoners, and said that they could not collect them all at this time, as it was now late in the year, and they were far scattered; but they promised that they would bring them all into Fort Pitt early next spring, and as security that they would do this, they delivered to us six of their chiefs as hostages. Upon this we settled a cessation of arms for six months, and promised, upon their fulfilling the aforesaid condition, to make with them a permanent peace.

A little below Fort Pitt the hostages all made their escape. Shortly

after this the Indians stole horses and killed some people on the frontiers. The king's proclamation was then circulated and set up in various public places, prohibiting any person from trading with the Indians until further orders.

Notwithstanding all this, about the first of March, 1765, a number of wagons, loaded with Indian goods and warlike stores, were sent from Philadelphia to Henry Pollens, Conococheague, and from thence seventy pack horses were loaded with these goods, in order to carry them to Fort Pitt. This alarmed the country, and Mr. William Duffield raised about fifty armed men, and met the pack horses at the place where Mercersburg now stands. Mr. Duffield desired the employers to store up their goods, and not proceed until further orders. They made light of this, and went over the North Mountain, where they lodged in a small valley called the Great Cove. Mr. Duffield and his party followed after, and came to their lodging, and again urged them to store up their goods; he reasoned with them on the impropriety of the proceedings, and the great danger the frontier inhabitants would be exposed to, if the Indians should now get a supply: he said, as it was well known that they had scarcely any ammunition, and were almost naked, to supply them now would be a kind of murder, and would be illegally trading at the expense of the blood and treasure of the frontiers. Notwithstanding his powerful reasoning, these traders made game of what he said, and would only answer him by ludicrous burlesque.

When I beheld this, and found that Mr. Duffield would not compel them to store up their goods, I collected ten of my old warriors, that I had formerly disciplined in the Indian way, went off privately after night and encamped in the woods. The next day, as usual, we blacked and painted, and waylaid them near Sidelong Hill. I scattered my men about forty rods along the side of the road, and ordered every two to take a tree, and about eight or ten rods between each couple, with orders to keep a reserve fire, one not to fire until his comrade had loaded his gun; by this means we kept up a constant slow fire upon them, from front to rear. We then heard nothing of these traders' merriment or burlesque. When they saw their pack horses falling close by them, they called out, pray, gentlemen, what would you have us to do? The reply was, collect all your loads to the front, and unload them in one place; take your private property, and immediately retire. When they were gone, we burnt what they left, which consisted of blankets, shirts, vermillion, lead beads, wampum, tomahawks, scalping-knives, &c.

The traders went back to Fort Loudon, and applied to the commanding officer there, and got a party of Highland soldiers, and went with them in quest of the robbers, as they called us; and without applying to a magistrate, or obtaining any civil authority, but barely upon suspicion, they took a number of creditable persons prisoners, (who were chiefly not any way concerned in this action,) and confined them in the guard-house in Fort Loudon. I then raised three hundred riflemen, marched to Fort Loudon, and encamped on a

hill in sight of the fort. We were not long there, until we had more than double as many of the British troops prisoners in our camp as they had of our people in the guard-house. Captain Grant, a Highland officer, who commanded Fort Loudon, then sent a flag of truce to our camp, where we settled a cartel, and gave them above two for one, which enabled us to redeem all our men from the guard-house, without further difficulty.

After this, Captain Grant kept a number of rifle guns which the Highlanders had taken from the country people, and refused to give them up. As he was riding out one day, we took him prisoner, and detained him until he delivered up the arms; we also destroyed a large quantity of gunpowder that the traders had stored up, lest it might be conveyed privately to the Indians. The king's troops and our party had now got entirely out of the channel of the civil law, and many unjustifiable things were done by both parties. This convinced me, more than ever I had been before, of the absolute necessity of the civil law in order to govern mankind.

After this, we kept up a guard of men on the frontiers, for several months, to prevent supplies being sent to the Indians, until it was proclaimed that Sir William Johnson had made peace with them, and then we let the traders pass unmolested.

In the year 1766, I heard that Sir William Johnson, the king's agent for settling affairs with the Indians, had purchased from them all the land west of the Appalachian Mountains that lay between the Ohio and Cherokee rivers; and as I knew, by conversing with the Indians in their own tongue, that there was a large body of rich land there, I concluded I would take a tour westward and explore that country.

I set out about the last of June, 1766, and went in the first place to Holstein river, and from thence I travelled westward in company with Joshua Horton, Uriah Stone, William Baker and James Smith, who came from near Carlisle. There were only four white men of us, and a mulatto slave about eighteen years of age, that Mr. Horton had with him. We explored the country south of Kentucky, and there was no more sign of white men there then, than there is now west of the head waters of the Missouri. We also explored Cumberland and Tennessee rivers, from Stone's* river down to the Ohio.

When we came to the mouth of Tennessee, my fellow travellers concluded that they would proceed on to the Illinois, and see some more of the land to the west; this I would not agree to. As I had already been longer from home than what I expected, I thought my wife would be distressed, and think I was killed by the Indians; therefore I concluded I would return home. I sent my horse with my fellow travellers to the Illinois, as it was difficult to take a horse through the mountains. My comrades gave me the greatest part of

* Stone's river is a south branch of Cumberland, and empties into it above Nashville. We first gave it this name in our journal, in May, 1767, after one of my fellow travellers, Mr. Uriah Stone, and I am told that it retains the same name unto this day.

the ammunition they then had, which amounted only to half a pound of powder, and lead equivalent. Mr. Horton also lent me his mulatto boy, and I then set off through the wilderness for Carolina.

About eight days after I left my company at the mouth of Tennessee, on my journey eastward I got a cane stab in my foot, which occasioned my leg to swell, and I suffered much pain. I was now in a doleful situation; far from any of the human species, excepting black Jamie, or the savages, and I knew not when I might meet with them. My case appeared desperate, and I thought something must be done. All the surgical instruments I had was a knife, a moccasin awl, and a pair of bullet-moulds; with these I determined to draw the snag from my foot, if possible. I stuck the awl in the skin, and with the knife I cut the flesh away from around the cane, and then commanded the mulatto fellow to catch it with the bullet-moulds, and pull it out, which he did. When I saw it, it seemed a shocking thing to be in any person's foot; it will therefore be supposed that I was very glad to have it out. The black fellow attended upon me, and obeyed my directions faithfully. I ordered him to search for Indian medicine, and told him to get me a quantity of bark from the root of a lynn tree, which I made him beat on a stone, with a tomahawk, and boil it in a kettle, and with the ooze I bathed my foot and leg; what remained when I had finished bathing I boiled to a jelly and made poultices thereof. As I had no rags, I made use of the green moss that grows upon logs, and wrapped it round with elm bark; by this means, (simple as it may seem,) the swelling and inflammation in a great measure abated. As stormy weather appeared, I ordered Jamie to make us a shelter, which he did by erecting forks and poles, and covering them over with cane tops, like a fodder house. It was about one hundred yards from a large buffalo road. As we were almost out of provision, I commanded Jamie to take my gun, and I went along as well as I could, concealed myself near the road, and killed a buffalo. When this was done, we jerked* the lean, and fried the tallow out of the fat meat, which we kept to stew with our jerk as we needed it.

I continued in this place until I could walk slowly without crutches. As I now lay near a great buffalo road, I was afraid that the Indians might be passing that way, and discover my fire-place; therefore I moved off some distance, where I remained until I killed an elk. As my foot was yet sore, I concluded that I would stay here until it was healed, lest by travelling too soon it might again be inflamed.

In a few weeks after I proceeded on, and in October I arrived in Carolina. I had now been eleven months in the wilderness, and during this time I neither saw bread, money, women, nor spirituous liquors; and three months of which I saw none of the human species except Jamie.

* Jerk is a name well known by the hunters and frontier inhabitants for meat cut in small pieces and laid on a scaffold, over a slow fire, whereby it is roasted until it is thoroughly dry.

When I came into the settlement my clothes were almost worn out, and the boy had nothing on him that ever was spun. He had buck-skin leggins, moccasins, and breech-clout, a bear-skin dressed with the hair on, which he belted about him, and a raccoon-skin cap. I had not travelled far after I came in before I was strictly examined by the inhabitants. I told them the truth, and where I came from, &c., but my story appeared so strange to them that they did not believe me. They said that they never heard of any one coming through the mountains from the mouth of Tennessee, and if any one would undertake such a journey, surely no man would lend him his slave. They said that they thought that all I had told them were lies, and on suspicion they took me into custody and set a guard over me.

While I was confined here, I met with a reputable old acquaintance, who voluntarily became my voucher, and also told me of a number of my acquaintance that now lived near this place, who had moved from Pennsylvania; on this being made public I was liberated. I went to a magistrate and obtained a pass, and one of my old acquaintance made me a present of a shirt. I then cast away my old rags, and all the clothes I now had was an old beaver hat, buck-skin leggins, moccasins, and a new shirt; also an old blanket, which I commonly carried on my back in good weather. Being thus equipped, I marched on with my white shirt loose, and Jamie with his bear-skin about him; myself appearing white, and Jamie very black, alarmed the dogs wherever we came, so that they barked violently. The people frequently came out and asked me where we came from, &c. I told them the truth, but they for the most part suspected my story, and I generally had to show them my pass. In this way I came on to Fort Chissel, where I left Jamie at Mr. Horton's negro quarter, according to promise. I went from thence to Mr. George Adams's, on Reed Creek, where I had lodged, and where I had left my clothes as I was going out from home. When I dressed myself in good clothes, and mounted on horseback, no man ever asked me for a pass; therefore I concluded that a horse-thief, or even a robber, might pass without interruption, provided he was only well dressed, whereas the shabby villain would be immediately detected.

I returned home to Conococheague in the fall of 1767. When I arrived, I found that my wife and friends had despaired of ever seeing me again, as they had heard that I was killed by the Indians, and my horse brought into one of the Cherokee towns.

In the year 1769, the Indians again made incursions on the frontiers, yet the traders continued carrying goods and warlike stores to them. The frontiers took the alarm, and a number of persons collected, destroyed and plundered a quantity of their powder, lead, &c., in Bedford county. Shortly after this, some of these persons, with others, were apprehended and laid in irons in the guard-house in Fort Bedford, on suspicion of being the perpetrators of this crime.

Though I did not altogether approve of the conduct of this new club of black boys, yet I concluded that they should not lie in irons in the

guard-house, or remain in confinement by arbitrary or military power. I resolved, therefore, if possible, to release them, if they even should be tried by the civil law afterwards. I collected eighteen of my old black boys, that I had seen tried in the Indian war, &c. I did not desire a large party, lest they should be too much alarmed at Bedford, and accordingly prepared for us. We marched along the public road in daylight, and made no secret of our design. We told those whom we met that we were going to take Fort Bedford, which appeared to them a very unlikely story. Before this, I made it known to one William Thompson, a man whom I could trust, and who lived there. Him I employed as a spy, and sent him along on horseback before, with orders to meet me at a certain place near Bedford one hour before day. The next day, a little before sunset, we encamped near the crossings of Juniata, about fourteen miles from Bedford, and erected tents, as though we intended staying all night, and not a man in my company knew to the contrary except myself. Knowing that they would hear this in Bedford, and wishing it to be the case, I thought to surprise them by stealing a march.

As the moon rose about eleven o'clock, I ordered my boys to march; and we went on at the rate of five miles an hour, until we met Thompson at the place appointed. He told us that the commanding officer had frequently heard of us by travellers, and had ordered thirty men upon guard. He said they knew our number, and only made game of the notion of eighteen men coming to rescue the prisoners; but they did not expect us until towards the middle of the day. I asked him if the gate was open. He said it was then shut, but he expected they would open it as usual at daylight, as they apprehended no danger. I then moved my men privately up under the banks of Juniata, where we lay concealed about one hundred yards from the fort gate. I had ordered the men to keep a profound silence until we got into it. I then sent off Thompson again to spy. At daylight he returned, and told us that the gate was open, and three sentinels were standing on the wall; that the guards were taking a morning dram, and the arms standing together in one place. I then concluded to rush into the fort, and told Thompson to run before me to the arms. We ran with all our might, and as it was a misty morning, the sentinels hardly saw us until we were within the gate, and took possession of the arms. Just as we were entering, two of them discharged their guns, though I do not believe they aimed at us. We then raised a shout, which surprised the town, though some of them were well pleased with the news. We compelled a blacksmith to take the irons off the prisoners, and then left the place. This, I believe, was the first British fort in America that was taken by what they called American rebels.

Some time after this I took a journey westward, in order to survey some located land I had on and near the Youhogany. As I passed near Bedford, while I was walking and leading my horse, I was overtaken by some men on horseback, like travellers. One of them asked my name, and on telling it, they immediately pulled out their pistols,

and presented them at me, calling upon me to deliver myself, or I was a dead man. I stepped back, presented my rifle, and told them to stand off. One of them snapped a pistol at me, and another was preparing to shoot, when I fired my piece. One of them also fired near the same time, and one of my fellow-travellers fell. The assailants then rushed up, and as my gun was empty, they took and tied me. I charged them with killing my fellow-traveller, and told them he was a man that I had accidentally met with on the road, that had nothing to do with the public quarrel. They asserted that I had killed him. I told them that my gun blowed, or made a slow fire; that I had her from my face before she went off, or I would not have missed my mark; and from the position my piece was in when it went off, it was not likely that my gun killed this man, yet I acknowledged I was not certain that it was not so. They then carried me to Bedford, laid me in irons in the guard-house, summoned a jury of the opposite party, and held an inquest. The jury brought me in guilty of wilful murder. As they were afraid to keep me long in Bedford for fear of a rescue, they sent me privately through the wilderness to Carlisle, where I was laid in heavy irons.

Shortly after I came here, we heard that a number of my old black boys were coming to tear down the jail. I told the sheriff that I would not be rescued, as I knew the indictment was wrong; therefore I wished to stand my trial. As I had found the black boys to be always under good command, I expected I could prevail on them to return, and therefore wished to write to them. To this the sheriff readily agreed. I wrote a letter to them, with irons on my hands, which was immediately sent; but as they had heard that I was in irons, they would come on. When we heard they were near the town, I told the sheriff I would speak to them out of the window, and if the irons were off, I made no doubt but I could prevail on them to desist. The sheriff ordered them to be taken off, and just as they were taking off my bands, the black boys came running up to the jail. I went to the window and called to them, and they gave attention. I told them as my indictment was for wilful murder, to admit of being rescued would appear dishonorable. I thanked them for their kind intentions, and told them the greatest favor they could confer upon me would be to grant me this one request, *to withdraw from the jail and return in peace*; to this they complied, and withdrew. While I was speaking, the irons were taken off my feet, and never again put on.

Before this party arrived at Conococheague, they met about three hundred more on the way, coming to their assistance, and were resolved to take me out; they then turned, and all came together to Carlisle. The reason they gave for coming again was, because they thought that government was so enraged at me that I would not get a fair trial. But my friends and myself together again prevailed on them to return in peace.

I remained in prison four months, and during this time I often thought of those that were confined in the time of the persecution, who declared their prison was converted into a palace. I now learned

what this meant, as I never since nor before experienced four months of equal happiness.

When the supreme court sat, I was severely prosecuted. At the commencement of my trial, the judges, in a very unjust and arbitrary manner, rejected several of my evidences; yet, as Robert George (one of those who was in the affray when I was taken) swore in court that he snapped a pistol at me before I shot, and a concurrence of corroborating circumstances amounted to strong presumptive evidence that it could not possibly be my gun that killed Johnson, the jury, without hesitation, brought in their verdict, not guilty. One of the judges then declared that not one of this jury should ever hold an office above a constable. Notwithstanding this proud, ill-natured declaration, some of these jurymen afterwards filled honorable places, and I myself was elected the next year, and sat on the board* in Bedford county, and afterwards I served in the board three years in Westmoreland county.

In the year 1776, I was appointed a major in the Pennsylvania association. When American independence was declared, I was elected a member of the convention in Westmoreland county, State of Pennsylvania, and of the assembly, as long as I proposed to serve.

While I attended the assembly in Philadelphia, in the year 1777, I saw in the street some of my old boys, on their way to the Jerseys, against the British, and they desired me to go with them; I petitioned the house for leave of absence, in order to head a scouting party, which was granted me. We marched into the Jerseys, and went before General Washington's army, waylaid the road at Rocky Hill, attacked about two hundred of the British, and with thirty-six men drove them out of the woods, into a large open field. After this, we attacked a party that were guarding the officers' baggage, and took the wagon and twenty-two Hessians; and also retook some of our continental soldiers, which they had with them. In a few days we killed and took more of the British than was of our party. At this time I took the camp fever, and was carried in a stage wagon to Burlington, where I lay until I recovered. When I took sick, my companion, Major James M'Common, took the command of the party, and had greater success than I had. If every officer, and his party, that lifted arms against the English, had fought with the same success that Major M'Common did, we would have made short work of the British war.

In the year 1778, I received a colonel's commission, and after my return to Westmoreland the Indians made an attack upon our frontiers. I then raised men and pursued them, and the second day we overtook and defeated them. We likewise took four scalps, and recovered the horses and plunder which they were carrying off. At the time of this attack, Captain John Hinkston pursued an Indian, both their guns being empty, and after the fray was over he was missing. While we were inquiring about him, he came walking up, seemingly

* A board of commissioners was annually elected in Pennsylvania to regulate taxes and lay the county levy.

unconcerned, with a bloody scalp in his hand; he had pursued the Indian about a quarter of a mile, and tomahawked him.

Not long after this, I was called upon to command four hundred riflemen on an expedition against the Indian town on French creek. It was some time in November before I received orders from General McIntosh to march, and then we were poorly equipped and scarce of provision. We marched in three columns, forty rods from each other. There were also flankers on the outside of each column, that marched abreast in the rear, in scattered order; and even in the columns the men were one rod apart; and in the front the volunteers marched abreast in the same manner of the flankers, scouring the woods. In case of an attack, the officers were immediately to order the men to face out and take trees; in this position, the Indians could not avail themselves by surrounding us, or have an opportunity of shooting a man from either side of the tree. If attacked, the centre column was to reinforce whatever part appeared to require it most. When we encamped, our encampment formed a hollow square, including about thirty or forty acres; on the outside of the square, there were sentinels placed, whose business it was to watch for the enemy, and see that neither horses nor bullocks went out; and when encamped, if any attacks were made by an enemy, each officer was immediately to order the men to face out and take trees, as before mentioned; and in this form, they could not take the advantage by surrounding us, as they commonly had done when they fought the whites.

In this manner, we proceeded on to French creek, where we found the Indian town evacuated. I then went on further than my orders called for, in quest of Indians; but our provision being nearly exhausted, we were obliged to return. On our way back we met with considerable difficulties, on account of high waters and scarcity of provision; yet we never lost one horse, excepting some that gave out.

After peace was made with the Indians, I met with some of them in Pittsburg, and inquired of them in their own tongue concerning this expedition, not letting them know I was there. They told me that they watched the movements of this army ever after they had left Fort Pitt, and as they passed through the glades or barrens they had a full view of them from the adjacent hills, and computed their number to be about one thousand. They said they also examined their camps, both before and after they were gone, and found they could not make an advantageous attack, and therefore moved off from their town and hunting ground before we arrived.

In the year 1788, I settled in Bourbon county, Kentucky, seven miles above Paris, and in the same year was elected a member of the convention that sat at Danville to confer about a separation from the State of Virginia; and from that year until the year 1799, I represented Bourbon county either in convention or as a member of the General Assembly, except two years that I was left a few votes behind.

CHAPTER XXIV.

HARRIS'S ESCAPE.

There stands to this day, near the river Susquehanna, in the borough of Harrisburg, the trunk of a mulberry tree, that flourished in full vigor, when William Penn first arrived in the Delaware. At the foot of this tree there is a grave, surrounded by a board fence. It is the sepulchre of the father of the founder of the present seat of government of Pennsylvania. He came to America soon after Penn. He was a Yorkshireman by birth, and in humble life; and it is said assisted to clear away the wood, grub the stumps, and open the streets of Philadelphia. Being an enterprising man, he soon became an active pioneer, and with the fruit of his industry, commencing a trade with the Indians, penetrated by degrees to the westward, until he reached the Susquehanna, on the left bank of which river he built himself a cabin, and sat down permanently at the very spot where the town of Harrisburg now stands.

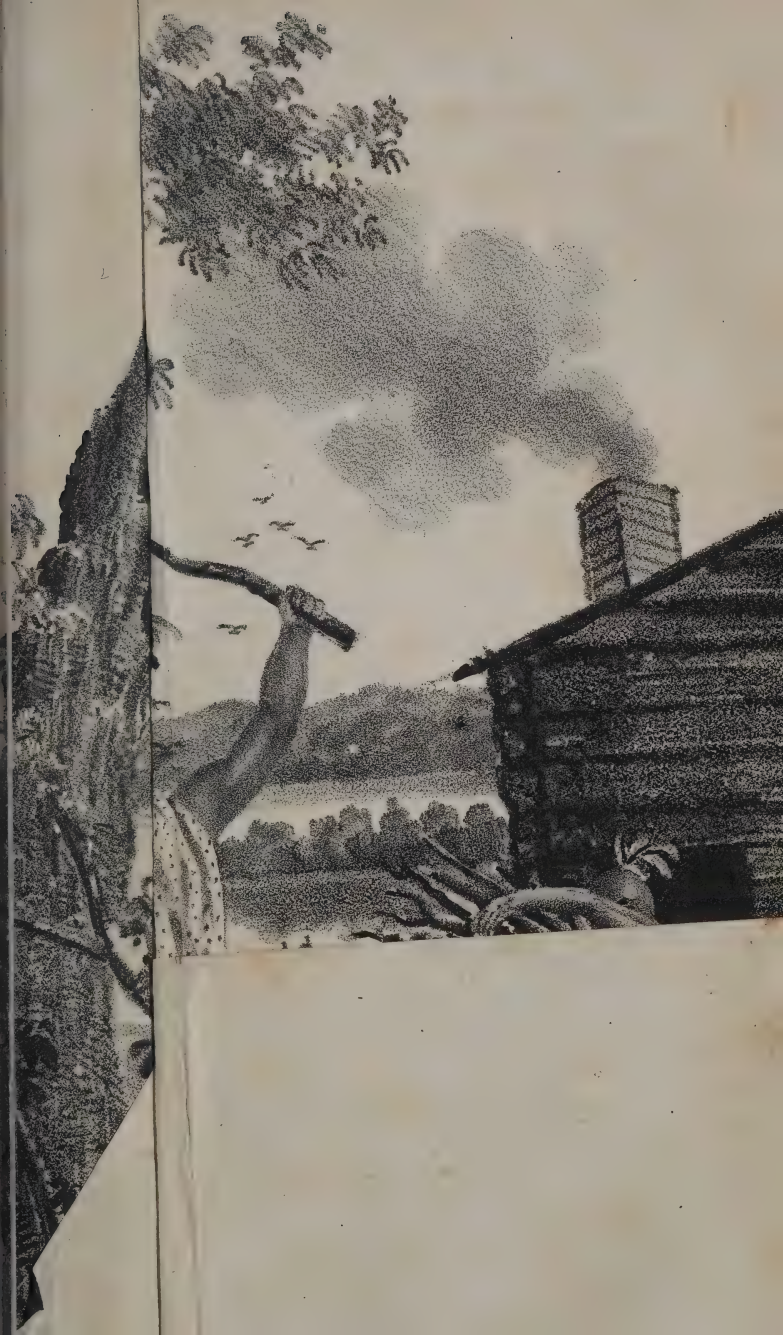
Here he deposited his merchandise, and opened a profitable commerce with his red neighbors, who were numerous about the Paxton creek, and had several villages in its vicinity, along the Susquehanna shore. Mr. Harris acquired the friendship of most of these tribes, receiving their peltry and other objects of Indian traffic, for his ammunition and rum. This led to an active exchange of commodities, and gradually enabled him to purchase the land adjacent to his establishment, and to undertake considerable agricultural improvements.*

The majestic Susquehanna, nearly a mile broad, flowed in front of his hut, while along its high banks nothing was to be seen but one dark mass of woods, reaching to the summit of the lofty hills that bounded the view in every direction. In the bosom of this wilderness Mr. Harris's family was located, and here was born Mr. John Harris, who, in the year 1785, laid out Harrisburg, and who was the first white child born to the west of Conewago creek.

In this state of things, it happened one day, that a number of his Indian customers, who had been drinking freely, called for an additional supply of rum. On Mr. Harris's refusing to gratify them, they dragged him from his hut, and bound him to that very mulberry tree, at the foot of which he now lies buried.

Here they declared to burn him alive, and bade him prepare for instant death. Dry wood was gathered and fire held in readiness to

* We learn from some of Mr. Harris's descendants, that he had, previous to his emigration, worked as a brewer in London, and that he brought with him to this country sixteen guineas, which was the whole of his property. His first purchase of land on the Susquehanna was a tract of five hundred acres from Edward Shippen, for which he paid £190. The deed is dated December 19, 1733. Mr. Harris was the first person who introduced the use of the plough in the neighborhood of the Susquehanna.



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Sawlar's Lith.

EVENTS OF INDIAN HISTORY.



kindle it; the yells of the exasperated savages echoed along the shore, while with demoniac gestures they danced around their victim. Death in its most cruel form was before him, and bereft of hope he gave himself for lost. In vain did he supplicate for mercy, and offer every thing in exchange for life; deaf to his entreaties, and determined on his destruction, they declared he should die. The fire was brought to the pile, and about being applied, when a band of friendly Indians, in numbers sufficient to rescue him, burst from the woods and set him at liberty.

These Indians were led on by a negro man named Hercules, a slave belonging to Mr. Harris, who at the first alarm ran to a neighboring tribe to beg for succor, and now brought it to his master's relief. The deliverance was well timed. A moment's delay would have been fatal. The presence of mind, the decision, and the speed of this negro alone saved the respectable Mr. Harris; and so sensible was he of the great service rendered to him by this poor slave, that he instantly emancipated him, and the descendants of the worthy Hercules now reside at Harrisburg, and enjoy their freedom so nobly won, in the bosom of the large community who occupy the ground on which the occurrence took place.

Wherever this story is related, let the virtuous African share largely in our praise and admiration.

An escape so providential was suited to make a deep and lasting impression on the mind of Mr. Harris. Pious and grateful feelings fastened on the heart. It was a signal deliverance; it was a manifest evidence of God's merciful interposition. Struck with this conviction, Mr. Harris, in order to perpetuate the memory of it among his own descendants, directed that at his death his body should be deposited at the foot of this mulberry tree; and there it lies, a memento at once of savage ebriety, domestic fidelity, and, above all, of the watchfulness of Him "who alone can inflict or withhold the stroke of death."

CHAPTER XXV.

THE FOLLOWING RECORDS OF THE EARLY TRANSACTIONS OF THE CONESTOGA INDIANS, ARE COPIED FROM THE MINUTES OF THE PROVINCIAL COUNCIL, OF THE YEAR 1721, AND IT WILL BE SEEN THAT THE MINGOES OR CONESTOGAS WERE A LARGE AND POWERFUL TRIBE.

At a council held at Conestoga, July 6th, 1721, were present, the Honorable Sir William Keith, Bart., Governor; Richard Hill; Caleb Pusey; Jonathan Dickinson; Colonel John French; James Logan, Secretary. The governor spoke to the Conestoga Indians, as follows:

My Brothers and Children,—So soon as you sent me word that your near friends and relations, the chiefs of the Five Nations, were come to visit you, I made haste and am come up to see both you and

them, and to assure all the Indians of the continuance of my love to them.

Your old acquaintance and true friend, the great William Penn, was a wise man, and therefore he did not approve of wars among the Indians whom he loved, because it wasted and destroyed their people, but always recommended peace to the Indians as the surest way to make them rich and strong by increasing their numbers.

Some of you can very well remember since William Penn and his friends came first to settle amongst you in this country; it is but a few years, and like as yesterday to an old man; nevertheless, by following that great man's peaceable councils this government is now become wealthy and powerful in great numbers of people, and though many of our inhabitants are not accustomed to war, and dislike the practice of men's killing one another, yet you cannot but know I am able to bring several thousands into the field well armed, to defend both your people and ours from being hurt by any enemy that durst attempt to invade us; however, we do not forget what William Penn often told us, that the experience of old age, which is true wisdom, advises peace; and I say to you, that the wisest man is also the bravest man, for he safely depends on his wisdom, and there is no true courage without it. I have so great a love for you, my dear brothers, who live under the protection of this government, that I cannot suffer you to be hurt no more than I would my own children; I am but just now returned from Virginia, where I wearied myself in a long journey both by land and water, only to make peace for you, my children, that you may safely hunt in the woods without danger from Virginia and the many Indian nations that are at peace with that government. But the Governor of Virginia expects that you will not hunt within the Great Mountains on the other side of Potomac river, being it is a small tract of land which he keeps for the Virginia Indians to hunt in, and he promises that his Indians shall not any more come on this side of the Potomac, or behind the Great Mountains this way to disturb your hunting; and this is the condition I have made for you, which I expect you will firmly keep, and not break it on any consideration whatsoever.

I desire that what I have now said to you may be interpreted to the chiefs of the Five Nations present, for as you are a part of them, they are in like manner one with us as you yourselves are, and therefore our councils must agree and be made known to one another, for our hearts should be open, that we may perfectly see into one another's breasts. And that your friends may speak to me freely, tell them I am willing to forget the mistakes which some of their young men were guilty of amongst our people; I hope they will grow wiser with age, and hearken to the grave councils of their old men, whose valor we esteem because they are wise; but the rashness of their young men is altogether folly.

At a council held at Conestoga, July 7th, 1721, were present, the Honorable Sir William Keith, Bart., Governor; Richard Hill; Caleb

Pusey; Jonathan Dickinson; Colonel John French; James Logan, Secretary, with divers gentlemen. Present also, the chiefs or deputies sent by the Five Nations to treat with this government, viz: Senecas Nation, Ghesaont, Awennool, Onondagoes Nation, Tannawree, Skeetowas, Cayoogoes Nation, Sahoode, Tchehuhque.

Smith, the Ganawese Indian interpreter from the Mingo language to the Delaware; John Cartlidge and James Le Tort, interpreters from the Delaware into English.

Ghesaont, in the name and on the behalf of all the Five Nations, delivered himself, in speaking to the governor, as follows:

They were glad to see the governor and his council at this place, for they had heard much of the governor in their towns before they came from home, and now they find him to be what they had then heard of him, viz: their friend and brother, and the same as if William Penn were still amongst them.

They assure the governor and council that they had not forgot William Penn's treaties with them, and that his advice to them was still fresh in their memories.

Though they cannot write, yet they retain every thing said in their councils with all the nations they treat with, and preserve it as carefully in their memories as if it was committed in our method to writing.

They complain that our traders carrying goods and liquors up Susquehanna river sometimes meet with their young people going out to war, and treat them unkindly, not only refusing to give them a dram of their liquor, but use them with ill language and call them dogs, &c.

They take this unkindly, because dogs have no sense or understanding; whereas they are men, and think that their brothers should not compare them to such creatures.

That some of our traders calling their young men by those names, the young men answered, if they were dogs, then they might act as such; whereupon, they seized a keg of their liquor and run away with it.

N. B. This seems to be told in their artful way to excuse some small robberies that had been committed by their young people.

Then laying down a belt of wampum upon the table, he proceeded and said,

That all their disorders arose from the use of rum and strong spirits which took away their sense and memory; that they had no such liquors amongst themselves, but were hurt with what we furnished to them, and therefore desired that no more of that sort might be sent amongst them.

He presented a bundle of dressed skins and said,

That the Five Nations faithfully remember all their ancient treaties, and now desire that the chain of friendship between them and us may be made so strong as that none of the links can ever be broken.

Presents another bundle of raw skins and observes,

That a chain may contract rust with lying, and become weaker; wherefore, he desires that it may now be so well cleaned as to remain brighter and stronger than ever it was before.

Presents another parcel of skins and says,

That as in the firmament all clouds and darkness are removed from the face of the sun, so they desire that all misunderstandings may be fully done away; so that when they who are now here shall be dead and gone, their whole people with their children and posterity may enjoy the clear sunshine of friendship with us forever, without any thing to interpose and obscure it.

Presents another bundle of skins and says,

That looking upon the governor as if William Penn was present, they desire, that in case any disorders should hereafter happen between their young people and ours, we would not be too hasty in resenting any such accident, until their council and ours can have some opportunity to treat amicably upon it, and so to adjust all matters as that the friendship between us may still be inviolably preserved.

Presents a small parcel of dressed skins and desires,

That we may now be together as one people, treating one another's children kindly and affectionately on all occasions.

He proceeds and says,

That they consider themselves in this treaty as the full plenipotentiaries and representatives of the Five Nations, and they look upon the governor as the great King of England's representative, and therefore they expect that every thing now stipulated will be made absolutely firm and good on both sides.

Presents a bundle of bear-skins and says,

That having now made a firm league with us as becomes our brothers, they complain that they get too little for their skins and furs, so that they cannot live by their hunting; they desire us therefore to take compassion on them, and contrive some way to help them in that particular.

Presenting a few furs, he speaks only as from himself to acquaint the governor, that the Five Nations having heard that the Governor of Virginia wanted to speak with them, he himself with some of his company intend to proceed to Virginia, but do not know the way how to get safe thither.

At a council held at the house of John Cartlidge, Esq., near Conestoga, July 8th, 1721, were present, the Honorable Sir William Keith, Bart., Governor; Richard Hill; Jonathan Dickinson; Colonel John French; James Logan, Secretary.

The governor desired that the board would advise him as to the quantity and kind of the presents that must be made to the Indians in return for theirs, and in confirmation of his speech to them; whereupon it was agreed, that twenty-five strowd match-coats of two yards each, one hundred weight of gunpowder, two hundred of lead, with some biscuit, tobacco and pipes, should be delivered as the governor's

present to the Five Nations; and the same being prepared accordingly, the council was adjourned to Conestoga, the place of treaty.

At a council held at Conestoga, July the 8th, 1721, post meridiem, were present, the Honorable Sir William Keith, Bart., Governor, and the same members as before, with divers gentlemen attending, the governor and the chiefs of the Five Nations being all seated in council, and the presents laid down before the Indians.

The governor spoke to them by the interpreters in these words :

My Friends and Brothers,—It is a great satisfaction to me that I have this opportunity of speaking to the valiant and wise Five Nations of Indians, whom you tell me you are fully empowered to represent. I treat with you, therefore, as if all these nations were here present, and you are to understand what I now say to be agreeable to the mind of our great monarch George, the King of England, who bends his care to establish peace amongst all the mighty nations of Europe, and unto whom all the people in these parts are as it were but like one drop out of a bucket ; so that what is now transacted between us must be laid up as the words of the whole body of your people and our people, to be kept in perpetual remembrance. I am also glad to find that you remember what William Penn formerly said to you ; he was a great and a good man ; his own people loved him ; he loved the Indians, and they also loved him ; he was as their father ; he would never suffer them to be wronged, neither would he let his people enter upon any lands until he had first purchased them of the Indians ; he was just, and therefore the Indians loved him.

Though he is now removed from us, yet his children and people, following his example, will always take the same measures ; so that his and our posterity will be as a long chain of which he was the first link, and when one link ends, another succeeds, and then another, being all firmly bound together in one strong chain, to endure for ever.

He formerly knit the chain of friendship with you as the chief of all the Indians in these parts, and lest this chain should grow rusty, you now desire it may be scoured and made strong, to bind us as one people together ; we do assure you it is, and has always been, bright on our side, and so we will ever keep it.

As to your complaint of our traders, that they have treated some of your young men unkindly, I take that to be said only by way of excuse for the follies of your people, thereby endeavoring to persuade me that they were provoked to do what you very well know they did ; but, as I told our own Indians two days ago, I am willing to pass by all these things. You may therefore be assured that our people shall not offer any injury to yours ; or if I know that they do, they shall be severely punished for it ; so you must in like manner strictly command your young men that they do not offer any injury to ours ; for when they pass through the utmost skirts of our inhabitants, where there are no people yet settled but a few traders, they should be more careful of them, as having separated themselves from the body of

their friends, purely to serve the Indians more commodiously with what they want.

Nevertheless, if any little disorders should at any time hereafter arise, we will endeavor that it shall not break or weaken the chain of friendship between us; to which end, if any of your people take offence, you must in that case apply to me or to our chiefs, and when we have any cause to complain, we shall, as you desire, apply to your chiefs, by our friends the Conestoga Indians; but on both sides we must labor to prevent every thing of this kind as much as we can.

You complain that our traders come into the path of your young men going out to war, and thereby occasion disorders amongst them. I will, therefore, my friends and brothers, speak very plainly to you on this head.

Your young men come down Susquehanna river, and take the road through our Indian towns and settlements, and make a path between us and the people against whom they go out to war. Now you must know that the path this way leads them only to the Indians who are in alliance with the English, and first to those who are in a strict league of friendship with the great Governor of Virginia, just as these, our friends and children who are settled amongst us, are in league with me and our people.

You cannot therefore make war upon the Indians in league with Virginia without weakening the chain with the English; for as we would not suffer these our friends and brothers of Conestoga and upon this river to be hurt by any persons, without considering it was done to ourselves, so the Governor of Virginia looks upon the injuries done to his Indian brothers and friends as if they were done to himself; and you very well know that though you are five different nations, yet you are but one people, so as that any wrong done to one nation is received as an injury done to you all.

In the same manner, and much more so, is it with the English, who are all united under one great king, who has more people in that one town where he lives than all the Indians in North America put together.

You are in a league with New York as your ancient friends and nearest neighbors, and you are in a league with us by treaties often repeated, and by a chain which you have now brightened. As, therefore, all the English are but one people, you are actually in league with all the English governments, and must equally preserve the peace with all as with one government.

You pleased me very much when you told me that you were going to treat with the Governor of Virginia. Your nations formerly entered into a very firm league with that government, and if you have suffered that chain to grow rusty, it is time to scour it, and the Five Nations have done wisely to send you there for that purpose.

I do assure you the Governor of Virginia is a great and good man; he loves the Indians as his children, and so protects and defends them, for he is very strong, having many thousand Christian warriors under his command, whereby he is able to assist all those who are in any

league of friendship with him. Hasten, therefore, my friends, to brighten and strengthen the chain with that great man, for he desires it, and will receive you kindly. He is my great and good friend; I have been lately with him, and since you say you are strangers, I will give you a letter to him, to inform him of what we have done, and of the good design of your visit to him and to his country.

My Friends and Brothers,—I told you two days ago that we must open our breasts to each other; I shall, therefore, like your true friend, open mine yet further to you for your good.

You see that the English, from a very small people at first in these parts, are by peace amongst themselves become a very great people amongst you, far exceeding the number of all the Indians that we know of.

But while we are at peace, the Indians continue to make war upon one another, and destroy each other, as if they intended that none of their people should be left alive; by which means you are from a great people become a very small people, and yet you will go on to destroy yourselves.

The Indians of the south, though they speak a different language, yet they are the same people, and inhabit the same land with those of the north; we therefore cannot but wonder how you that are a wise people should take delight in putting an end to your race. The English, being your true friends, labor to prevent this. We would have you strong as a part of ourselves, for as our strength is your strength, so we would have yours to be as our own.

I have persuaded all my brethren in these parts to consider what is for their good, and not to go any more to war, but your young men, as they come this way, endeavor to force them, and because they incline to follow the counsels of peace and the advice of their true friends, your people use them ill, and often prevail with them to go out to their own destruction. Thus it was that this town of Conestoga lost their good king not long ago, and thus many have been lost; their young children are left without parents, their wives without husbands; the old men, contrary to the course of nature, mourn the death of their young; the people decay and grow weak; we lose our dear friends and are afflicted, and this is chiefly owing to your young men.

Surely you cannot propose to get either riches or possessions by going thus out to war; for when you kill a deer, you have the flesh to eat and the skin to sell; but when you return from war you bring nothing home but the scalps of a dead man, who perhaps was a husband to a kind wife, and father to tender children, who never wronged you, though by losing him, you have robbed them of his help and protection, and at the same time got nothing by it.

If I were not your true friend, I would not take the trouble of saying all these things to you, which I desire may be fully related to all your people when you return home, that they may consider in time what is for their own good; and after this, if any will be so madly deaf and blind as neither to hear nor see the danger before them, but

will still go out to destroy and be destroyed for nothing, I must desire that such foolish young men will take another path and not pass this way amongst our people, whose eyes I have opened, and they have wisely hearkened to my advice. So that I must tell you plainly, as I am their best friend, and this government is their protector and as a father to them, we will not suffer them any more to go out as they have done to their destruction. I say again, we will not suffer it, for we have the counsel of wisdom amongst us and know what is for their good; for though they are weak, yet they are our brethren; we will therefore take care of them that they be not misled with ill council; you mourn when you lose a brother, we mourn when any of them are lost, to prevent which they shall not be suffered to go out as they have done to be destroyed by war.

My Good Friends and Brothers,—I give you the same counsel and earnestly desire that you will follow it, since it will make you a happy people. I give you this advice because I am your true friend, but I much fear you hearken to others who never were nor never will be your friends. You know very well that the French have been your enemies from the beginning, though they made peace with you about two and twenty years ago, yet by subtle practices they still endeavor to ensnare you. They use arts and tricks, and tell you lies to deceive you; and if you would make use of your own eyes, and not be deluded by their Jesuits and interpreters, you would see this yourselves, for you know they have had no goods of any value these several years past, except what has been sent to them from the English at New York, and that is now all over. They give fair speeches instead of real services, and as for many years they attempted to destroy you in war, so they now endeavor to do it in peace; for when they persuade you to go out to war against others, it is only that you may be destroyed yourselves, which we, as your true friends, labor to prevent, because we would have your numbers increased that you may grow strong, and that we may be all strengthened in friendship and peace together.

As to what you have said of trade, I suppose the great distance at which you live from us has prevented all commerce between us and your people; we believe those who go into the woods and spend all their time upon it, endeavor to make the best bargain they can, so on your part you must take care to make the best bargain you can with them; but we hope our traders do not exact, for we think that a strowd coat or a pound of powder is now sold for no more buck-skins than formerly; beaver, indeed, is not of late so much used in Europe, and therefore does not give so good a price, and we deal but very little in that commodity. But deer-skins sell very well amongst us, and I shall always take care that the Indians be not wronged; but except other measures be taken to regulate the Indian trade every where, the common methods used in trade will still be followed, and every man must take care of himself, for this I must do myself when I buy any thing from our own people,—if I do not give them their price they will keep it, for we are a free people. But if you have

any further proposals to make about these affairs, I am willing to hear and consider them, for it is my desire that the trade be well regulated to your content.

I am sensible rum is very hurtful to the Indians; we have made laws that none should be carried amongst them, or if any were, that it should be staved and thrown upon the ground, and the Indians have been ordered to destroy all the rum that comes in their way. But they will not do it,—they will have rum; and when we refuse it, they will travel to the neighboring provinces and fetch it; their own women go to purchase it, and then sell it among their own people at excessive rates. I would gladly make any laws to prevent this that could be effectual; but the country is so wide, the woods are so dark and private, and so far out of my sight, that if the Indians themselves do not prohibit their own people, there is no other way to prevent it; for my part, I shall readily join in any measures that can be proposed for so good a purpose.

I have now, my friends and brothers, said all that I think can be of any service at this time, and I give you these things here laid before you to confirm my words, viz: five strowd coats, twenty pounds of powder, and forty pounds of lead, for each of the Five Nations; that is, twenty-five coats, one hundred weight of powder, and two hundred of lead in the whole, which I desire may be delivered to them, with these my words, in my name and on behalf of this province.

I shall be glad frequently to see some of your chief men sent in the name of all the rest, but desire you will be so kind as to come to us to Philadelphia, to visit our families and children born there, where we can provide better for you and make you more welcome, for people always receive their friends best at their own houses. I heartily wish you well on your journey and good success in it, and when you return home, I desire you will give my very kind love and the love of all our people to your kings and to all their people.

Then the governor rose up from his chair, and when he had called Ghesaont, the speaker, to him, he took a coronation medal of the king's out of his pocket, and presented it to the Indian in these words:

That our children when we are dead may not forget these things, but keep this treaty between us in perpetual remembrance, I here deliver to you a picture in gold, bearing the image of my great master, the king of all the English; and when you return home, I charge you to deliver this piece into the hands of the first man or greatest chief of all the Five Nations, whom you call Kannygoodk, to be laid up and kept as a token to our children's children, that an entire and lasting friendship is now established for ever between the English in this country and the great Five Nations.

At a council held at Philadelphia, July 20th, 1721, were present, the Honorable Sir William Keith, Bart., Governor; Richard Hill; Isaac Norris; Samuel Preston; Jonathan Dickinson; Thomas Masters; Andrew Hamilton, Attorney-General; James Logan, Secretary.

The minutes of council and treaty lately held with deputies of the

Five Nations at Conestoga being read, for the service and satisfaction of those who would not undertake that journey, the secretary reported what he had further transacted with them there, after the governor had left that place, as follows:

James Logan, Secretary, further reports, that having continued at Conestoga after the departure of the governor and the rest of the company, he had next day, by the governor's approbation and direction, held a discourse with Ghesaont, the chief of those Indians, and their speaker, Civility, the Captain of Conestoga, and John Carlidge, being interpreters.

That he first put Ghesaont in mind of the great satisfaction the governor had expressed to him in the council upon their kind visit, and the freedom and openness that had been used to them on our parts, and therefore advised him, if he had any thing in his thoughts further relating to the friendship established between us, and the matters treated in council, he would open his breast in this free conversation, and speak it without reserve, and whatever he said on those heads should be reported faithfully to the governor.

Ghesaont then said, that he was very well pleased with what had been spoken. He saw the governor and the English were true friends to the Five Nations, but as to their people going out to war, which head we chiefly insisted on, the principal reason was that their young men were become very poor; they could get no goods nor clothing from the English, and therefore they went abroad to gain them from their enemies.

That they had once a clear sky and sunshine at Albany, but now all was overcast, they could no longer trade and get goods as they had done, of which he could not know the reason, and therefore they had resolved to try whether it was the same among the other English governments.

To this the secretary answered, that they had, from the first settlement of New York and Albany, been in a strict league of friendship with that government, and had always had a trade with and been supplied by them with the goods they wanted. That it was true, for three or four years past the French had come from Canada to Albany in New York, and purchased and carried away great part of the goods, strowd waters especially, sometimes three or four hundred pieces in a year, which the Five Nations ought to have had; but that now, another governor being lately sent thither from the great King of England, he had made a law that the French should not have any more goods from the English; that this had been the reason of the clouds and dark weather they complained of, but that now a clear sunshine as they desired would be restored to them; that he very well knew this gentleman, the new governor; that he had not long since been at Philadelphia, and at his (the secretary's) house, and that he had heard him (the Corlear) say, he would take care his Indians should be well supplied for the future, and accordingly they might depend on it.

Ghesaont being hereupon asked whether they did not know that the

French had for some years past had the cloths from the English, answered, that they knew very well that these English goods went now in a new path, different from that they had formerly gone in; that they knew not where they went, but they went beside them and they could not get hold of them, though they much wanted them.

The secretary proceeded to say, that as New York and Albany had been the most ancient friends, so they could best supply them, and they would certainly do it if they continued in their duty on their part; that they were sensible the great King of England had a regard for them, by the notice that he took of them almost every year; that all the English every where were their friends. We were now very glad to see them, but wished for the future they would come to Philadelphia, as they formerly used to do; that he himself had seen their chiefs twice at Philadelphia, the two years that William Penn was last here, and that when his son came over about three years after, now about seventeen years ago, a considerable number of them came down and held a great council with us, and therefore he hoped they would visit us there again, which would be much more convenient than so far back in the woods where it was difficult to accommodate them and ourselves; that however we were glad to see them there. This they knew was a government but lately settled, but that they were now going into two governments that had been much longer seated and were very rich, and would make them exceeding welcome; that we saw them in the woods only, at a great distance from home, but they would see the governors of Maryland and Virginia at their own towns and houses, where they could entertain them much better; that they would be very kindly received, for we were all of one heart and mind, and should always entertain them as our brothers.

Ghesaont took an opportunity of himself to enter upon the subject of their people making peace with the other Indians on the Main. He said that he had in his own person labored for it to the utmost; that he had taken more pains to have it established than all the English had done; that their people had lately made peace with the Tweucht-wese; that they had also sent some of their men to the Flat-heads for the same purpose; that they had now an universal peace with all the Indians, excepting three small nations to the southward, with whom he hoped to have one concluded upon his present journey by means of the Governor of Virginia; that his own desires were very strong for peace, as his endeavors had shown, and that he doubted not to see it established every where. He said the governor had spoke very well in the council against their young men going to war, yet he had not done it fully enough, for he should have told them positively that they should not on any account be suffered to go out to war, and he would have reported it accordingly, and this would have been a more effectual way to prevent them.

The secretary then proceeded to treat with them about the road they were to take, and it was agreed that the chief of the Nantikokes, a sensible man, who was then present, should conduct them from Conestoga to their town on Wye river; that they should be furnished

with provisions for their journey sufficient to carry them among the inhabitants; after which they were directed, as the governor had before ordered, that they should produce his passport to the gentlemen of the country where they travelled, by whom they would be provided for; and the Nantikoke chief was further desired, upon their leaving the Nantikoke towns, to direct them to some of the chief gentlemen and officers of those parts, who would undoubtedly take care of them on sight of their passports, and thereby knowing their business, have them transported over the bay to Annapolis. Being further asked how they would get an interpreter in Virginia where the Indians knew nothing of their language, and some proposals being made to furnish them, they answered, there would be no occasion for any care of that kind, for they very well knew the Governor of Virginia had an interpreter for their language always with him.

Provisions being then ordered for their journey, as also at their desire, some for those of their company, who with their women and children were to return directly home by water up the river Susquehanna, viz: a bag of biscuit, some pieces of bacon and dried venison; these matters were concluded with great expressions of thankfulness for the governor's great care of them and their families, which kindness they said they never should forget.

The discourse being continued, they were told it was now very near (viz: within one moon of) thirty-seven years since a great man of England, Governor of Virginia, called the Lord Effingham, together with Colonel Dongan, Governor of New York, held a great treaty with them at Albany, of which we had the writings to this day.

Ghesaont answered, they knew it well and the subject of that treaty; it was, he said, about selling of lands. Being further told, that in that treaty the Five Nations had given up all their right to all the lands on the Susquehanna to the Duke of York, then brother to the King of England, he acknowledged this to be so, and that William Penn since had the right to these lands, to which Civility, a descendant of the ancient Susquehanna Indians, the old settlers of these parts, but now reputed as of an Iroquois descent, added that he had been informed by their old men, that they were troubled when they heard that their lands had been given up to a place so far distant as New York, and that they were overjoyed when they understood William Penn had brought them back again, and that they had confirmed all their right to him.

Divers questions were further asked him, especially concerning the French of Canada, their trade and fortifications; on which he said, that the French had three forts on this side of the river St. Lawrence, and between their towns and Montreal, furnished with great numbers of great guns; that the French drove a great trade with them, had people constantly in, or going to and coming from their towns; that the French kept young people in their towns on purpose to learn the Indian language, which many of them now spoke as well as themselves; that they had a great intercourse with them; that about three hundred of their men (viz: of the Five Nations) were seated on the





other side of the great river; that the French had this last spring begun to build or to provide for building a fort at Niagara Falls, but they had since declined it; he knew not for what reason, and they (the French) had sent to his town (the Isanandonas) this last winter a great deal of powder to be distributed among them, but nothing was done upon it. Being particularly asked whether the French had ever treated with them about any of their land, or whether the Indians had ever granted the French any, he answered No! that his people knew the French too well to treat with them about lands; they had never done it, nor ever granted them any upon any account whatsoever; and of this, he said, we might assure ourselves. Thus the day was spent in such discourses, with a pipe and some small mixed liquors; and the next morning Ghesaont, with the rest of his company, returning from the Indian town to John Cartlidge's, took their leaves very affectionately with great expressions of thankfulness to the governor and this government for their kind reception.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MASSACRE OF THE CONESTOGA INDIANS IN PENNSYLVANIA.

An almost uninterrupted friendship seems to have existed between the Indians and the inhabitants of Pennsylvania, until the year 1754. At this period the French had stirred up the Indians in the back country, and an Indian war commenced.

About ten years after that, when "many," says Mr. Proud, "who had been continually flocking into the province, in later years, having from their inexperience and ignorance, too despicable an opinion of that people, and treating them accordingly, were by this conduct foolishly enraged against the whole species indiscriminately; inso-much, that in the latter part of the year 1763, calling to their aid the madness of the wildest enthusiasm, with which, under pretence of religion, certain most furious zealots among the preachers of a numerous sect, in the province, could inspire their hearers, to cover their barbarity, a number of, not improperly named, *armed demi-savages*, inhabitants of Lancaster county, principally from the townships of Paxtang and Donegal, and their neighborhood, committed the most horrible massacre that ever was heard of in this, or perhaps any other province with impunity! and under the notion of extirpating the heathen from the earth, as Joshua did of old, that these saints might possess the land alone," &c. Thus begins the narrative.

"These Indians were the remains of a tribe of the Six Nations, settled at Conestoga, and thence called Conestoga Indians. On the first arrival of the English in Pennsylvania, messengers from this tribe came to welcome them, with presents of venison, corn and skins; and the whole tribe entered into a treaty of friendship with the first



Winthrop's Little Print

EVENTS OF INDIAN HISTORY.

Massacre of the Indians at Lancaster by the Paxton boys in 1763.

other side of the great river; that the French had this last spring begun to build or to provide for building a fort at Niagara Falls, but they had since declined it; he knew not for what reason, and they (the French) had sent to his town (the Isanandonas) this last winter a great deal of powder to be distributed among them, but nothing was done upon it. Being particularly asked whether the French had ever treated with them about any of their land, or whether the Indians had ever granted the French any, he answered No! that his people knew the French too well to treat with them about lands; they had never done it, nor ever granted them any upon any account whatsoever; and of this, he said, we might assure ourselves. Thus the day was spent in such discourses, with a pipe and some small mixed liquors; and the next morning Ghesaont, with the rest of his company, returning from the Indian town to John Cartlidge's, took their leaves very affectionately with great expressions of thankfulness to the governor and this government for their kind reception.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MASSACRE OF THE CONESTOGA INDIANS IN PENNSYLVANIA.

An almost uninterrupted friendship seems to have existed between the Indians and the inhabitants of Pennsylvania, until the year 1754. At this period the French had stirred up the Indians in the back country, and an Indian war commenced.

About ten years after that, when "many," says Mr. Proud, "who had been continually flocking into the province, in later years, having from their inexperience and ignorance, too despicable an opinion of that people, and treating them accordingly, were by this conduct foolishly enraged against the whole species indiscriminately; inso-much, that in the latter part of the year 1763, calling to their aid the madness of the wildest enthusiasm, with which, under pretence of religion, certain most furious zealots among the preachers of a numerous sect, in the province, could inspire their hearers, to cover their barbarity, a number of, not improperly named, *armed demi-savages*, inhabitants of Lancaster county, principally from the townships of Paxtang and Donegal, and their neighborhood, committed the most horrible massacre that ever was heard of in this, or perhaps any other province with impunity! and under the notion of extirpating the heathen from the earth, as Joshua did of old, that these saints might possess the land alone," &c. Thus begins the narrative.

"These Indians were the remains of a tribe of the Six Nations, settled at Conestoga, and thence called Conestoga Indians. On the first arrival of the English in Pennsylvania, messengers from this tribe came to welcome them, with presents of venison, corn and skins; and the whole tribe entered into a treaty of friendship with the first

proprietary, William Penn; which was to last as long as the sun should shine, or the waters run in the rivers.

This treaty has been since frequently renewed, and the chain brightened, as they express it, from time to time. It has never been violated on their part, or ours, till now. As their lands, by degrees, were mostly purchased, and the settlement of the white people began to surround them, the proprietor assigned them lands on the manor of Conestoga, which they might not part with; there they have lived many years, in friendship with their white neighbors, who loved them for their peaceable, inoffensive behaviour.

It has always been observed, that Indians, settled in the neighborhood of white people, do not increase, but diminish continually. This tribe accordingly went on diminishing, till there remained in their town, on the manor, but twenty persons; namely, seven men, five women, and eight children, boys and girls.

Of these, Shehaes was a very old man, having assisted at the second treaty, held with them by Mr. Penn, in 1701, and ever since continued a faithful friend to the English; he is said to have been an exceeding good man, considering his education, being naturally of a most kind, benevolent temper.

This little society continued the custom they had begun, when more numerous, of addressing every new governor, and every descendant of the first proprietary, welcoming him to the province, assuring him of their fidelity, and praying a continuance of that favor and protection which they had hitherto experienced. They had accordingly sent up an address of this kind to our present Governor (John Penn, Esquire) on his arrival; but the same was scarcely delivered when the unfortunate catastrophe happened which we are about to relate.

On Wednesday, the 14th of December, 1763, fifty-seven men from some of our frontier townships, who had projected the destruction of this little commonwealth, came all well mounted, and armed with firelocks, hangers and hatchets, having travelled through the country in the night to Conestoga manor. There they surrounded the small village of Indian huts, and just at break of day broke in upon them all at once. Only three men, two women, and a young boy were found at home, the rest being out among the neighboring white people; some to sell their baskets, brooms and bowls, they manufactured, and others on other occasions. These poor defenceless creatures were immediately fired upon, stabbed and hatcheted to death! The good Shehaes, among the rest, cut to pieces in his bed! All of them were scalped, and otherwise horribly mangled. Then their huts were set on fire, and most of them burned down.

The magistrates of Lancaster sent out to collect the remaining Indians, brought them into the town, for their better security against any further attempt; and, it is said, condoled with them on the misfortune that had happened, took them by the hand, and promised them protection.

They were put into the workhouse, a strong building, as the place of greatest safety.

These cruel men again assembled themselves; and hearing that the remaining fourteen Indians were in the workhouse at Lancaster, they suddenly appeared before that town, on the 27th of December. Fifty of them, armed as before, dismounting, went directly to the workhouse, and by violence broke open the door, and entered with the utmost fury in their countenances. When the poor wretches saw they had no protection nigh, nor could possibly escape, and being without the least weapon of defence, they divided their little families, the children clinging to their parents; they fell on their faces, protested their innocence, declared their love to the English, and that, in their whole lives, they had never done them injury; and in this posture, they all received the hatchet! Men, women and children, were every one inhumanly murdered in cold blood!

The barbarous men, who committed the atrocious act, in defiance of government, of all laws, human and divine, and, to the eternal disgrace of their country and color, then mounted their horses, huzzaed in triumph, as if they had gained a victory, and rode off unmolested!

The bodies of the murdered were then brought out, and exposed in the street, till a hole could be made in the earth, to receive and cover them.* But the wickedness cannot be covered, and the guilt will lie on the whole land, till justice is done to the murderers. The blood of the innocent will cry to heaven for vengeance.

Notwithstanding the proclamations and endeavors of the governor on the occasion, the murderers having given out such threatenings against those that disapproved their proceedings, the whole country seems to be in terror, and no one durst speak what he knows; even the letters from thence are unsigned, in which any dislike is expressed of the rioters.”

Mr. Proud adds to the above narrative, that, “So far had the infection spread, which caused this action, or so much had fear seized the minds of the people, or perhaps both, that neither the printer nor the writer of this publication, though supposed to be as nearly connected as Franklin and Hall were at that time, and men of the first character in their way, did not insert either their names, or places of abode, in it! It was printed while the insurgents were preparing to advance towards Philadelphia, or on their way thither; it appeared to have some effect in preventing the threatened consequences, by exciting an exertion of endeavors in the citizens for that purpose; and being a relation of real facts, though written in a hurry, it was never answered or contradicted.”

* In the month of May, 1833, while the laborers were engaged in excavating on the Columbia and Philadelphia railroad, in the city of Lancaster, near the northeast corner of Orange and Duke streets, on the property of Jacob Hensel, a considerable number of human bones were dug up by the workmen employed on the railroad route. They were generally supposed to be the remains of the Indians destroyed in the above massacre by the “Paxton Boys.” Some of the oldest citizens state, that the bodies were interred somewhere in the vicinity of the locality where the bones have been found.—*Compiler, Events in Indian History.*

Extract from Heckewelder's Narrative.

[We find the following particulars of this sad massacre in Heckewelder's Narrative, and as the accounts are somewhat contradictory, as regards the persons who were the perpetrators, we can have every reliance on the description here given.]

A party of fifty-seven white people, bearing the name of Christians,* set out from Paxton, to attack and destroy a small settlement of peaceable and inoffensive Indians in Conestoga, near Lancaster, where they had resided for more than a century, and whose ancestors had been among those who had welcomed William Penn on his first arrival in this country, presenting him at the time with venison, &c. These not happening to be all at home at the time, some being scattered among their white neighbors, they murdered those they met with, to the number of fourteen persons, men, women, and children; the rest, learning what had befallen their friends and relations, fled, by the advice of their friendly neighbors, to Lancaster, for protection, and were there placed in the jail for safety,—where, however, this mob party, now under the name of Paxton boys, arrived; and having broken open the door, entered, and most cruelly murdered every one of them, although they begged on their knees that their lives might be spared, they being real friends of the English. The mob was so intoxicated with their success, that after they had finished their inhuman butchery on those truly innocent Indians, they threw their mangled bodies into the street,† and with a dreadful shout, as if they had gained a great victory, threatened that the Indians on Province Island, (the Christian Indians, together with Papunhak's peaceable party,) should soon share the same fate.

Note.—That there appeared to be something unaccountable in this affair, will be seen from the following extract of a letter, addressed to the writer of this narrative by a respectable and intelligent gentleman‡ of Philadelphia. “There are,” says he, “few, if any, murders to be compared with the cruel murder committed on the Conestoga Indians in the jail of Lancaster, in 1763, by the Paxton boys, (as they were then called). From fifteen to twenty Indians, as report stated, were placed there for protection. A regiment of Highlanders were at that time quartered at the barracks in the town, and yet these murderers were permitted to break open the doors of the city jail and commit the horrid deed. The first notice I had of this affair was, that while at my father's store, near the court-house, I saw a number of people running down street towards the jail, which enticed me and other lads to follow them. At about sixty or eighty yards from the jail, we met from twenty-five to thirty men, well mounted on horses, and with

* In an account given by Arthur B. Bradford, a company of Presbyterians, from Paxtang township, are blamed for this inhuman slaughter of the poor Indians. See Hazard's Reg. Penn., Vol. 9, page 114.

† So the public papers stated, but ought to be Prison Yard.

‡ William Henry, Esq., then an inhabitant of Lancaster.

rifles, tomahawks, and scalping-knives, equipped for murder. I ran into the prison yard, and there, O what a horrid sight presented itself to my view!—Near the back door of the prison lay an old Indian and his squaw (wife), particularly well known and esteemed by the people of the town on account of his placid and friendly conduct. His name was Will Sock; across him and his squaw lay two children, of about the age of three years, whose heads were split with the tomahawk, and their scalps all taken off. Towards the middle of the jail yard, along the west side of the wall, lay a stout Indian, whom I particularly noticed to have been shot in the breast; his legs were chopped with the tomahawk, his hands cut off, and finally a rifle ball discharged in his mouth, so that his head was blown to atoms, and the brains were splashed against and yet hanging to the wall, for three or four feet around. This man's hands and feet had also been chopped off with a tomahawk. In this manner lay the whole of them, men, women, and children, spread about the prison yard; shot—scalped—hacked—and cut to pieces.”

The governor issued a proclamation against these outrages,—forbidding, under the severest penalties, any one to molest the Indians on Province Island,* and offering a reward of two hundred pounds to any one who should bring the two ringleaders of the above party to justice; but it soon became evident that their numbers were daily increasing, and that even in Philadelphia many were in secret connection with the ringleaders, who paid so little regard to government orders at that time, that they not only publicly walked the streets, but even presented themselves in front of the governor's house, deridingly bidding him defiance.

CHAPTER XXVII.

INDIAN ANECDOTES.

Wit.—An Ottawa chief, known to the French by the name of Whitejohn, was a great drunkard. Count Frontenac asked him what he thought brandy to be made of; he replied, that it must be made of hearts and tongues—“For,” said he, “when I have drunken plentifully of it, my heart is a thousand strong, and I can talk, too, with astonishing freedom and rapidity.”

Honor.—A chief of the Five Nations, who fought on the side of the English in the French wars, chanced to meet in battle his own father, who was fighting on the side of the French. Just as he was about to deal a deadly blow upon his head, he discovered who he was, and said to him, “You have once given me life, and now I give it to you. Let me meet you no more; for I have paid the debt I owed you.”

Recklessness.—In Connecticut river, about “two hundred miles from Long Island Sound, is a narrow of five yards only, formed by

* Near the city of Philadelphia.

two shelving mountains of solid rock. Through this chasm are compelled to pass all the waters which in the time of the floods bury the northern country." It is a frightful passage of about four hundred yards in length. No boat, or, as my author expresses it, "no living creature was ever known to pass through this narrow, except an Indian woman." This woman had undertaken to cross the river just above, and although she had the god Bacchus by her side, yet Neptune prevailed in spite of their united efforts, and the canoe was hurried down the frightful gulf. While this Indian woman was thus hurrying to certain destruction, as she had every reason to expect, she seized upon her bottle of rum, and did not take it from her mouth until the last drop was quaffed. She was marvellously preserved, and was actually picked up several miles below, floating in the canoe, still quite drunk. When it was known what she had done, and being asked how she dared to drink so much rum with the prospect of certain death before her, she answered that she knew it was too much for one time, but she was unwilling that any of it should be lost.

Justice.—A missionary residing among a certain tribe of Indians, was, one day after he had been preaching to them, invited by their chief to visit his wigwam. After having been kindly entertained, and being about to depart, the chief took him by the hand and said, "I have very bad squaw. She had two little children. One she loved well, the other she hated. In a cold night, when I was gone hunting in the woods, she shut it out of the wigwam, and it froze to death. What must be done with her?" The missionary replied, "She must be hanged." "Ah!" said the chief, "go, then, and hang your God, whom you make just like her."

Magnanimity.—A hunter, in his wanderings for game, fell among the back settlements of Virginia, and by reason of the inclemency of the weather, was induced to seek refuge at the house of a planter, whom he met at his door. Admission was refused him. Being both hungry and thirsty, he asked for a morsel of bread and a cup of water, but was answered in every case, "No! you shall have nothing here! Get you gone, you Indian dog!" It happened, in process of time, that this same planter lost himself in the woods, and, after a fatiguing day's travel, he came to an Indian's cabin, into which he was welcomed. On inquiring the way, and the distance to the white settlements, being told by the Indian that he could not go in the night, and being kindly offered lodging and victuals, he gladly refreshed and reposed himself in the Indian's cabin. In the morning, he conducted him through the wilderness, agreeably to his promise the night before, until they came in sight of the habitations of the whites. As he was about to take his leave of the planter, he looked him full in the face, and asked him if he did not know him. Horror-struck at finding himself thus in the power of a man he had so inhumanly treated, and dumb with shame on thinking of the manner it was required, he began at length to make excuses, and beg a thousand pardons, when the Indian interrupted him, and said, "When you see poor Indians fainting for a cup of cold water, don't say again, 'Get you gone, you

Indian dog!" He then dismissed him to return to his friends. My author adds, "It is not difficult to say, which of these two had the best claim to the name of Christian."

Deception.—The captain of a vessel, having a desire to make a present to a lady of some fine oranges which he had just brought from "the sugar islands," gave them to an Indian in his employ to carry to her. Lest he should not perform the office punctually, he wrote a letter to her, to be taken along with the present, that she might detect the bearer, if he should fail to deliver the whole of what he was intrusted with. The Indian, during the journey, reflected how he should refresh himself with the oranges, and not be found out. Not having any apprehension of the manner of communication by writing, he concluded that it was only necessary to keep his design secret from the letter itself, supposing that would tell of him if he did not; he therefore laid it upon the ground, and rolled a large stone upon it, and retired to some distance, where he regaled himself with several of the oranges, and then proceeded on his journey. On delivering the remainder and the letter to the lady, she asked him where the rest of the oranges were; he said he had delivered all; she told him that the letter said there were several more sent; to which he answered that the letter lied, and she must not believe it. But he was soon confronted in his falsehood, and, begging forgiveness of the offence, was pardoned.

Shrewdness.—As Governor Joseph Dudley, of Massachusetts, was superintending some of his workmen, he took notice of an able-bodied Indian, who, half-naked, would come and look on, as a pastime, to see his men work. The governor took occasion one day to ask him why he did not work and get some clothes, wherewith to cover himself. The Indian answered by asking him why he did not work. The governor, pointing with his finger to his head, said, "I work head work, and so have no need to work with my hands as you should." The Indian then said he would work if any one would employ him. The governor told him he wanted a calf killed, and that, if he would go and do it, he would give him a shilling. He accepted the offer, and went immediately and killed the calf, and then went sauntering about as before. The governor, on observing what he had done, asked him why he did not dress the calf before he left it. The Indian answered, "No, no, Coponoh; that was not in the bargain: I was to have a shilling for killing him. Am he no dead, Coponoh?" (governor.) The governor, seeing himself thus outwitted, told him to dress it, and he would give him another shilling.

This done, and in possession of two shillings, the Indian goes directly to a grog-shop for rum. After a short stay, he returned to the governor, and told him he had given him a bad shilling-piece, and presented a brass one to be exchanged. The governor, thinking possibly it might have been the case, gave him another. It was not long before he returned a second time with another brass shilling to be exchanged; the governor was now convinced of his knavery, but,

not caring to make words at the time, gave him another; and thus the fellow got four shillings for one.

The governor determined to have the rogue corrected for his abuse, and, meeting with him soon after, told him he must take a letter to Boston for him, and gave him a half crown for the service. The letter was directed to the keeper of bridewell, ordering him to give the bearer so many lashes; but, mistrusting that all was not exactly agreeable, and meeting a servant of the governor on the road, ordered him, in the name of his master, to carry the letter immediately, as he was in haste to return. The consequence was, this servant got egregiously whipped. When the governor learned what had taken place, he felt no little chagrin at being thus twice outwitted by the Indian.

He did not see the fellow for some time after this, but at length, falling in with him, asked him by what means he had cheated and deceived him so many times. Taking the governor again in his own play, he answered, pointing with his finger to his head, "Head work, Coponoh, head work!" The governor was now so well pleased that he forgave the whole offence.

Equality.—An Indian chief, on being asked whether his people were free, answered, "Why not, since I myself am free, although their king?"

Matrimony.—"An aged Indian, who for many years had spent much time among the white people, both in Pennsylvania and New Jersey, one day, about the year 1770, observed that the Indians had not only a much easier way of getting a wife than the whites, but also a more certain way of getting a good one. 'For,' said he in broken English, 'white man court—court—may be one whole year!—may be two years before he marry! Well—may be then he get very good wife—but may be not—may be very cross! Well, now suppose cross! scold so soon as get awake in the morning! scold all day!—scold until sleep!—all one—he must keep him!—White people have law forbidding throw away wife if he be ever so cross—must keep him always! Well, how does Indian do? Indian, when he see industrious squaw, he go to him, place his two fore-fingers close aside each other, make two like one—then look squaw in the face—see him smile—this is all one he say yes!—so he take him home—no danger he be cross! No, no—squaw know too well what Indian do if he cross! throw him away and take another!—Squaw love to eat meat—no husband no meat. Squaw do every thing to please husband, he do every thing to please squaw—live happy.'"

Toleration.—In the year 1791, two Creek chiefs accompanied an American to England, where, as usual, they attracted great attention, and many flocked around them, as well to learn their ideas of certain things as to behold "the savages." Being asked their opinion of religion, or of what religion they were, one made answer, they had no priests in their country, or established religion, for they thought, that, upon a subject where there was no possibility of people's agreeing

in opinion, and as it was altogether matter of mere opinion, "it was best that every one should paddle his canoe his own way." Here is a volume of instruction in a short answer of a savage!

Justice.—A white trader sold a quantity of powder to an Indian, and imposed upon him by making him believe it was a grain which grew like wheat, by sowing it upon the ground. He was greatly elated by the prospect, not only of raising his own powder, but of being able to supply others, and thereby becoming immensely rich. Having prepared his ground with great care, he sowed his powder with the utmost exactness in the spring. Month after month passed away, but his powder did not even sprout, and winter came before he was satisfied that he had been deceived. He said nothing; but some time after, when the trader had forgotten the trick, the same Indian succeeded in getting credit of him to a large amount. The time set for payment having expired, he sought out the Indian at his residence, and demanded payment for his goods. The Indian heard his demand with great complaisance; then, looking him shrewdly in the eye, said, "Me pay you when my powder grow." This was enough. The guilty white man quickly retraced his steps, satisfied, we apprehend, to balance his account with the chagrin he had received.

Hunting.—The Indians had methods to catch game which served them extremely well. The same month in which the Mayflower brought over the forefathers, November, 1620, to the shores of Plymouth, several of them ranged about the woods near by to learn what the country contained. Having wandered farther than they were apprised, in their endeavor to return, they say, "We were shrewdly puzzled, and lost our way. As we wandered, we came to a tree, where a young sprout was bowed down over a bow, and some acorns strewed underneath. Stephen Hopkins said it had been to catch some deer. So, as we were looking at it, William Bradford being in the rear, when he came, looking also upon it, and as he went about, it gave a sudden jerk up, and he was immediately caught up by the legs. It was (they continue) a very pretty device, made with a rope of their own making, (of bark or some kind of roots probably,) and having a noose as artificially made as any roper in England can make, and as like ours as can be, which we brought away with us."

Preaching against practice.—John Simon was a Sogkonate, who, about the year 1700, was a settled minister to that tribe. He was a man of strong mind, generally temperate, but sometimes remiss in the latter particular. The following anecdote is told as characteristic of his notions of justice. Simon, on account of his deportment, was created justice of the peace, and when difficulties occurred involving any of his people, he sat with the English justice to aid in making up judgment. It happened that Simon's squaw, with some others, had committed some offence. Justice Almy and Simon, in making up their minds, estimated the amount of offence differently: Almy thought each should receive eight or ten stripes, but Simon said "No, four or five are enough,—poor Indians are ignorant, and it is not Christian-like to punish so hardly those who are ignorant as those who have

knowledge." Simon's judgment prevailed. When Mr. Almy asked John how many his wife should receive, he said, "Double, because she had knowledge to have done better;" but Colonel Almy, out of regard to John's feelings, wholly remitted his wife's punishment. John looked very serious, and made no reply while in presence of the court, but, on the first fit opportunity, remonstrated very severely against his judgment, and said to him, "To what purpose do we preach a religion of justice, if we do unrighteousness in judgment."

Sam Hide.—There are few, we imagine, who have not heard of this personage; but, notwithstanding his great notoriety, we might not be thought serious in the rest of our work, were we to enter seriously into his biography; for the reason, that from his day to this, his name has been a by-word in all New England, and means as much as to say the *greatest of liars*. It is on account of the following anecdote that he is noticed:

Sam Hide was a notorious cider-drinker as well as liar, and used to travel the country to and fro, begging it from door to door. At one time he happened in a region of country where cider was very hard to be procured, either from its scarcity, or from Sam's frequent visits. However, cider he was determined to have, if lying, in any shape or color, would gain it. Being not far from the house of an acquaintance, who he knew had cider,—but he knew, or was well satisfied, that, in the ordinary way of begging, he could not get it,—he set his wits to work to lay a plan to insure it. This did not occupy him long. On arriving at the house of the gentleman, instead of asking for cider, he inquired for the man of the house, whom, on appearing, Sam requested to go aside with him, as he had something of importance to communicate to him. When they were by themselves, Sam told him he had that morning shot a fine deer, and that if he would give him a crown, he would tell him where it was. The gentleman did not incline to do this, but offered half a crown. Finally, Sam said as he had walked a great distance that morning, and was very dry, for half a crown and a mug of cider he would tell him. This was agreed upon, and the price paid. Now Sam was required to point out the spot where the deer was to be found, which he did in this manner. He said to his friend, "You know of such a meadow," describing it. "Yes." "You know a big ash tree, with a big top, by the little brook?" "Yes." "Well, under that tree lies the deer." This was satisfactory, and Sam departed. It is unnecessary to mention that the meadow was found, and the tree by the brook, but no deer. The duped man could hardly contain himself on considering what he had been doing. To look after Sam for satisfaction would be worse than looking after the deer, so the farmer concluded to go home contented. Some years after he happened to fall in with the Indian, and he immediately began to rally him for deceiving him so, and demanded back his money, and pay for his cider and trouble. "Why," said Sam, "would you find fault if Indian told truth half the time?" "No." "Well," says Sam, "you find him meadow?" "Yes." "You find him tree?" "Yes." "What for then you find

fault with Sam Hide when he told you two truth to one lie?" The affair ended here. Sam heard no more from the farmer.

This is but one of the numerous anecdotes of Sam Hide, which, could they be collected, would fill many pages. He died in Dedham, January 5th, 1732, at the great age of one hundred and five years. He was a great jester, and passed for an uncommon wit. In all the wars against the Indians during his lifetime he served the English faithfully, and had the name of a brave soldier. He had himself killed nineteen of the enemy, and tried hard to make up the twentieth, but was unable.

Characters contrasted.—An Indian of the Kennebeck tribe, remarkable for his good conduct, received a grant of land from the State, and fixed himself in a new township where a number of families were settled. Though not ill treated, yet the common prejudice against Indians prevented any sympathy with him. This was shown at the death of his only child, when none of the people came near him. Shortly afterwards he went to some of the inhabitants and said to them, "When white man's child die, Indian man be sorry,—he help bury him. When my child die, no one speak to me,—I make his grave alone. I can no live here." He gave up his farm, dug up the body of his child, and carried it with him two hundred miles through the forests, to join the Canada Indians!

A ludicrous error.—There was published in London, in 1762, "The American Gazetteer," &c., in which is the following account of Bristol, R. I., "A county and town in New England. The capital is remarkable for the King of Spain's having a palace in it, and being killed there; and also for Crown the poet's begging it of Charles II." The blunder did not rest here, but is found in "The North American and the West Indian Gazetteer," &c. Thus Philip of Spain seems to have had the misfortune of being mistaken for Philip of the Wampanoags, alias Pometacom of Pokanoket.

Origin or meaning of the name Canada.—It is said, that Canada was discovered by the Spaniards, before the time of Cartier, and that the bay of Chaleurs was discovered by them, and is the same as the *Baye des Espagnoles*; and that the Spaniards, not meeting with any appearances of mines of the precious metals, said to one another, *aca nada*, which in their language signified *nothing here*, and forthwith departed from the country. The Indians, having heard these words, retained them in their memories, and, when the French came among them, made use of them, probably by way of salutation, not understanding their import; and they were supposed by the voyagers to be the name of the country. It was only necessary to drop the first letter, and use the two words as two syllables, and the word Canada was complete.

But as long ago as Father Charlevoix wrote his admirable History of New France, he added a note upon the derivation of the name Canada, in which he said some derived it from an Iroquois word meaning an assemblage of houses. Doctor J. R. Forster has a learned note upon it also, in his valuable account of Voyages and Discoveries

in the North. He objects to the *aca nada* origin, because, in Spanish, the word for here is not *aca*, but *aquí*, and that to form Canada from Aquinada would be forced and unnatural. Yet he says, "In ancient maps we often find *Ca: da Nada*," that is, Cape Nothing. "But from a Canadian (Indian) vocabulary, annexed to the original edition of the second voyage of Jaques Cartier, Paris, 1545, it appears, that an assemblage of houses, or habitations, *i. e.* a town, was by the natives called Canada. Cartier says, *Ils appellent une ville—Canada.*" Mr. Heckewelder is of much the same opinion as Charlevoix and Forster. He says, that in a prayer-book in the Mohawk language, he read, "*Ne Kanada-gongh Konwayatsk Nazareth*," which was a translation of "in a city called Nāzareth."

Origin of the name Yankee.—Anbury, an author who did not respect the Americans, any more than many others who have been led captive by them, has the following paragraph upon this word:—"The lower class of these yankees—apropos, it may not be amiss here just to observe to you the etymology of this term: it is derived from a Cherokee word, *eankke*, which signifies coward and slave. This epithet of yankee was bestowed upon the inhabitants of New England by the Virginians, for not assisting them in a war with the Cherokees, and they have always been held in derision by it. But the name has been more prevalent since (1775) the commencement of hostilities; the soldiery at Boston used it as a term of reproach; but after the affair at Bunker's Hill, the Americans gloried in it. Yankee-doodle is now their pœan, a favorite of favorites, played in their army, esteemed as warlike as the grenadier's march—it is the lover's spell, the nurse's lullaby. After our rapid successes, we held the yankees in great contempt; but it was not a little mortifying to hear them play this tune, when their army marched down to our surrender."

But Mr. Heckewelder thinks that the Indians, in endeavoring to pronounce the name English, could get that sound no nearer than these letters give it,—yengees. This was perhaps the true origin of yankee.

A singular stratagem to escape torture.—"Some years ago the Shawano Indians, being obliged to remove from their habitations, in their way took a Muskohge warrior, known by the name of old Scrary, prisoner; they bastinadoed him severely, and condemned him to the fiery torture. He underwent a great deal without showing any concern; his countenance and behaviour were as if he suffered not the least pain. He told his persecutors with a bold voice, that he was a warrior; that he gained most of his martial reputation at the expense of their nation, and was desirous of showing them, in the act of dying, that he was still as much their superior, as when he headed his gallant countrymen; that although he had fallen into their hands, and forfeited the protection of the divine power by some impurity or other, when carrying the holy ark of war against his devoted enemies, yet he had so much remaining virtue as would enable him to punish himself more exquisitely than all their despicable, ignorant crowd

possibly could; and that he would do so, if they gave him liberty by untying him, and handing him one of the red-hot gun-barrels out of the fire. The proposal, and his method of address, appeared so exceedingly bold and uncommon, that his request was granted. Then suddenly seizing one end of the red-hot barrel, and brandishing it from side to side, leaped down a prodigious steep and high bank into a branch of the river, dived through it, ran over a small island, and passed the other branch, amidst a shower of bullets; and though numbers of his enemies were in close pursuit of him, he got into a bramble-swamp, through which, though naked and in a mangled condition, he reached his own country."

An unparalleled case of suffering.—"The Shawano Indians captured a warrior of the Anantocah nation, and put him to the stake, according to their usual cruel solemnities: having unconcernedly suffered much torture, he told them, with scorn, they did not know how to punish a noted enemy; therefore he was willing to teach them, and would confirm the truth of his assertion if they allowed him the opportunity. Accordingly he requested of them a pipe and some tobacco, which was given him; as soon as he had lighted it, he sat down, naked as he was, on the women's burning torches, that were within his circle, and continued smoking his pipe without the least discomposure. On this a head warrior leaped up, and said, they saw plain enough that he was a warrior, and not afraid of dying, nor should he have died, only that he was both spoiled by the fire, and devoted to it by their laws; however, though he was a very dangerous enemy, and his nation a treacherous people, it should be seen that they paid a regard to bravery, even in one who was marked with war streaks at the cost of many of the lives of their beloved kindred; and then by way of favor, he with his friendly tomahawk instantly put an end to all his pains."

Ignorance the offspring of absurd opinions.—The resolution and courage of the Indians, says Colonel Rogers, "under sickness and pain, is truly surprising. A young woman will be in labor a whole day without uttering one groan or cry; should she betray such a weakness, they would immediately say, that she was unworthy to be a mother, and that her offspring could not fail of being cowards."

A Northern custom.—When Mr. Hearne was on the Coppermine river, in 1771, some of the Copper Indians in his company killed a number of Esquimaux, by which act they considered themselves unclean; and all concerned in the murder were not allowed to cook any provisions, either for themselves or others. They were, however, allowed to eat of others' cooking, but not until they had painted, with a kind of red earth, all the space between their nose and chin, as well as a greater part of their cheeks, almost to their ears. Neither would they use any other dish or pipe than their own.

Another Pocahontas.—While Lewis and Clarke were on the shore of the Pacific Ocean, in 1805, one of their men went one evening into a village of the Killamuk Indians, alone, a small distance from his party, and on the opposite side of a creek from that of the encamp-

ment. A strange Indian happened to be there also, who expressed great respect and love for the white man; but in reality he meant to murder him for the articles he had about him. This happened to come to the knowledge of a Chinook woman, and she determined at once to save his life; therefore, when the white man was about to return to his companions, the Indian was going to accompany him, and kill him in the way. As they were about to set out, the woman caught the white man by the clothes, to prevent his going with the Indian. He, not understanding her intention, pulled away from her; but as a last resort, she ran out and shrieked, which raised the men in every direction; and the Indian became alarmed for his own safety, and made his escape before the white man knew he had been in danger.

Self-command in time of danger.—There was in Carolina a noted chief of the Yamoisees, who, in the year 1702, with about six hundred of his countrymen, went with Col. Daniel and Col. Moore against the Spaniards in Florida. His name was Arratommakaw. When the English were obliged to abandon their undertaking, and as they were retreating to their boats, they became alarmed, supposing the Spaniards were upon them. Arratommakaw, having arrived at the boats, was reposing himself upon his oars, and was fast asleep. The soldiers rallied him for being so slow in his retreat, and ordered him to make more haste: "But he replied, 'No—though your governor leaves you, I will not stir till I have seen all my men before me.'"

Indifference.—Archihau was a sachem of Maryland, whose residence was upon the Potomac, when that country was settled by the English in 1633–4. The place of his residence was named, like the river, Potomac. As usual with the Indians, he received the English under Governor Calvert with great attention. It should be noted, that Archihau was not head sachem of the Potomacs, but governed instead of his nephew, who was a child, and who, like the head men of Virginia, was called Werowance. From this place the colonists sailed 20 leagues further up the river, to a place called Piscataway. Here a werowance went on board the governor's pinnace, to treat with him. On being asked whether he was willing the English should settle in his country, in case they found a place convenient for them, he made answer, "I will not bid you go, neither will I bid you stay, but you may use your own discretion."

Their notions of the learning of the Whites.—At the Congress at Lancaster, in 1744, between the government of Virginia and the Five Nations, the Indians were told that, if they would send some of their young men to Virginia, the English would give them an education at their college. An orator replied to this offer as follows:—"We know that you highly esteem the kind of learning taught in those colleges, and that the maintenance of our young men, while with you, would be very expensive to you. We are convinced, therefore, that you mean to do us good by your proposal, and we thank you heartily. But you who are wise must know, that different nations have different conceptions of things; and you will therefore not take it amiss, if our

ideas of this kind of education happen not to be the same with yours. We have had some experience of it; several of our young people were formerly brought up at the colleges of the northern provinces; they were instructed in all your sciences; but when they came back to us, they were bad runners; ignorant of every means of living in the woods; unable to bear either cold or hunger; knew neither how to build a cabin, take a deer, nor kill an enemy; spoke our language imperfectly; were therefore neither fit for hunters, warriors, nor counsellors; they were totally good for nothing. We are, however, not the less obliged by your kind offer, though we decline accepting it; and to show our grateful sense of it, if the gentlemen of Virginia will send us a dozen of their sons, we will take great care of their education, instruct them in all we know, and make men of them."

Success of a Missionary.—Those who have attempted to Christianise the Indians complain that they are too silent, and that their taciturnity is the greatest difficulty with which they have to contend. Their notions of propriety upon matters of conversation are so nice, that they deem it improper, in the highest degree, even to deny or contradict any thing that is said, at the time; and hence the difficulty of knowing what effect any thing has upon their minds at the time of delivery. In this they have a proper advantage; for how often does it happen that people would answer very differently upon a matter, were they to consider upon it but a short time! The Indians seldom answer a matter of importance the same day, lest, in so doing, they should be thought to have treated it as though it was of small consequence. We oftener repent of a hasty decision, than that we have lost time in maturing our judgments. Now for the anecdote: and as it is from the Essays of Dr. Franklin, it shall be told in his own way.

"A Swedish minister, having assembled the chiefs of the Susquehanna Indians, made a sermon to them, acquainting them with the principal historical facts on which our religion is founded; such as the fall of our first parents by eating an apple; the coming of Christ to repair the mischief; his miracles and sufferings, &c. When he had finished, an Indian orator stood up to thank him. 'What you have told us,' said he, 'is all very good. It is indeed bad to eat apples. It is better to make them all into cider. We are much obliged by your kindness in coming so far to tell us those things, which you have heard from your mothers.'

"When the Indian had told the missionary one of the legends of his nation, how they had been supplied with maize or corn, beans and tobacco,* he treated it with contempt, and said, 'What I delivered to you were sacred truths; but what you tell me is mere fable, fiction,

* The story of the beautiful woman, who descended to the earth, and was fed by the Indians, Black-Hawk is made to tell, in his life, page 78. It is the same often told, and alluded to by Franklin in the text. To reward the Indians for their kindness, she caused corn to grow where her right hand had touched the earth, beans where the left rested, and tobacco where she was seated.

and falsehood.' The Indian felt indignant, and replied, 'My brother, it seems your friends have not done you justice in your education; they have not well instructed you in the rules of common civility. You see that we, who understand and practise those rules, believe all your stories; why do you refuse to believe ours?'"

Curiosity.—"When any of the Indians come into our towns, our people are apt to crowd round them, gaze upon them, and incommode them where they desire to be private; this they esteem great rudeness, and the effect of the want of instruction in the rules of civility and good manners. 'We have,' say they, 'as much curiosity as you, and when you come into our towns, we wish for opportunities of looking at you; but for this purpose we hide ourselves behind bushes where you are to pass, and never intrude ourselves into your company.'"

Rules of conversation.—"The business of the women is to take exact notice of what passes, imprint it in their memories, (for they have no writing,) and communicate it to their children. They are the records of the council, and they preserve tradition of the stipulations in treaties a hundred years back, which, when we compare with our writings, we always find exact. He that would speak rises. The rest observe a profound silence. When he has finished and sits down, they leave him five or six minutes to recollect, so that if he has omitted any thing he intended to say, or has any thing to add, he may rise again and deliver it. To interrupt another, even in common conversation, is reckoned highly indecent. How different this is from the conduct of a polite British house of commons, where scarce a day passes without some confusion, that makes the speaker hoarse in calling to order; and how different from the mode of conversation in many polite companies of Europe, where, if you do not deliver your sentence with great rapidity, you are cut off in the middle of it by the impatient loquacity of those you converse with, and never suffered to finish it." Instead of being better since the days of Franklin, we apprehend it has grown worse. The modest and unassuming often find it exceeding difficult to gain a hearing at all. Ladies, and many who consider themselves examples of good manners, transgress to an insufferable degree, in breaking in upon the conversations of others. Some of these, like a ship driven by a northwester, bearing down the small craft in her course, come upon us by surprise, and if we attempt to proceed by raising our voices a little, we are sure to be drowned by a much greater elevation on their part. It is a want of good breeding which, it is hoped, every young person whose eye this may meet will not be guilty of through life. There is great opportunity for many of mature years to profit by it.

Lost confidence.—An Indian runner, arriving in a village of his countrymen, requested the immediate attendance of its inhabitants in council, as he wanted their answer to important information. The people accordingly assembled, but when the messenger had with great anxiety delivered his message, and waited for an answer, none was given, and he soon observed that he was likely to be left alone in his

place. A stranger present asked a principal chief the meaning of this strange proceeding, who gave this answer, "He once told us a lie."

Comic.—An Indian having been found frozen to death, an inquest of his countrymen was convened to determine by what means he came to such a death. Their verdict was, "Death from the freezing of a great quantity of water inside of him, which they were of opinion he had drunken for rum."

A serious question.—About 1794, an officer presented a western chief with a medal, on one side of which President Washington was represented as armed with a sword, and on the other an Indian was seen in the act of burying the hatchet. The chief at once saw the wrong done his countrymen, and very wisely asked, "Why does not the president bury his sword too?"

Self-esteem.—A white man, meeting an Indian, accosted him as brother. The red man, with a great expression of meaning in his countenance, inquired how they came to be brothers; the white man replied, "O, by way of Adam, I suppose." The Indian added, "Me thank him Great Spirit we no nearer brothers."

A preacher taken at his word.—A certain clergyman had for his text on a time, "Vow and pay the Lord thy vows." An Indian happened to be present, who stepped up to the priest as soon as he had finished, and said to him, "Now me vow me go home with you, Mr. Minister." The priest, having no language of evasion at command, said, "You must go, then." When he had arrived at the home of the minister, the Indian vowed again, saying, "Now me vow me have supper." When this was finished, he said, "Me vow me stay all night." The priest, by this time thinking himself sufficiently taxed, replied, "It may be so, but I vow you shall go in the morning." The Indian, judging from the tone of his host that more vows would be useless, departed in the morning *sans ceremonie*.

A case of signal barbarity.—It is related by Black Hawk, in his life, that some time before the war of 1812, one of the Indians had killed a Frenchman at Prairie du Chiens. "The British soon after took him prisoner, and said they would shoot him the next day. His family were encamped a short distance below the mouth of the Ouisconsin. He begged permission to go and see them that night, as he was to die the next day! They permitted him to go, after promising to return the next morning by sunrise. He visited his family, which consisted of a wife and six children. I cannot describe their meeting and parting, to be understood by the whites, as it appears that their feelings are acted upon by certain rules laid down by their preachers, whilst ours are governed only by the monitor within us. He parted from his wife and children, hurried through the prairie to the fort, and arrived in time. The soldiers were ready, and immediately marched out and shot him down!" If this were not cold-blooded, deliberate murder, on the part of the whites, I have no conception of what constitutes that crime. What were the circumstances of the murder we are not informed; but whatever they may have been, they cannot excuse a still greater barbarity. I would not by any means

be understood to advocate the cause of a murderer; but I will ask, whether crime is to be prevented by crime: murder for murder is only a brutal retaliation, except where the safety of a community requires the sacrifice.

Mourning much in a short time.—A young widow, whose husband had been dead about eight days, was hastening to finish her grief, in order that she might be married to a young warrior; she was determined, therefore, to grieve much in a short time; to this end she tore her hair, drank spirits, and beat her breast, to make the tears flow abundantly; by which means, on the evening of the eighth day, she was ready again to marry, having grieved sufficiently.

How to evade a hard question.—When Mr. Gist went over the Alleghanies, in February, 1751, on a tour of discovery for the Ohio Company, “an Indian, who spoke good English, came to him, and said that their great man, the Beaver, and Captain Oppamyluah, (two chiefs of the Delawares,) desired to know where the Indians’ land lay, for the French claimed all the land on one side of the Ohio river, and the English on the other.” This question Mr. Gist found it hard to answer, and he evaded it by saying, that the Indians and white men were all subjects to the same king, and all had an equal privilege of taking up and possessing the land in conformity with the conditions prescribed by the king.

Credulity its own punishment.—The traveller Wansey, according to his own account, would not enter into conversation with an eminent chief, because he had heard that it had been said of him that he had in his time “shed blood enough to swim in.” He had a great desire to become acquainted with the Indian character, but his credulity debarred him effectually from the gratification. The chief was a Creek, named Flamingo, who, in company with another called Double-Head, visited Philadelphia as ambassadors, in the summer of 1794. Few travellers discover such scrupulousness, especially those who come to America. That Flamingo was more bloody than other Indian warriors is by no means probable, but a mere report of his being a great shedder of blood kept Mr. Wansey from saying any more about him.

Just indignation.—Hatuay, a powerful chief of Hispaniola, having fled from thence to avoid slavery or death when that island was ravaged by the Spaniards, was taken in 1511, when they conquered Cuba, and burnt at the stake. After being bound to the stake, a Franciscan friar labored to convert him to the Catholic faith, by promises of immediate and eternal bliss in the world to come if he would believe; and that, if he would not, eternal torments were his only portion. The cazique, with seeming composure, asked if there were any Spaniards in those regions of bliss. On being answered that there were, he replied, “Then I will not go to a place where I may meet with one of that accursed race.”

Harmless deception.—In a time of Indian troubles, an Indian visited the house of Governor Jenks, of Rhode Island, when the governor took occasion to request him that, if any strange Indian

should come to his wigwam, to let him know it, which the Indian promised to do; but, to secure his fidelity, the governor told him that when he should give him such information, he would give him a mug of flip. Some time after the Indian came again: "Well, Mr. Gubenor, strange Indian come to my house last night." "Ah!" says the governor, "and what did he say?" "He no speak," replied the Indian. "What! not speak at all?" added the governor. "No, he no speak at all." "That certainly looks suspicious," said his excellency, and inquired if he were still there, and being told that he was, ordered the promised mug of flip. When this was disposed of, and the Indian was about to depart, he mildly said, "Mr. Gubenor, my squaw have child last night;" and thus the governor's alarm was suddenly changed into disappointment, and the strange Indian into a new-born papoose.

Mammoth bones.—The following very interesting tradition concerning these bones among the Indians, will always be read with interest. The animal to which they once belonged they call the Big Buffalo; and on the early maps of the country of the Ohio we see marked, "Elephants' bones said to be found here." They were for some time by many supposed to have been the bones of that animal, but they are pretty generally now believed to have belonged to a species of animal long since extinct. They have been found in various parts of the country, but in the greatest abundance about the salt licks or springs in Kentucky and Ohio. There has never been an entire skeleton found, although the one in Peale's museum, in Philadelphia, was so near perfect, that, by a little ingenuity in supplying its defects with wood-work, it passes extremely well for such.

The tradition of the Indians concerning this animal is, that he was carnivorous, and existed, as late as 1780, in the northern parts of America. Some Delawares, in the time of the revolutionary war, visited the Governor of Virginia on business, which having been finished, some questions were put to them concerning their country, and especially what they knew or had heard respecting the animals whose bones had been found about the salt licks on the Ohio river. "The chief speaker," continues our author, Mr. Jefferson, "immediately put himself into an attitude of oratory, and, with a pomp suited to what he conceived the elevation of his subject," began and repeated as follows:—"In ancient times, a herd of these tremendous animals came to the Big-bone Licks, and began an universal destruction of the bear, deer, elks, buffaloes, and other animals, which had been created for the use of the Indians: the great man above, looking down and seeing this, was so enraged, that he seized his lightning, descended to the earth, and seated himself on a neighboring mountain, on a rock of which his seat and the print of his feet are still to be seen, and hurled his bolts among them till the whole were slaughtered, except the big bull, who, presenting his forehead to the shafts, shook them off as they fell; but missing one at length, it wounded him in the side; whereon, springing round, he bounded over the Ohio, over the

Wabash, the Illinois, and finally over the great lakes, where he is living at this day."

Such, say the Indians, is the account handed down to them from their ancestors, and they could furnish no other information.

Narrative of the captivity and bold exploit of Hannah Duston.—The relation of this affair forms the XXV. article in the Decennium Luctuosum of the Magnalia Christi Americana, by Dr. Cotton Mather, and is one of the best written articles of all we have read from his pen. At its head is this significant sentence—*Dux Fœmina Facti.*

On the 15th of March, 1697, a band of about twenty Indians came unexpectedly upon Haverhill, in Massachusetts; and, as their numbers were small, they made their attack with the swiftness of the whirlwind, and as suddenly disappeared. The war, of which this eruption was a part, had continued nearly ten years, and soon afterwards it came to a close. The house which this party of Indians had singled out as their object of attack, belonged to one Mr. Thomas Duston or Dunstan, in the outskirts of the town. Mr. Duston was at work, at some distance from his house, at the time, and whether he was alarmed for the safety of his family by the shouts of the Indians, or other cause, we are not informed; but he seems to have arrived there time enough before the arrival of the Indians, to make some arrangements for the preservation of his children; but his wife, who, but about a week before, had been confined by a child, was unable to rise from her bed, to the distraction of her agonised husband. No time was to be lost; Mr. Duston had only time to direct his children's flight, (seven in number,) the extremes of whose ages were two and seventeen, before the Indians were upon them. With his gun, the distressed father mounted his horse, and rode away in the direction of the children, whom he overtook but about forty rods from the house. His first intention was to take up one, if possible, and escape with it. He had no sooner overtaken them, than this resolution was destroyed; for to rescue either to the exclusion of the rest, was worse than death itself to him. He therefore faced about and met the enemy, who had closely pursued him; each fired upon the other, and it is almost a miracle that none of the little retreating party were hurt. The Indians did not pursue long, from fear of raising the neighboring English before they could complete their object, and hence this part of the family escaped to a place of safety.

We are now to enter fully into the relation of this very tragedy. There was living in the house of Mr. Duston, as nurse, Mrs. Mary Neff, a widow, whose heroic conduct in sharing the fate of her mistress, when escape was in her power, will always be viewed with admiration. The Indians were now in the undisturbed possession of the house, and having driven the sick woman from her bed, compelled her to sit quietly in the corner of a fire-place, while they completed the pillage of the house. This business being finished, it was set on fire, and Mrs. Duston, who before considered herself unable to walk, was, at the approach of night, obliged to march into the wilderness, and

take her bed upon the cold ground. Mrs. Neff too late attempted to escape with the infant child, but was intercepted, the child taken from her, and its brains beat out against a neighboring apple-tree, while its nurse was compelled to accompany her new and frightful masters also. The captives amounted in all to thirteen, some of whom, as they became unable to travel, were murdered, and left exposed upon the way. Although it was near night when they quitted Haverhill, they travelled, as they judged, twelve miles before encamping; "and then," says Dr. Mather, "kept up with their new masters in a long travel of an hundred and fifty miles, more or less, within a few days ensuing."

After journeying awhile, according to their custom, the Indians divided their prisoners. Mrs. Duston, Mrs. Neff, and a boy named Samuel Leonardson, who had been captivated at Worcester, about eighteen months before, fell to the lot of an Indian family, consisting of twelve persons,—two men, three women, and seven children. These, so far as our accounts go, were very kind to their prisoners, but told them there was one ceremony which they could not avoid, and to which they would be subjected when they should arrive at their place of destination, which was to run the gauntlet. The place where this was to be performed was at an Indian village, two hundred and fifty miles from Haverhill, according to the reckoning of the Indians. In their meandering course, they at length arrived at an island in the mouth of Contookook river, about six miles above Concord, in New Hampshire. Here one of the Indian men resided. It had been determined by the captives, before their arrival here, that an effort should be made to free themselves from their wretched captivity; and not only to gain their liberty, but, as we shall presently see, something by way of remuneration from those who held them in bondage. The heroine, Duston, had resolved, upon the first opportunity that offered any chance of success, to kill her captors and scalp them, and to return home with such trophies as would clearly establish her reputation for heroism, as well as insure her a bounty from the public. She therefore communicated her design to Mrs. Neff and the English boy, who, it would seem, readily enough agreed to it. To the art of killing and scalping she was a stranger; and, that there should be no failure in the business, Mrs. Duston instructed the boy, who, from his long residence with them, had become as one of the Indians, to inquire of one of the men how it was done. He did so, and the Indian showed him, without mistrusting the origin of the inquiry. It was now March the 31st, and in the dead of the night following, this bloody tragedy was acted. When the Indians were in the most sound sleep, these three captives arose, and softly arming themselves with the tomahawks of their masters, allotted the number each should kill; and so truly did they direct their blows, that but one escaped that they designed to kill. This was a woman, whom they badly wounded, and one boy, for some reason they did not wish to harm, and accordingly he was allowed to escape unhurt. Mrs. Duston killed her master, and Leonardson killed the man who had so freely

told him, but one day before, where to deal a deadly blow, and how to take off a scalp.

All was over before the dawn of day, and all things were got ready for leaving this place of blood. All the boats but one were scuttled, to prevent being pursued, and, with what provisions and arms the Indian camp afforded, they embarked on board the other, and slowly and silently took the course of the Merrimack river for their homes, where they all soon after arrived without accident.

The whole country was astonished at the relation of the affair, the truth of which was never for a moment doubted. The ten scalps, and the arms of the Indians, were evidences not to be questioned; and the general court gave them fifty pounds as a reward, and numerous other gratuities were showered upon them. Col. Nicholson, Governor of Maryland, hearing of the transaction, sent them a generous present also.

Eight other houses were attacked besides Duston's, the owners of which, says the historian of that town, Mr. Myrick, in every case, were slain while defending them, and the blood of each stained his own door-sill.

INTERESTING FRAGMENTS.

The Western Mothers.—The following is a thrilling story from McClung's book:—On the night of the 11th of April, 1787, the house of a widow, in Bourbon county, became the scene of an adventure, which we think deserves to be related. She occupied what is generally called a double cabin, in a lonely part of the country, one room of which was tenanted by the old lady herself, together with two grown sons, and a widowed daughter, at that time suckling an infant, while the other was occupied by two unmarried daughters from sixteen to twenty years of age, together with a little girl not more than half grown. The hour was eleven o'clock at night. One of the unmarried daughters was still busily engaged at the loom, but the other members of the family, with the exception of one of the sons, had retired to rest. Symptoms of an alarming nature had engaged the attention of the young man for an hour before any thing of a decided character took place. The cry of owls was heard in the adjoining wood, answering each other in rather an unusual manner. The horses, which were inclosed as usual in a pond near the house, were more than commonly excited, and by repeated snorting and galloping, announcing

the presence of some object of terror. The young man was often restrained by the fear of incurring ridicule and the reproach of timidity, at that time an unpardonable blemish in the character of a Kentuckian.

At length, hasty steps were heard in the yard, and quickly afterward, several loud knocks at the door, accompanied by the usual exclamation, "who keeps house?" in very good English. The young man, supposing from the language that some benighted settlers were at the door, hastily arose, and was advancing to withdraw the bar which secured it, when his mother, who had long lived upon the frontiers, and had probably detected the Indian tone in the demand for admission, instantly sprung out of bed, and ordered her son not to admit them, declaring they were Indians. She instantly awakened her other son, and the two young men seizing their guns, which were always charged, prepared to repel the enemy.

The Indians finding it impossible to enter under their assumed characters, began to thunder at the door with great violence, but a single shot from a loophole compelled them to shift the attack to some less exposed point; and, unfortunately, they discovered the door of the other cabin, which contained the three daughters. The rifles of the brothers could not be brought to bear upon this point, and by means of several rails taken from the yard fence, the door was forced from its hinges and the three girls were at the mercy of the savages. One was instantly secured, but the eldest defended herself desperately with a knife which she had been using at the loom, and stabbed one of the Indians to the heart, before she was tomahawked. In the meantime the little girl who had been overlooked by the enemy in their eagerness to secure the others, ran out in the yard, and might have effected her escape, had she taken advantage of the darkness and fled, but instead of that the terrified little creature ran around the house wringing her hands and crying out that her sisters were killed.

The brothers, unable to hear her cries without risking every thing for her rescue, rushed to the door and were preparing to sally out to her assistance, when their mother threw herself before them and calmly declared that the child must be abandoned to its fate—that the sally would sacrifice the lives of all the rest without the slightest benefit to the little girl. Just then the child uttered a loud scream, followed by a few faint moans, and all was again silent. Presently the crackling of flames was heard, accompanied by a triumphant yell from the Indians, announcing that they had set fire to that division of the house which had been occupied by the daughters, and of which they held undisputed possession. The fire was quickly communicated to the rest of the building, and it became necessary to abandon it or perish in the flames. In the one case there was a possibility that some might escape; in the other their fate would be equally certain and terrible. The approach of the flames cut short their momentary suspense. The door was thrown open, and the old lady, supported by her eldest son, attempted to cross the fence at one

point, while her daughter, carrying her child in her arms, and attended by the younger of the brothers, ran in a different direction.

The blazing roof shed a light over the yard but little inferior to that of day, and the savages were distinctly seen awaiting the approach of their victims. The old lady was permitted to reach the stile unmolested, but in the act of crossing, received several balls in her breast and fell dead. Her son, providentially, remained unhurt, and by extraordinary agility effected his escape. The other party succeeded also in reaching the fence unhurt, but, in the act of crossing, were vigorously assailed by several Indians, who, throwing down their guns, rushed upon them with their tomahawks. The young man defended his sister gallantly, firing upon the enemy as they approached, and then wielding the butt of his rifle, with a fury that drew their whole attention upon himself, gave his sister an opportunity of effecting her escape. He quickly fell, however, under the tomahawks of his enemies, and was found at daylight, scalped and mangled in a shocking manner. Of the whole family, consisting of eight persons when the attack commenced, only three escaped. Four were killed upon the spot, and one (the second daughter) carried off as a prisoner.

The neighborhood was quickly alarmed, and by daylight about thirty men were assembled under the command of Colonel Edwards. A light snow had fallen during the latter part of the night, and the Indian trail could be pursued at a gallop. It led directly into the mountainous country bordering upon Licking, and afforded evidences of great hurry and precipitation on the part of the fugitives. Unfortunately, a hound had been permitted to accompany the whites, and as the trail became fresh and the scent warm, she followed it with eagerness, baying loudly, and giving the alarm to the Indians. The consequences of this imprudence were soon displayed. The enemy finding the pursuit keen, and perceiving that the strength of the prisoner began to fail, instantly sunk their tomahawks in her head and left her, still warm and bleeding, upon the snow. As the whites came up, she retained strength enough to waive her hand in token of recognition, and appeared desirous of giving them some information, with regard to the enemy—but her strength was too far gone. Her brother sprung from his horse and knelt by her side, endeavoring to stop the effusion of blood, but in vain. She gave him her hand, muttered some inarticulate words, and expired within two minutes after the arrival of the party. The pursuit was renewed with additional ardor, and in twenty minutes the enemy was within view. They had taken possession of a steep narrow ridge, and seemed desirous of magnifying their numbers in the eyes of the whites, as they ran rapidly from tree to tree, and maintained a steady yell in their most appalling tones:

The pursuers, however, were too experienced to be deceived by so common an artifice, and being satisfied that the number of the enemy must be inferior to their own, they dismounted, tied their horses, and flanking out in such a manner as to enclose the enemy, ascended the

ridge as rapidly as was consistent with a due regard to the shelter of their persons. The firing quickly commenced, and now for the first time they discovered that only two Indians were opposed to them. They had voluntarily sacrificed themselves for the safety of the main body, and had succeeded to delay pursuit until their friends could reach the mountains. One of them was instantly shot dead, and the other was badly wounded, as was evident from blood upon the blanket, as well as that which filled his tracks in the snow for a considerable distance. The pursuit was recommenced, and urged keenly until night, when the trail entered a running stream and was lost. On the following day the snow had melted, and every trace of the enemy was obliterated. This affair must be regarded as highly honorable to the skill, address, and activity of the Indians, and the self-devotion of the rear-guard is a lively instance of that magnanimity of which they are at times capable, and which is more remarkable in them, from the extreme caution and tender regard for their own lives which usually distinguishes the warriors.

*The Lone Indian.**—For many a returning autumn, a lone Indian was seen standing at the consecrated spot we have mentioned; but just thirty years after the death of Soonsetah, he was noticed for the last time. His step was then firm, and his figure erect, though he seemed old and way-worn. Age had not dimmed the fire of his eye, but an expression of deep melancholy had settled on his wrinkled brow. It was Pswoutonamo—he who had once been the Eagle of the Mohawk! He came to lie down and die beneath the broad oak which shadowed the grave of Sunny Eye. Alas, the white man had been there! The tree he had planted was dead; and the vine which had leaped so vigorously from branch to branch, now yellow and withering, was falling to the ground. A deep groan burst from the soul of the savage. For thirty wearisome years he had watched that oak, with its twining tendrils. They were the only things left in the wide world for him to love, and they were gone! He looked abroad. The hunting land of his tribe was changed, like its chieftain. No light canoe shot down the river, like a bird upon the wing. The laden boat of the white man alone broke its smooth surface. The Englishman's road wound like a serpent around the banks of the Mohawk; and the iron hoof had so beaten down the war path, that a hawk's eye could not discover an Indian track. The last wigwam was destroyed; and the sun looked boldly down upon spots he had visited only by stealth during thousand and thousands of moons. The few remaining trees, clothed in the fantastic mourning of autumn; the long line of heavy clouds melting away before the coming sun; and the distant mountain, seen through the blue mist of departing twilight, alone remained as he had seen it in his boyhood. All things spoke a sad language to the heart of the desolate Indian. "Yes," said he, "the young oak and the vine are like the Eagle and the

By Miss Francis.

Sunny Eye. They are cut down, torn and trampled on. The leaves are falling, and the clouds are scattered like my people. I wish I could once more see the trees standing thick, as they did when my mother held me to her bosom, and sung the warlike deeds of the Mohawks."

A mingled expression of grief and anger passed over his face, as he watched a loaded boat in its passage across the stream. "The white man carries food to his wife and children, and he finds them in his home," said he; "where is the squaw and the papoose of the red man? They are here!" As he spoke, he fixed his eye thoughtfully upon the grave. After a gloomy silence he again looked round upon the fair scene, with a wandering and troubled gaze. "The pale face may like it," murmured he; "but an Indian cannot die here in peace." So saying, he broke his bow string, snapped his arrows, threw them on the burial place of his fathers, and departed forever.

An Indian Mother.—Extract from the third volume of Mr. Bancroft's History:—"If a mother lost her babe, she would cover it with bark, and envelope it in the softest beaver skins; at the burial she would put by its side its cradle, its beads, and its rattles; and, as a last service of maternal love, would draw milk from her bosom in a cup of bark, and burn it in the fire, that her infant might still find nourishment in the land of shades. Yet the new-born babe would be buried, not as usual on a scaffold, but by the way side, that so its spirit might secretly steal in the bosom of some passing matron, and be born again under happier auspices. On burying her daughter, the Chippewa mother adds, not snow shoes, beads, and moccasins only, but (sad emblems of woman's lot in the wilderness) the carrying belt and the paddle. "I know my daughter will be restored to me," she once said, as she clipped a lock of hair as a memorial; "by this lock of hair I shall discover her, for I shall take it with me," alluding to the day when she, too, with her carrying belt and paddle and the little relic of her child, should pass through the grave to the dwelling place of her ancestors."

Great battle in the Indian country.—The following account of a great battle which was recently fought in the Indian country, between the U. S. troops and a large body of refugee negroes and Indians, we think, deserves a place here:

Large numbers of Indians, negroes, and mongrels, from Florida, have been placed upon the borders of Arkansas and Missouri. By a gentleman direct from Fort Leavenworth, we learn that some six hundred negroes from Florida, and runaways from the Choctaws and Cherokees, and from the whites, united with a few Indians, and perhaps a few white men, have been gradually associated in the fastnesses west of Arkansas. Not long since they reached high up Red river, and encamped for the purpose of hunting buffalo. They built a very tolerable fort with logs, surrounded with a ditch, to protect themselves against all dangers. They caught but few buffalo, and

therefore, to supply their wants, invaded the possessions of the Choctaws, and carried off cattle, poultry, grain, &c. The Choctaws followed them, but finding their numbers and fortifications an overmatch, they retired, and sent to Fort Gibson for the United States dragoons. Captain Moore, of Company D, was sent to capture them with three companies of dragoons; but after arriving upon the Red river, he found their entrenchments too strong and their number too great to venture an attack. He accordingly sent to Fort Towson, and was reinforced with a fine company of infantry, and a couple of pieces of cannon.

The cannon were shortly brought to bear upon the works, and soon made the splinters fly and the logs move so quicrly, that the refugees, at a signal, rushed outside of their fortifications and began to form upon the prairie in front of their works. Ere they fully succeeded in doing so, Captain Moore and his gallant dragoons charged upon them at full gallop. The carnage that ensued is represented as terrific—the dragoons routed them in all directions, and, after putting large numbers to the sword, succeeded in capturing the whole body! The conduct of the dragoons is represented as worthy of all commendation as regards both skill and bravery. The bravery and numbers of the refugees availed absolutely nothing against the irresistible charge of the mounted dragoons.

This decisive blow will give security to that exposed portion of our frontier, and convince the refugee negroes and Indians that our dragoons may not be trifled with. The loss of the dragoons was unknown.

Michigan and Wisconsin Border.—The following report made to the United States Senate by the officers of the Engineer corps, in relation to the survey of the boundary line between Michigan and Wisconsin, furnishes a description of the country bordering on this line, which no doubt will prove acceptable to every reader:

Lac Vieux Desert.—The country in the vicinity of this beautiful lake is called, in Chippewa language, Ka-ta-kit-te-kon, and the lake bears the same name. On south island there is an old potatoe planting ground; hence the appellation of "Vieux Desert," which, in mongrel French, means old planting ground.

About this favorite lake, and on its islands, the chief Ca-sha-o-sha takes up his summer residence; but, on the approach of winter, migrates with his band towards the south, following the deer for the winter hunt. Some of the hunters disperse themselves along down the Wisconsin river, and others down on the branch of the Menomonee called Mus-kos-se-pe.

Ca-sha-o-sha, who is one of the principal chiefs of the Chippewa confederacy, is shrewd and intelligent, and has considerable influence in the councils of his nation, although at the head of only a small band.

The Ka-ta-kit-te-kon Indians are far removed into the interior from white settlements on every side, and are consequently less debauched in their habits, and may be taken as a tolerably fair specimen of the

Chippewa people—such as they were before the degrading process commenced. This band are social, not very obtrusive, but talkative, gay, and seemingly happy. They are of large, commanding stature, and of good deportment; they are well clothed and fed, and their women do not present that squalid, servile aspect, which is observable in some of the other northern tribes.

The Ka-ta-kit-te-kon country occupies a high level above Lakes Superior and Michigan, and abounds in small lakes, which constitute the heads of several rivers. The water of these small reservoirs, and of the streams generally, is cold and limpid. Some of the lakes were observed to contain the speckled trout—such as are generally met with in high latitudes in the United States. The scenery of these is beautiful, and the land adjacent to them is better than is generally believed. The country is not mountainous, but may be denominated “rolling.” The growth of timber is tolerably heavy, consisting of white and yellow pine on the borders of the lakes; in some instances of cedar, fir, hemlock, and tamarack; and a little back of the lakes, of sugar maple, white maple, white and yellow birch, poplar, bass, and hemlock. The soil is of a nature to be adapted to the culture of wheat, rye, grass, oats, flax, hemp, and potatoes.

The manufacture of maple sugar is carried on to a considerable extent by the people of this region. Many of their “sugar bushes” were observed, and from the oldness of the marks upon the trees, the Indians must have known the art of extracting this luxury from their forests from an early date of their history.

Winter usually sets in about the 20th of October in the Ka-ta-kit-te-kon region. This year, (1840,) from the 20th to the 28th of October, the mercury in Fahrenheit’s thermometer ranged as low as from nine to twelve degrees below freezing, and for several days during the latter part of October it was continually snowing. On the return of our party, Sandy Lake outlet had become so much frozen as to make it necessary to drag the canoes on the ice, and the ice was making very fast in all the lakes and streams; this on the very last days of October.

Brule river,—in Chippewa, We-sa-co-ta-se-pe.—The French voyagers have called this Brule (burnt), from the circumstance of the timber having been destroyed by fire adjacent to its banks, near its junction with the Menomonee.

The Brule is one of the principal head branches or tributaries of the Menomonee, and is that branch which comes nearest Lac Vieux Desert. It has a rapid current, and varies in width from eighty to one hundred and twenty feet. It has a rocky bed, and is generally so shallow as to render it difficult to ascend it with canoes of three hundred pounds burden, except in times of high water. The banks of the Brule, or We-sa-co-ta, are thickly studded with white cedar, fir, poplar, tamarack, white birch, and pine, for a great portion of its extent. So dense is the growth of timber immediately on the banks, that it is very difficult for one to work his way through it; and for many miles the cedars overhang the river on both sides, so as to lap

by each other, and there is barely room under the leaning trunks for the passage of a canoe.

The time of ascending this river from its mouth to Lake Brule, in canoes of three hundred pounds burden, is six days, supposing the water at a high stage, and the time of descending, with the canoes lightly loaded, is two days and a half. There are only two portages in the We-sa-co-ta; they occur near together, about ten miles above its confluence with the Menomonee. The first fall, in ascending, occurs at the meeting of the Me-squa-cum-me-cum with the We-sa-co-ta; at this portage the canoes, as well as the loading, have to be taken around the falls; at the upper portage the loading only is carried, the canoes are floated over the rapids.

Menomonee (Ne-ca-ne) river.—This river passes a large volume of water into Green bay at all seasons of the year, and yet is subject to very considerable variations in height, consequent upon fluctuations of its principal tributaries, which are themselves rivers of considerable size. These are We-co-ta-se-pe, Me-squa-cum-me-cum-se-pe, Pesh-e-cum-me-se-pe, and Mus-kos-se-pe.

The Pesh-e-cum-me enters the Menomonee immediately after tumbling over a perpendicular wall of rock of twenty-five feet in height. These falls burst upon the sight of a sudden, and present a highly picturesque feature. The route of the Pesh-e-cum-me is that which is sometimes taken in coming from Lake Superior to Green bay; but the great number of portages, and the difficulties attending the passage around the falls and rapids in this river, make this part of the route very laborious to the canoe-men; hence the route farther east, by the way of Bay de Noquet, is the one usually taken.

The Mus-kos-se-pe is so low in summer as to be unnavigable in any but the smallest canoes, and in some seasons it is almost dry. There are no lakes at its head, which is one reason of its low stages of water. This river is called, by some, Pine river.

The country adjacent to the upper part of the Menomonee, for about thirty miles on both sides, has an exceedingly desolate appearance; the timber, which was once pine, has been consumed by fire as far as the eye can reach all round on every side. The prospect is one of unbroken landscape of barren hills, studded here and there with charred pine stubs, with scarcely a living tree except the second growth of white birch and poplar.

The burnt district, in descending the Menomonee, terminates at the head of Quin-ne-sec falls, where there is a difficult portage of one and a half miles in extent. The total fall of water, from the upper to the lower pool, in this distance, is one hundred and thirty-four feet. This amount is divided into several chutes, with intervening rapids. The general aspect of this series of waterfalls is exceedingly picturesque; at every change of the point of view, new and varied beauties are perceived. But the low falls of the series is by far the most magnificent of all the cascades of the Menomonee; here the whole river is seen in terrible frenzy, dashing, in mighty masses of foam, over a perpendicular wall of rocks of forty feet in height.

The scenery, for some miles immediately below these falls, is quite tranquil; the river is wide—in many places six hundred feet—and dotted here and there with small islands bearing a heavy growth of timber.

Next in order the Little Quin-ne-sec falls occur, where the fall is about thirty-five feet, in extent of two hundred and fifty feet; and the total width of the river is only about eighty-five feet. Here the bed and banks are composed of slate rock. The name Quin-ne-sec is derived from what the Indians take to be smoke, which is of course but the spray of minutely divided particles of water, dashing against the rocks.

After leaving Sandy portage, in descending the Menomonee, the falls all the way to its mouth are nothing more than chutes and various declivities. And here it may be remarked, that the idea hitherto entertained by some of there being such immense perpendicular falls on this river, as are recorded on some maps, is very erroneous. It is gravely stated that there are falls of over two hundred feet vertical.

Sturgeon falls, which come next below Sandy portage, have but thirteen and three-fourths feet fall in the extent of one thousand feet. Above these falls no sturgeon are found, but they collect in great quantities at the foot of the chute.

The scenery about these falls is picturesque, and the place is a resort for Indians; not so much, however, from a taste for scenery as for sturgeon.

Pe-me-ne falls are the next of note below Sturgeon falls. The total fall here is only eight and eighty-four hundredths in an extent of eight hundred and thirty-three feet, exclusive of the short rapid immediately above the principal chute.

September 25th, 1840, temperature at one P. M. ninety-six degrees, and for several days preceding and succeeding, the mercury ranged high.

Of the Menomonee river in general it may be said, that it is not navigable for any craft except canoes, owing to difficult rapids, shoals, and falls. The ascent of this river, with canoes containing three hundred pounds, is a task of incessant toil and danger, and, under the most favorable circumstances, requires fourteen days from its mouth to the entrance of the Pesh-e-cum-me with a party.

The ascent to the Brule, or We-sa-co-ta, is still more difficult and vexatious, owing to the shallowness of the water. It requires about six days, at high stages of water, to ascend from its mouth into Lake Brule; in time of low water it is useless to attempt the ascent. The time of descending from Lake Brule to the entrance into the Menomonee is three days and a half, with light loads and high water.

The banks of the Menomonee river, as well as its islands, from its mouth as far up as the Big Quin-ne-sec falls, are covered with an excellent growth of white and yellow pine timber.

The bed of the river throughout is exceedingly rocky. The stream does not overflow its banks, which are generally quite bold. The

valley of Menomonee contains much good land, and is much better than is generally supposed.

We copy the following *Chapter on Indians* from the New Yorker:—No white man probably visits the banks of Rock river without some speculations about its former inhabitants; and if others are like myself, the question has been a thousand times asked, how it were possible for any race of beings to keep possession of a country so long, and leave so few traces of their former existence. A man may travel for weeks in the valley of Rock and Pecatonic rivers without once suspecting, if he did not know it before, that any other than its present inhabitants ever held possession of it. Mounds he would meet in plenty, but whether they were the work of man or nature he could not infer, nor would he draw any proof whatever without digging into them. Old corn-hills he would find in plenty, but they might be supposed to be only a natural roughness of surface. Their trails, which a few years since were the most frequent and evident of their remains, if by chance he should now find parts of them not grown up to weeds and obliterated, he would naturally enough suppose to be cow or deer paths. Tombs he would find few or none. To me it is melancholy to think how soon the poor fellows are forgotten, even here; and yet it is nothing more than is common to the world. How many of all the earth's population whom death removes are remembered? To one, however, who will examine, there are yet traces of the former lords of the soil. In the woods you will meet with some slumbering log, half covered with soil, leaves, and moss, whose end when cut will show yet that it was done by the hatchet, still resembling a log at which some boy, in the apprenticeship of chopping, has hacked;—again there will be evident the marks of a fire, kindled against some tree, the scar of which is not entirely grown over;—beside another will stand an Indian's ladder, nearly decayed, which was made of a strong sapling well fledged with limbs, which were cut off about a foot from the trunk to form the steps, for the fellows sometimes found it necessary to war so far on their native indolence as to climb a tree, to pull off a raccoon or examine for bees,—for though they are indifferent hunters of the latter, they are as fond of honey as any of the devotees of Hymettus, and will hold an immense jollification over the prey of a well filled honey-comb. There are those here now who have chanced to come upon them in the woods on such occasions, and the most cordial and vociferous invitations were accorded to partake of what, if not a feast of reason, was a feast of *stomach* and a flow of soul.

As the wanderer comes out of the woods upon some high bank of the river, where a beautiful prospect offers of the winding stream, he will notice several poles bent in the form of a half rainbow, perhaps a few of them yet standing, and the rest so fallen as to show that they were once the prime of an Indian wigwam. Perhaps a little farther on he will notice four large stakes yet standing, about eight feet high, and five by three apart, across the tops of which are laid poles, on

which rests the coffin containing a few bones. A few years since such a sarcophagus was erected on the west bank of Rock river, about two miles below the junction of the Pecatonic, wherein was laid an Indian girl. It remained until about a year since, when decay and the winds swept it away, and left nothing standing but the stakes on which it was reared, which are standing yet. The coffin was made by splitting a section of a hollow tree and taking one half of it, with a flat slab for the rib.

The Rock river country was a heaven for the Indians,—its high, dry prairies, reaching to the river's bank without marsh or slough,—its plenty of game,—its numerable prints, agreeable to the eye, (for an Indian has an idea to that,) and its dry, bracing, and transparent air, formed so many attractions to the red lords, that they tore themselves away with the utmost regret, and when away, looked back with the most affectionate longing; nor did numbers of the Winnebagoes fail to visit it every season until their final removal last year. Now and then a strolling one, too mean for his tribe, still lingers, one of whom is now or was lately camped at a short distance from here, whose name in English is "Cut Tongue," in allusion to his having lost a part of his tongue for some villany. Last spring he shot his sister and her husband with one bullet. Instances of mutilation are not uncommon, most of which, however, are the badges of personal pugnacity.

The Indian tribes are all alike in certain particulars; they are all indolent,—the distinction between meum and tuum is but poorly defined in their minds,—are all beggars,—and the word soap, I think, is found in none of their vocabularies,—and as to water, though they always linger about the banks of streams, I have no idea they are aware of the many uses to which it may be put. In other respects the different tribes differ widely; they differ in stature, in personal beauty, in bravery, and, in short, in all that forms the distinction between meanness and nobleness; for though, as I said, they are all prone to mistake another's for their own, yet the degrees to which this is carried differ immensely. Their languages, too, vary as much in smoothness as the jaw-cracking Russ does from the honied Italian.

In all that constitute the meaner traits of Indian character, I think the Winnebagoes will yield to few. Their average stature I should judge to be about five feet five or six, with immensely broad faces and heads, in which a phrenologist might find all the predominance of the animal over the spiritual, if he wished to confirm his doctrines. I should think them much deficient in personal bravery. They are immensely fond of cards; and in love of joke, giggle, and fun, yield to none. I never saw two of them together, unless, perhaps, of the chiefs or old men, who were not continually cracking jokes upon each other. If one of them took up a knife he would dart it at his fellow, or point his gun at him to make him wink or dodge, both keeping up a laugh and chatter at the rude fun they were thus able to manufacture.

The Pottowatomies are much their superiors in every respect. One only needs to see them to be sensible of this. I once asked a young fellow, who by his form and bearing was evidently of another sort from his fellows, if he was a Winnebago, and he pronounced his "Chowin" (no) with an emphasis which showed he thought the question about a quarter of an insult. Not in the head of the most intellectual man or the most exquisite beauty have I ever seen an eye that would compare with some I have seen among the Pottowatomies,—it is positively liquid lightning. The Winnebagoes are so sensible of their own inferiority, that many of them will call themselves Pottowatomies when they think the deceit will pass.

In nothing do these two tribes differ more than in their languages; that of the Winnebagoes I can compare to nothing more apt than the cackling and chatter of a flock of hens while scratching their food on a sunshiny morning, especially when spoken by their squaws, or the lighter voices of the men. There is the same undistinguishable run of consonant sounds, with no places either to put in vowels or liquids, the same laughable nonchalance, as though they were made on purpose to rattle such noises; and were I to reduce either to written words, I would as soon take to the barn-yard. If one will listen to a flock of sheep as they run over a pasture of cobble stones, with now and then a spot of water, he can gain some idea of the manner in which a Winnebago's voice will run over the hard g's and x's.

An Extract from the Life of Capt. Samuel Brady.—News having arrived at the camp of the spies, which was then upon what is called Wheeling creek, on the Virginia side of the river, that the Indians had been on that side, and had driven away a great number of cattle and horses, Brady determined upon pursuing them and endeavoring to find out their place of rendezvous. He selected six of his men and one pet Indian, and started from camp.

It was in the month of October, which being the beginning of the hunting season, they had not cause to take with them much provisions; (as it had been previously remarked, the spies were all good hunters;) they crossed the river at the mouth of Wheeling creek, in their canoes, and pursued their course up what is now called Indian Wheeling creek (Ohio) until they thought they had got a sufficient distance from the river, then bending their course down the Ohio, examining every stream they crossed in their way, in order to find the trail of the Indians. Nothing of note happened on their march, until they struck the Muskingum river about (as has since been learned) forty or fifty miles from its mouth. They there discovered a trail that had been made by horses and cattle, a length of time before; thinking that it led to Sandusky, all concluded in giving up the chase and going in pursuit of more fresh game. Fortune, who seems always to give the spies an opportunity of exercising themselves, did not in this case disappoint them. On travelling down the river in order to make, if possible, some new discovery, they had gone perhaps about a mile, when the foremost of the company espied an Indian coming up the

river with a dead deer *houpoused* upon his back by a thong of dried deer skin, which was placed across his forehead and came down over his shoulders, so that the deer would rest upon his shoulders. It was determined by the company that he should (if possible) be taken prisoner. Brady commanded all the men to lie down where they then were, and sending a man by the name of Weitzel up the river about one hundred and fifty yards, he (Brady) was to wait until the Indian had passed by them a short distance, when he was to steal upon, and secure him and his load. The Indian was now within a short distance of them, and not aware of any danger, was jogging on slowly; no doubt he was oppressed with the weight of his load, as it afterwards turned out to be a very large deer. Brady let him pass by a short distance, when, with steps as light as a cat, he stole after him; when within a few feet of him he let out one of his most tremendous Indian yells; the Indian made a spring, when the strap, slipping from the forehead downwards, came upon his throat, and the weight of the deer brought him instantly to the ground, when Brady jumped upon him and secured him, until Weitzel (who had been placed upon the Indian's path, in order, if he escaped Brady, to shoot him, but not otherwise,) and the other men came up,—when they unarmed him, and having tied his hands, they went back some distance from the river, and having brought the Indian's buck with them, they encamped for that day and the following night. Brady knowing that one Indian would not be alone in that country in the hunting season, endeavored himself, and through his pet Indian, to gain information of their prisoner, if there were any other Indians in the neighborhood. But so sullen was he through that day and all night, he would only answer by an unintelligible grunt. In the morning, no doubt, finding the numbers of men not increasing, and that he was kindly treated by those present, he began with the pet Indian and gave him what all thought a full and correct account; he told them that about two miles up the river on a small creek (as he marked-out a draft of the country in the ashes,) there was an encampment of six hunters, he being the sixth; that they had with them only two horses, and they were going to stay there until the snow fell, when they were to move off a great way farther back. On receiving information, all agreed to go up and surprise the camp, and if they should succeed, they would load the horses with skins or other matters that they might find most valuable—and return home.

From the conduct of their prisoner, he being so very lively and apparently so accommodating as to be the conductor of his enemies into the camp of his friends, suspicion was raised in the minds of Brady and his men, that he either determined to betray them into the hands of his comrades, or otherwise was leading them wrong, and only waiting an opportunity to make his escape.

It so turned out that they were not wrong in their conjectures, as they had pursued their course but a short time when the Indian, who was now confined, but unarmed, made a spring from them, with a war-whoop; he was immediately shot down by one of the men. They

had no cause to rejoice in the death of this one treacherous savage, for in less than five minutes almost twenty Indians were discovered jumping and running hither and thither through the woods. The order was given to retreat with all possible speed, and you may guess as quickly obeyed. They followed the course of the river, closely pursued by the Indians, till darkness came to their relief; finding the pursuit was given up, and expecting it would be followed up by the break of day, Brady, taking the lead, turned quickly to the left, and followed a course which he thought would take him home. In this country there are many marshes which were then partially dried up, but not so much so but they would receive the impression of a man's foot. Brady told his men they must immediately separate, each take a separate route, to meet at the mouth of a creek which emptied into the Ohio, about twenty miles from thence, and ordered each man to take loose the strings of his moccasins and tie them round his ankles alone, in order if they should come upon the trail of each other in one of the before mentioned marshes, they would be able to know by the impression then made, whether they were upon the trail of each other, or that of the Indians, as the Indians universally wear the string round and under the instep of the foot, and would leave a mark in the half dried mud sufficiently plain to be known.

They separated, and after enduring fatigues known only to the Indian hunters, they all arrived at the place of rendezvous, about 12 o'clock the next day. They had heard much of the savage yells through the night, but owing to the trail being rendered less intelligible by their separation, perhaps is to be attributed their escape. Upon arriving at the river, preparations were made, and they were soon on the other side. They had not been long over till their ears were saluted by the well known cry of the savages, and on looking across the river, they discovered two who were hallooing to the extent of their voices upon their comrades, who were not slow in answering them. Brady and his men ascended the hill and waited till an opportunity was offered to see what number might cross the river. Presently, they observed twelve to make the attempt. It was immediately concluded that they would return quietly to the bank and give them a general fire. The Indians dived until within about twenty yards of the shore, when each man, taking a deadly aim, fired upon them. The consternation was dreadful, as those who had been struck by a ball immediately sunk, or were seen to struggle with the current; and those who received no injury made the best of their way to the other side. An irregular fire was kept up by Brady and his men, till the Indians were out of their reach; several were killed and wounded; others, in all probability, were drowned before they reached the opposite shore.

The Indians who had remained on the Ohio shore made immediate preparations to cross the river. Brady, knowing that they were not likely to be taken in again, started for home with his men. They kept up the river during that day without being in any wise molested by the savages, and encamped upon the river bottom that night. The

next morning was spent in procuring game, which was remarkably plenty in that country. In the after part of the day they pursued their course up the river. About an hour before sunset, one of the men having lagged behind, coming after the others, who had by this time got considerably ahead, heard a rustling in a hemlock tree; he cast his eye up, and beheld a large Indian descending from out of the tree; he immediately adjusted his rifle, and the Indian soon fell to the ground. Brady and his men hearing the report of the rifle, immediately ran back to the place where this tragic scene had been acted, and upon learning all the circumstances, he gave orders to his men all to be on the alert, and he changed his course, and went immediately back from the river, for several miles; and marching by circuitous routes, they arrived safe at home the third day after the last mentioned action, and the eighth day from their departure, without the loss of a man.

Brady had concluded, and no doubt correctly, that the Indians thought that he and his men were yet down the river, and would soon move towards home. They had, by forced marches at night, got ahead of him, and took this way of ascertaining the course he might take. They would fall upon him, when unguarded at night, and sacrifice him and his men to satisfy their vengeance. And but for the happy circumstance of the man lagging behind, no doubt they would have succeeded.

The substance of this paper was written by one of the spies who was in company with Brady in the adventure narrated.

KISKIMINETAS.

Polygamy—Treatment to Wives—Marriage Ceremonies—Mode of Divorcing—Another Ceremony—Children called by the Mother's name, &c.—The Indians allow of polygamy, and persons of every rank indulge themselves in this point. The chiefs in particular have a seraglio, which consists of an uncertain number, usually from six to twelve or fourteen. The lower rank are permitted to take as many as there is a probability of their being able, with the children they may bear, to maintain. It is not uncommon for an Indian to marry two sisters; sometimes, if there happen to be more, the whole number; and notwithstanding this (as it appears to civilised nations) unnatural union, they all live in the greatest harmony.

The younger wives are submissive to the elder; and those who have no children do such menial offices for those who are fertile, as cause their situation to differ but little from a state of servitude. However, they perform every injunction with the greatest cheerfulness, in hopes of gaining thereby the affections of their husbands, that they in their turn may have the happiness of becoming mothers, and be entitled to the respect attendant on that state.

It is not uncommon for an Indian, although he takes to himself so many wives, to live in a state of continence with many of them for several years. Such as are not so fortunate as to gain the favor of their husband, by their submissive and prudent behaviour, and by that

means to share in his embraces, continue in their virgin state during the whole of their lives, except they happen to be presented by him to some stranger chief, whose abode among them will not admit of his entering into a more lasting connection. In this case they submit to the injunction of their husband without murmuring, and are not displeased at the temporary union. But if at any time it is known that they take this liberty without first receiving his consent, they are punished in the same manner as if they had been guilty of adultery.

This custom is more prevalent among the nations, which lie in the interior parts, than among those that are nearer the settlements, as the manners of the latter are rendered more conformable in some points to those of the Americans, by the intercourse they hold with them.

The Indian nations differ but little from each other in their marriage ceremonies, and less in the manner of their divorces. The tribes that inhabit the borders of Canada make use of the following custom.

When a young Indian has fixed his inclinations on one of the other sex, he endeavors to gain her consent; and if he succeeds, it is never known that her parents ever obstruct their union. When every preliminary is agreed on, and the day appointed, the friends and acquaintances of both parties assemble at the house or tent of the oldest relation of the bridegroom, where a feast is prepared on the occasion.

The company who meet to assist at the festival are sometimes very numerous: they dance, they sing, and enter into every other diversion usually made use of on many of their public rejoicings.

When these are finished, all those who attended merely out of ceremony, depart, and the bridegroom and bride are left alone with three or four of the nearest and oldest relations of either side; those of the bridegroom being men, and those of the bride, women.

Presently the bride, attended by these few friends, having withdrawn herself for the purpose, appears at one of the doors of the house, and is led to the bridegroom, who stands ready to receive her. Having now taken their station, on a mat placed in the centre of the room, they lay hold of the extremities of a wand, about four feet long, by which they continue separated, whilst the old men pronounce some short harangues suitable to the occasion.

The married couple then make a public declaration of the love and regard they entertain for each other, and holding the rod between them, dance and sing. When they have finished this part of the ceremony, they break the rod into as many pieces as there are witnesses present, who each take a piece and preserve it with care.

The bride is then reconducted out of the door at which she entered, where her young companions wait to attend her to her father's house; there the bridegroom is obliged to seek her, and the marriage is consummated. Very often the wife remains at her father's house till she has a child, when she packs up her apparel, which is all the fortune she is generally possessed of, and accompanies her husband to his habitation.

When from any dislike a separation takes place, for they are seldom

known to quarrel, they generally give their friends a few days' notice of their intentions, and offer reasons to justify their conduct. The witnesses, who were present at the marriage, meet on the day requested, at the house of the couple that are about to separate, and bringing with them the pieces of rod which they had received at their nuptials, throw them into the fire in the presence of all the parties.

This is the whole of the ceremony required, and the separation is carried on without any murmurings or ill will between the couple or the relations; and after a few months they are at liberty to marry again.

When a marriage is thus dissolved, the children which have been produced from it are equally divided between them; and as children are esteemed a treasure by the Indians, if the number happens to be odd, the woman is allowed to take the better half.

Though this custom seems to encourage fickleness and frequent separations, yet there are many of the Indians who have but one wife, and enjoy with her a state of connubial happiness, not to be exceeded in more refined societies. There are also not a few instances of women preserving an inviolable attachment to their husbands, except in the cases before mentioned, which are considered as either a violation of their chastity or fidelity.

Although I have said that the Indian nations differ very little from each other in their marriage ceremonies, there are some exceptions. The Naudowessies have a singular method of celebrating their marriages, which seems to bear no resemblance to those made use of by any other nation I passed through. When one of their young men has fixed on a young woman he approves of, he discovers his passion to her parents, who give him an invitation to come and live with them in their tent.

He accordingly accepts the offer, and by so doing engages to reside in it for a whole year, in the character of a menial servant. During this time he hunts, and brings all the game he kills to the family; by which means the father has an opportunity of seeing whether he is able to provide for the support of his daughter and the children that might be the consequence of their union. This however is only done whilst they are young men and for their first wife, and not repeated like Jacob's servitude.

When this period is expired, the marriage is solemnised after the custom of the country, in the following manner: three or four of the oldest male relations of the bridegroom, and as many of the bride's, accompany the young couple from their respective tents, to an open part in the centre of the camp.

The chiefs and warriors, being here assembled to receive them, a party of the latter are drawn up in two ranks on each side of the bride and bridegroom immediately on their arrival. Their principal chief then acquaints the whole assembly with the design of their meeting, and tells them that the couple before them, mentioning at the same time their names, are come to avow publicly their intentions of living together as man and wife. He then asks the two young people,

alternately, whether they desire that the union might take place. Having declared with an audible voice that they do so, the warriors fix their arrows, and discharge them over the heads of the married pair; this done, the chief pronounces them man and wife.

The bridegroom then turns round, and bending his body, takes his wife on his back, in which manner he carries her amidst the acclamations of the spectators to his tent. The ceremony is succeeded by the most plentiful feast the new married man can afford: and songs and dances, according to the usual custom, conclude the festival.

Among the Indians, as well as European nations, there are many that devote themselves to pleasure, and, notwithstanding the accounts given by some modern writers of the frigidity of an Indian's constitution, become the zealous votaries of Venus. The young warriors that are thus disposed seldom want opportunities for gratifying their passion: and as the mode usually followed on these occasions is rather singular, I shall describe it.

"When one of these young debauchees imagines, from the behaviour of the person he has chosen for his mistress, that he shall not meet with any great obstruction to his suit from her, he pursues the following plan.

"It has been already observed that the Indians acknowledge no superiority; nor have they any ideas of subordination, except in the necessary regulations of their war or hunting-parties; they consequently live nearly in a state of equality, pursuant to the first principles of nature. The lover therefore is not apprehensive of any check or control in the accomplishments of his purposes, if he can find a convenient opportunity for completing them.

"As the Indians are also under no apprehension of robbers, or secret enemies, they leave the doors of their tents or huts unfastened during the night, as well as in the day. Two or three hours after sunset, the old people cover over the fire, that is generally burning in the midst of their apartment, with ashes, and retire to their repose.

"Whilst darkness thus prevails, and all is quiet, one of these sons of pleasure, wrapped up closely in his blanket, to prevent his being known, will sometimes enter the apartment of his intended mistress. Having first lighted at the smothered fire a small splinter of wood, which answers the purpose of a match, he approaches the place where she reposes, and gently pulling away the covering from the head, jogs her till she awakes. If she then rises up, and blows out the light, he needs no further confirmation that his company is not disagreeable; but if after he has discovered himself she hides her head, and takes no notice of him, he might rest assured that any further solicitations will prove vain, and that it is necessary immediately for him to retire. During his stay he conceals the light as much as possible in the hollow of his hands; and as the tents or rooms of the Indians are usually large and capacious, he escapes without detection. It is said that the young women who admit their lovers on these occasions take great care, by an immediate application to herbs, with the potent efficacy of which they are well acquainted, to prevent the effects

of these illicit amours from becoming visible; for should the natural consequences ensue, they must forever remain unmarried."

The children of the Indians are always distinguished by the name of the mother; and if a woman marries several husbands, and has issue by each of them, they are called after her. The reason they give for this is, that as their offspring are indebted to the father for their souls, the invisible part of their essence, and to the mother for their corporeal and apparent part, it is more rational that they should be distinguished by the name of the latter, from whom they indubitably derive their being, than by that of the father, to which a doubt might sometimes arise whether they are justly entitled.

There are some ceremonies made use of by the Indians at the opposition of the name, and it is considered by them as a matter of great importance, but what these are I could never learn, through the secrecy observed on the occasion. I only know that it is usually given when the children have passed the state of infancy.

Nothing can exceed the tenderness shown by them to their offspring; and a person cannot recommend himself to their favor by any method more certain, than by paying some attention to the younger branches of their families.

There is some difficulty attends an explanation of the manner in which the Indians distinguish themselves from each other. Besides the name of the animal by which every nation and tribe is denominated, there are others that are personal, and which the children receive from their mother.

The chiefs are also distinguished by a name that has either some reference to their abilities, or to the hieroglyphic of their families; and these are acquired after they arrive at the age of manhood. Such as have signalised themselves either in their war or hunting-parties, or are possessed of some eminent qualifications, receive a name that serves to perpetuate the fame of these actions, or to make their abilities conspicuous.

Death of an Indian Warrior.—We find in one of the Little Rock papers a singular obituary of an old Indian who fought under Gen. Wayne in the Revolutionary War. Capt. Tisho Mingo, a veteran warrior of the Choctaws, departed this life on the 5th ult. Although but little known beyond the limits of his nation, yet he was a man who had seen wars and fought battles; stood high among his own people as a brave and good man. He served under Gen. Wayne in the Revolutionary War, for which he received a pension from the government of the United States; and in the late war with England he served under Gen. Jackson, and did many deeds of valor. He had fought in nine battles for the United States. As a friend he has served the white man faithfully. His last words were, "When I am gone, beat the drum and fire the guns!"

APPENDIX.

DICTIONARY OF INDIAN WORDS AND PHRASES.

KNISTENAU.

| | |
|------------------------|---------------------|
| Good spirit, | Ki jai Manitou. |
| Evil spirit, | Matchi manitou. |
| Man, | Ethini. |
| Woman, | Esquois. |
| Male, | Naphew. |
| Female, | Non-gense. |
| Infant, | A' wash ish. |
| Head, | Us ti quoin. |
| Forehead, | Es caa tick. |
| Hair, | Wes ty ky. |
| Eyes, | E kis ock. |
| Nose, | Oskiwin. |
| Nostrils, | Oo tith ee gow mow. |
| Mouth, | O toune. |
| My teeth, | Wip pit tah. |
| Tongue, | Otaithana. |
| Beard, | Michitoune. |
| Brain, | With i tip. |
| Ears, | O tow ee gio. |
| Neck, | O qui ow. |
| Throat, | O koot tas gy. |
| Arms, | O nisk. |
| Fingers, | Che chee. |
| Nails, | Was kos sia. |
| Side, | O's spin gy. |
| My back, | No pis quan. |
| My belly, | Nattay. |
| Thighs, | O povam. |
| My knees, | No che quoin nah. |
| Legs, | Nosk. |
| Heart, | O thea. |
| My father, | Noo ta wie. |
| My mother, | Nigah wei. |

KNISTENAU.

| | |
|---------------------|---------------------|
| My boy, (son) | Negousis. |
| My girl, (daughter) | Netanis. |
| My brother, elder, | Ni stess. |
| My sister, elder, | Ne miss. |
| My grandfather, | Ne moo shum. |
| My grandmother, | N' o kum. |
| My uncle, | N' o'ka miss. |
| My nephew, | Ne too sim. |
| My niece, | Ne too sim esquois. |
| My mother-in-law, | Nisigouse. |
| My brother-in-law, | Nistah. |
| My companion, | Ne wechi wagan. |
| My husband, | Ni nap pem. |
| Blood, | Mith coo. |
| Old man, | Shi nap. |
| I am angry, | Ne kis si wash en. |
| I fear, | Ne goos tow. |
| Joy, | Ne hea tha tom. |
| Hearing, | Pethom. |
| Track, | Mis conna. |
| Chief, great ruler, | Haukimah. |
| Thief, | Kismouthesk. |
| Excrement, | Meyee. |
| Buffalo, | Moustouche. |
| Ferret, | Sisous. |
| Pole cat, | Shicak. |
| Elk, | Moustouche. |
| Rein deer, | Attick. |
| Fallow deer, | Attick. |
| Beaver, | Amisk. |
| Woolverine, | Qui qua katch. |
| Squirrel, | Ennequachas. |
| Mink, | Sa quasue. |
| Otter, | Nekick. |
| Wolf, | Mayegan. |
| Hare, | Wapouce. |
| Marten, | Wappistan. |
| Moose, | Mauswah. |
| Bear, | Masqua. |
| Fisher, | Wijask. |
| Lynx, | Picheu. |
| Porcupine, | Cau quah. |
| Fox, | Ma kisew. |
| Musk rat, | Wajask. |
| Mouse, | Abieushiss. |
| Cow Buffalo, | Noshi Moustouche. |
| Meat-flesh, | Wias. |

KNISTENAU.

| | |
|------------------------------|--------------------|
| Dog, | Atim. . |
| Eagle, | Makusu. |
| Duck, | Sy sip. |
| Crow Corbeau, | Ca Cawken. |
| Swan, | Wapsicu. |
| Turkey, | Mes sei thew. |
| Pheasants, | Okes kew. |
| Bird, | Pethesew. |
| Outard, | Niscag. |
| White Goose, | Wey Wois. |
| Grey Goose, | Pestasish. |
| Partridge, | Pithew. |
| Water Hen, | Chiquibish. |
| Dove, | Omi Mee. |
| Eggs, | Wa Wah. |
| Pipe or Jack, | Kenonge. |
| Carp, | Na may bin. |
| Sturgeon, | Na May. |
| White Fish, | Aticaming. |
| Pickerel, | Oc-chaw. |
| Fish, (in general) | Kenonge. |
| Spawn, | Waquon. |
| Fins, | Chi chi kan. |
| Trout, | Na gouse. |
| Craw Fish, | A shag gee. |
| Frog, | A thick. |
| Wasp, | Ah moo. |
| Turtle, | Mikinack. |
| Snake, | Kinibic. |
| Awl, | Oscajick. |
| Needle, | Saboinigan. |
| Fire steel, | Appet. |
| Fire wood, | Mich-tah. |
| Cradle, | Teckinigan. |
| Dagger, | Ta comagau. |
| Arrow, | Augusk or Atouche. |
| Fish Hook, | Quosquipichican. |
| Axe, | Seegaygan. |
| Ear-bob, | Chi-kisebisoun. |
| Comb, | Sicahoun. |
| Net, | Athahe. |
| Tree, | Mistick. |
| Wood, | Mistick. |
| Paddle, | Aboi. |
| Canoe, | Chiman. |
| Birch Rind, | Wasquoi. |
| Bark, | Wosquoi. |

KNISTENAU.

| | | | | |
|---------------|---|---|---|--------------------------------|
| Touch Wood, | . | . | . | Pousagan. |
| Leaf, | . | . | . | Nepeshah. |
| Grass, | . | . | . | Masquosi. |
| Raspberries, | . | . | . | Misqui-meinac. |
| Strawberries, | . | . | . | O'-tai-e-minac. |
| Ashes, | . | . | . | Pecouch. |
| Fire, | . | . | . | Scou-tay. |
| Grapes, | . | . | . | Shomenac. |
| Fog, | . | . | . | Pakishihow. |
| Mud, | . | . | . | Asus ki. |
| Currant, | . | . | . | Kiesijiwin. |
| Road, | . | . | . | Mescanah. |
| Winter, | . | . | . | Pipoun. |
| Island, | . | . | . | Ministic. |
| Lake, | . | . | . | Sagayian. |
| Sun, | . | . | . | Pisim. |
| Moon, | . | . | . | Tibisca pesim. (the night Sun) |
| Day, | . | . | . | Kigigah. |
| Night, | . | . | . | Tibisca. |
| Snow, | . | . | . | Cosnah. |
| Rain, | . | . | . | Kimiwoin. |
| Drift, | . | . | . | Pewan. |
| Hail, | . | . | . | Shes eagan. |
| Ice, | . | . | . | Mesquaming. |
| Frost, | . | . | . | Aquatin. |
| Mist, | . | . | . | Picasyow. |
| Water, | . | . | . | Nepec. |
| Mountain, | . | . | . | Messe asky. (all the earth) |
| World, | . | . | . | Wachee. |
| Sea, | . | . | . | Kitchi kitchi ga ming. |
| Morning, | . | . | . | Kequishepe. |
| Mid-day, | . | . | . | Abetah quisheik. |
| Portage, | . | . | . | Unygam. |
| Spring, | . | . | . | Menouscaming. |
| River, | . | . | . | Sipéc. |
| Rapid, | . | . | . | Bawastick. |
| Rivulet, | . | . | . | Sepeesis. |
| Sand, | . | . | . | Thocaw. |
| Earth, | . | . | . | Askee. |
| Star, | . | . | . | Attack. |
| Thunder, | . | . | . | Tithuseu. |
| Wind, | . | . | . | Thoutin. |
| Calm, | . | . | . | Athawostin. |
| Heat, | . | . | . | Quishipoi. |
| Evening, | . | . | . | Ta kashike. |
| North, | . | . | . | Kywoitin. |
| South, | . | . | . | Sawena woon. |

KNISTENAU.

| | | | | | |
|------------------|---|---|---|---|---------------------------|
| East, | . | . | . | . | Coshawcastak. |
| West, | . | . | . | . | Pasquismou. |
| To-morrow, | . | . | . | . | Wabank. |
| Bone, | . | . | . | . | Oskann. |
| Broth, | . | . | . | . | Michim waboi. |
| Feast, | . | . | . | . | Ma qua see. |
| Grease or oil, | . | . | . | . | Pimis. |
| Marrow fat, | . | . | . | . | Oscan pimis. |
| Sinew, | . | . | . | . | Asstis. |
| Lodge, | . | . | . | . | Wig waum. |
| Bed, | . | . | . | . | Ne pa win. |
| Within, | . | . | . | . | Pendog ke. |
| Door, | . | . | . | . | Squandam. |
| Dish, | . | . | . | . | Othagan. |
| Fort, | . | . | . | . | Wasgaigan. |
| Sledge, | . | . | . | . | Tabanask. |
| Cincture, | . | . | . | . | Poquoatehoun. |
| Cap, | . | . | . | . | Astotin. |
| Stocks, | . | . | . | . | Achican. |
| Shirt, | . | . | . | . | Papacheweyan. |
| Coat, | . | . | . | . | Papise-co-wagan. |
| Blanket, | . | . | . | . | Wape weyang. |
| Cloth, | . | . | . | . | Maneto weguin. |
| Thread, | . | . | . | . | Assabab. |
| Garters, | . | . | . | . | Chi ki-bisoon. |
| Mittens, | . | . | . | . | Astissack. |
| Shoes, | . | . | . | . | Maskisin. |
| Smoking bag, | . | . | . | . | Kusquepetagan. |
| Portage sling, | . | . | . | . | Apisan. |
| Straight on, | . | . | . | . | Goi ask. |
| Medicine, | . | . | . | . | Mas ki kee. |
| Red, | . | . | . | . | Mes coh. |
| Blue, | . | . | . | . | Kasqutch. (same as black) |
| White, | . | . | . | . | Wabisca. |
| Yellow, | . | . | . | . | Saw saw. |
| Green, | . | . | . | . | Chibatiquare. |
| Ugly, | . | . | . | . | Mache nagousen. |
| Handsome, | . | . | . | . | Catawassiseu. |
| Beautiful, | . | . | . | . | Kissi Sawenogan. |
| Deaf, | . | . | . | . | Nima petom. |
| Good-natured, | . | . | . | . | Mithiwashin. |
| Pregnant, | . | . | . | . | Paawie. |
| Fat, | . | . | . | . | Outhineu. |
| Big, | . | . | . | . | Mushikitee. |
| Small or little, | . | . | . | . | Abisasheu. |
| Short, | . | . | . | . | Chemasish. |
| Skin, | . | . | . | . | Wian. |

KNISTENAU.

| | | | | | |
|------------------|---|---|---|---|-----------------------------|
| Long, | . | . | . | . | Kinwain. |
| Strong, | . | . | . | . | Mascawa. |
| Coward, | . | . | . | . | Sagatahaw. |
| Weak, | . | . | . | . | Nitha missew. |
| Lean, | . | . | . | . | Matha waw. |
| Brave, | . | . | . | . | Nima Gustaw. |
| Young man, | . | . | . | . | Osquineguish. |
| Cold, | . | . | . | . | Kissin. |
| Hot, | . | . | . | . | Kicbatai. |
| Spring, | . | . | . | . | Minouscaming. |
| Summer, | . | . | . | . | Nibin. |
| Fall, | . | . | . | . | Tagowagonk. |
| One, | . | . | . | . | Peyac. |
| Two, | . | . | . | . | Nisheu. |
| Three, | . | . | . | . | Nishteu. |
| Four, | . | . | . | . | Neway. |
| Five, | . | . | . | . | Ni-annan. |
| Six, | . | . | . | . | Negoutawoesie. |
| Seven, | . | . | . | . | Nish wissic. |
| Eight, | . | . | . | . | Jannanew. |
| Nine, | . | . | . | . | Shack. |
| Ten, | . | . | . | . | Mitatat. |
| Eleven, | . | . | . | . | Peyac osap. |
| Twelve, | . | . | . | . | Nisheu osap. |
| Thirteen, | . | . | . | . | Nithou osap. |
| Fourteen, | . | . | . | . | Neway osap. |
| Fifteen, | . | . | . | . | Niaman osap. |
| Sixteen, | . | . | . | . | Nigoutuwoesic osap. |
| Seventeen, | . | . | . | . | Nish woestic osap. |
| Eighteen, | . | . | . | . | Jannenew osap. |
| Nineteen, | . | . | . | . | Shack osap. |
| Twenty, | . | . | . | . | Nishew mitenah. |
| Twenty-one, | . | . | . | . | Nishew mitenah peyac osap. |
| Twenty-two, &c., | . | . | . | . | Nisheu mitenah nisheu osap. |
| Thirty, | . | . | . | . | Nishtou mitenah. |
| Forty, | . | . | . | . | Newey mitenah. |
| Fifty, | . | . | . | . | Niannan mitenah. |
| Sixty, | . | . | . | . | Negoutawoesic mitenah. |
| Seventy, | . | . | . | . | Niswoisic mitenah. |
| Eighty, | . | . | . | . | Sannaew mitenah. |
| Ninety, | . | . | . | . | Shock mitenah. |
| Hundred, | . | . | . | . | Mitaua mitenah. |
| Two Hundred, | . | . | . | . | Noshew mitenah a mitenah. |
| One Thousand, | . | . | . | . | Mitenah mitena mitenah. |
| First, | . | . | . | . | Nican. |
| Last, | . | . | . | . | Squayatch. |
| More, | . | . | . | . | Minah. |

KNISTENAU.

| | | | | | |
|--------------------|---|---|---|---|-----------------------|
| Better, | . | . | . | . | Athiwack mithawashin. |
| Best, | . | . | . | . | Athiwack mithawashin. |
| I, or me, | . | . | . | . | Nitha. |
| You, or thou, | . | . | . | . | Kitha. |
| They, or them, | . | . | . | . | Withawaw. |
| We, | . | . | . | . | Nithawaw. |
| My, or mine, | . | . | . | . | Nitayan. |
| Yours, | . | . | . | . | Kitayan. |
| Whom, | . | . | . | . | Awione. |
| His or hers, | . | . | . | . | Otayan. |
| All, | . | . | . | . | Kakithau. |
| Some, or some few, | . | . | . | . | Pey peyac. |
| The same, | . | . | . | . | Tabescoutch. |
| All the world, | . | . | . | . | Missiacki wanque. |
| All the men, | . | . | . | . | Kakithaw Ethinyock. |
| Sometimes, | . | . | . | . | I as cow-puco. |
| Arrive, | . | . | . | . | To couchin. |
| Beat, | . | . | . | . | Otamaha. |
| To burn, | . | . | . | . | Mistascasoo. |
| To sing, | . | . | . | . | Nagamoun. |
| To cut, | . | . | . | . | Kisquishan. |
| To hide, | . | . | . | . | Catann. |
| To cover, | . | . | . | . | Acquahoun. |
| To believe, | . | . | . | . | Taboitam. |
| To sleep, | . | . | . | . | Nepan. |
| To dispute, | . | . | . | . | Ke ko mi towock. |
| To dance, | . | . | . | . | Nemaytow. |
| To give, | . | . | . | . | Mith. |
| To do, | . | . | . | . | Ogitann. |
| To eat, | . | . | . | . | Wissinee. |
| To die, | . | . | . | . | Nepew. |
| To forget, | . | . | . | . | Winnekiskisew. |
| To speak, | . | . | . | . | Athimetakouse. |
| To cry, (tears) | . | . | . | . | Mantow. |
| To laugh, | . | . | . | . | Papew. |
| To sit down, | . | . | . | . | Nematappe. |
| To walk, | . | . | . | . | Pimoutais. |
| To fall, | . | . | . | . | Packisin. |
| To work, | . | . | . | . | Ah tus kew. |
| To kill, | . | . | . | . | Nipahaw. |
| To sell, | . | . | . | . | Attawom. |
| To live, | . | . | . | . | Pimatise. |
| To see, | . | . | . | . | Waban. |
| To come, | . | . | . | . | Astamotch. |
| Enough, | . | . | . | . | Egothigog. |
| It hails, | . | . | . | . | Shisigan. |
| There is some, | . | . | . | . | Aya wa. |

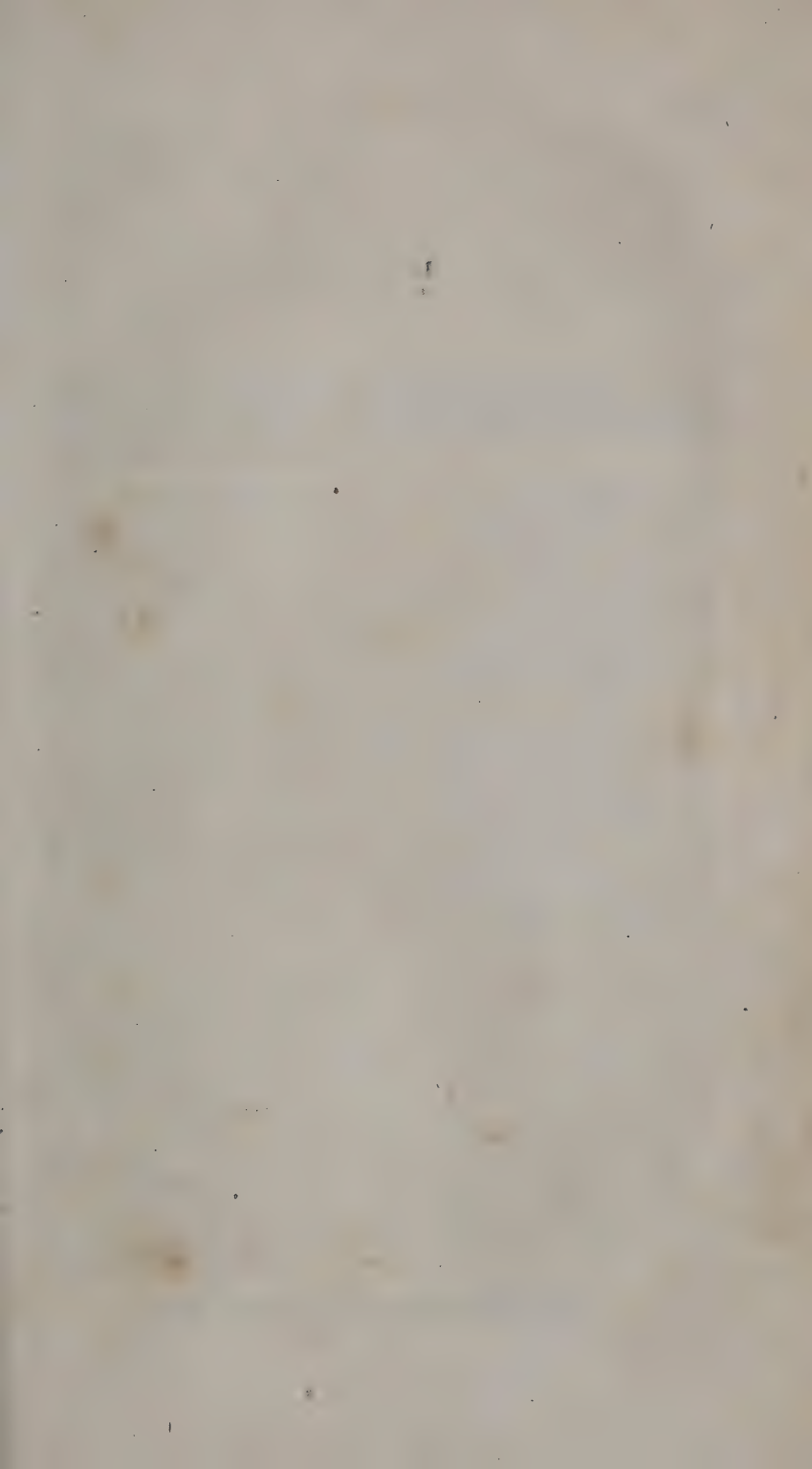
KNISTENAU.

| | |
|--------------------------|---------------|
| There is, | Aya wa. |
| It rains, | Quimiwoin. |
| After-to-morrow, | Awis wabank. |
| To-day, | Anoutch. |
| Thereaway, | Netoi. |
| Much, | Michett. |
| Presently, | Fischisqua. |
| Make, heart, | Quithipeh. |
| This morning, | Shebas. |
| This night, | Tibiscag. |
| Above, | Espiming. |
| Below, | Tabassish. |
| Truly, | Taboiy. |
| Already, | Sashay. |
| Yet, more, | Minah. |
| Yesterday, | Tacoushick. |
| Far, | Wathow. |
| Near, | Quishiwoac. |
| Never, | Nima wecatch. |
| No, | Nima. |
| Yes, | Ah. |
| By and by, | Pa-nima. |
| Always, | Ka ki-kee. |
| Make haste, | Quethepeh. |
| It's long since, | Mewaisha. |

APPENDIX.

STATISTICS OF THE POPULATION OF THE UNITED STATES,
Including Free Colored Persons and Slaves.

| States and Terri- tores. | Square miles. | Pop. in 1790. | Pop. in 1800. | Pop. in 1810. | Pop. in 1820. | Pop. in 1830. | Pop. in 1840. | Free col. per- sons in 1820. | Free col. per- sons in 1830. | Free col. per- sons in 1840. | Slaves in 1820. | Slaves in 1830. | Slaves in 1840. |
|-----------------------------|------------------|------------------|------------------|------------------|------------------|------------------|------------------|---------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|-----------------------|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| 1 Maine | 32,000 | 96,540 | 151,719 | 228,705 | 298,335 | 369,437 | 500,438 | 929 | 1,171 | 1,355 | . | . | . |
| 2 N. Hampshire | 9,280 | 141,885 | 183,858 | 214,161 | 266,398 | 284,035 | 786 | 602 | 637 | . | . | . | . |
| 3 Vermont | 10,221 | 85,539 | 154,465 | 217,890 | 235,764 | 280,657 | 291,218 | 903 | 881 | 730 | . | . | . |
| 4 Massachusetts | 7,800 | 378,787 | 422,945 | 472,040 | 523,257 | 610,408 | 729,030 | 6,740 | 7,045 | 8,668 | . | . | . |
| 5 Rhode Island | 1,360 | 69,122 | 76,331 | 83,050 | 97,189 | 105,587 | 105,587 | 3,354 | 3,364 | 3,228 | 48 | . | . |
| 6 Connecticut | 4,674 | 237,946 | 251,002 | 261,992 | 275,238 | 297,675 | 301,516 | 7,870 | 8,047 | 8,105 | 97 | . | . |
| 7 New York | 46,000 | 340,120 | 586,050 | 659,049 | 737,812 | 819,132 | 907,275 | 20,279 | 44,869 | 20,097 | 10,088 | 76 | . |
| 8 New Jersey | 6,900 | 184,139 | 211,149 | 245,562 | 277,275 | 320,823 | 351,548 | 12,460 | 18,303 | 21,044 | 7,557 | 2,254 | . |
| 9 Pennsylvania | 43,950 | 434,373 | 602,545 | 810,021 | 1,049,313 | 1,348,223 | 1,676,115 | 30,202 | 37,930 | 47,854 | 211 | 403 | . |
| 10 Delaware | 2,068 | 59,096 | 64,273 | 72,674 | 72,749 | 76,748 | 76,748 | 12,958 | 15,855 | 10,919 | 4,509 | 3,292 | . |
| 11 Maryland | 10,800 | 319,728 | 345,824 | 380,346 | 407,350 | 447,040 | 317,717 | 39,730 | 52,938 | 62,020 | 207,398 | 102,994 | . |
| 12 D. of Columbia | 100 | 747,610 | 880,200 | 974,692 | 1,063,366 | 1,211,405 | 740,968 | 36,889 | 47,348 | 49,842 | 425,152 | 469,757 | . |
| 13 Virginia | 64,000 | 747,610 | 880,200 | 974,692 | 1,063,366 | 1,211,405 | 740,968 | 36,889 | 47,348 | 49,842 | 425,152 | 469,757 | . |
| 14 N. Carolina | 43,800 | 383,751 | 478,103 | 555,500 | 638,829 | 737,987 | 484,870 | 14,612 | 19,543 | 22,732 | 205,417 | 245,601 | . |
| 15 S. Carolina | 30,000 | 249,073 | 345,571 | 415,115 | 502,741 | 591,155 | 259,084 | 6,826 | 7,921 | 8,276 | 228,075 | 315,401 | . |
| 16 Georgia | 58,200 | 82,548 | 102,686 | 127,901 | 137,990 | 161,823 | 407,695 | 1,763 | 2,486 | 2,753 | 149,656 | 217,531 | . |
| 17 Alabama | 50,800 | 45,350 | 68,800 | 82,548 | 102,686 | 127,901 | 137,990 | 1,763 | 2,486 | 2,753 | 149,656 | 217,531 | . |
| 18 Mississippi | 45,350 | 8,830 | 40,352 | 76,556 | 153,407 | 215,739 | 153,983 | 10,476 | 16,710 | 24,388 | 69,064 | 109,585 | . |
| 19 Louisiana | 48,920 | 40,000 | 105,602 | 201,727 | 430,813 | 681,904 | 640,627 | 2,727 | 4,555 | 5,524 | 80,107 | 141,603 | . |
| 20 Tennessee | 40,000 | 220,569 | 406,511 | 564,317 | 687,917 | 867,917 | 327,548 | 2,759 | 4,917 | 7,309 | 126,732 | 165,213 | . |
| 21 Kentucky | 39,000 | 73,677 | 105,602 | 201,727 | 430,813 | 681,904 | 640,627 | 2,727 | 4,555 | 5,524 | 80,107 | 141,603 | . |
| 22 Ohio | 38,000 | 45,350 | 68,800 | 82,548 | 102,686 | 127,901 | 137,990 | 1,763 | 2,486 | 2,753 | 149,656 | 217,531 | . |
| 23 Indiana | 36,950 | 46,511 | 68,800 | 82,548 | 102,686 | 127,901 | 137,990 | 1,763 | 2,486 | 2,753 | 149,656 | 217,531 | . |
| 24 Illinois | 59,000 | 215 | 12,232 | 19,762 | 66,586 | 140,455 | 323,888 | 347 | 569 | 1,574 | 10,222 | 23,091 | . |
| 25 Missouri | 60,300 | 59,000 | 8,896 | 4,762 | 14,273 | 34,730 | 42,864 | . | . | . | . | . | . |
| 26 Michigan | 34,000 | 551 | 1,062 | 1,062 | 1,062 | 1,062 | 1,062 | . | . | . | . | . | . |
| 27 Arkansas | 121,000 | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . |
| 28 Florida Ter. | 45,000 | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . |
| 29 Wisconsin Ter. | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . |
| 30 Iowa Ter. | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . |
| Total | 1,009,234 | 3,884,635 | 5,309,718 | 7,220,903 | 9,636,021 | 12,859,104 | 14,255,005 | 222,530 | 319,576 | 386,400 | 1,538,129 | 2,008,990 | . |



A SUPPLEMENT.*

INDIAN TREATMENT—EVIL SPIRIT—FRIENDSHIP—INDIAN PRAYER—DEATH OF A COMRADE—SIMILARITY IN THE PHYSICAL ORGANISATION OF INDIANS OF DIFFERENT TRIBES—CAUSE OF THEIR COLOR—HATRED OF BEARDS—DEVOTIONAL DANCE BEFORE AND AFTER EATING—APPARENT WANT OF AFFECTION—MANNER OF COURTING.

The treatment that we received from the Indians, during nearly three years that we were with them, was very kind and hospitable; except the ill treatment that we received from the Sioux tribe, who several times made attempts to stop us; and we should have been massacred, had we not terrified them from their murderous intention, by threatening them with the small-pox, in such a manner as would kill the whole tribe of them. Nothing could be more horrible to them, than the bare mention of this fatal disease. It was communicated to them by the Americans, and spread from tribe to tribe with an unabated pace, until it extended itself across the continent.

“This fatal infection spread around with a baneful rapidity, which no flight could escape, and with a fatal effect that nothing could resist. It destroyed, with its pestilential breath, whole families and tribes; and the horrid scene presented, to those who had the melancholy and affecting opportunity of beholding it, a combination of the dead and dying; and such as wished to avoid the horrid fate of their friends around them, prepared to disappoint the plague of its prey, by terminating their own existence. The habits and lives of these devoted people, who provide not to-day for the wants of to-morrow, must have heightened the pains of such an affliction, by leaving them not only without remedy, but even without alleviation. But nothing was left them, but to submit in agony and despair. To aggravate the picture, if aggravation was possible, may be added the sight of the helpless child beholding the putrid carcass of its beloved parents dragged by the wolves from their huts, (who were invited by the stench,) and with a ferocious voracity, satiate their hunger on the mangled corpse; or in the same manner, serve the dog with food from the body of his once beloved master. Nor was it uncommon for the father of a family, whom the infection had just reached, to call his family around him, to represent the sufferings and cruel fate from the influence of some evil spirit, who was preparing to extirpate their race; and to invite them to baffle death, with all its horrors, with their own weapons; and

* Extracts from Lewis and Clarke's Journal.

at the same time, if their hearts failed in this necessary act, he was himself ready to perform the deed of mercy with his own hand, as the last act of his affection, and instantly follow them to the chambers of death." The Indians being destitute of physicians, living on animal food, plunging themselves into cold water, on the first discovery of the disease, rendered it generally mortal.

While we were at Fort Mandan, the Sioux robbed several of our party when they were returning to the fort, with the fruits of an excursion after game; and murdered several of the Mandan tribe in cold blood, without provocation, while reposing on the bosom of friendship. On hearing of this massacre, Captain Clarke and the greater part of us volunteered to avenge the murder; but were deterred by not receiving succor from the Mandan warriors, who declined to avenge the outrage committed on them. The probability of their not enlisting was, that they were afraid of the superior number of the Sioux to warrant an engagement.

Soon after this massacre, we received authentic intelligence, that the Sioux had it in contemplation (if their threats were true) to murder us in the spring; but were prevented from making the attack, by our threatening to spread the small-pox with all its horrors among them; they knowing that it first originated among the white people, and having heard of inoculation and the mode of keeping the infection in vials, which they had but an imperfect idea of, that barely a threat filled them with horror, and was sufficient to deter them from their resolute and bloody purpose. This stratagem may appear insignificant to the reader, but was of the greatest consequence to us; for to it alone we owe not only the fate of the expedition, but our lives.

Most of the tribes of Indians that we became acquainted with (except the Sioux), after being introduced by our interpreter, and finding that our intentions were friendly towards them, never failed of greeting us with many tokens of their friendly disposition. Soon after our interview, we were invited to smoke the calumet of peace, and to partake freely of their venison. The women and children, in particular, were not wanting in showing tokens of friendship, by endeavoring to make our stay agreeable. On our first meeting, they generally held a council, as they term it, when their chief delivers a "talk," in which they give their sentiments respecting their new visitors; which were filled with professions of friendship, and often were very eloquent, and abounded with sublime and figurative language.

When we departed, after taking leave, they would often put up a prayer, of which the following is a sample, which was put up for us by a Mandan: "That the Great Spirit would favor us with smooth water, with a clear sky by day, and a bright star-light by night; that we might not be presented with the red hatchet of war; but, that the great pipe of peace might ever shine upon us, as the sun shines in an unclouded day, and that we might be overshadowed by the smoke thereof; that we might have sound sleep, and that the bird of peace might whisper in our ears pleasant dreams; that the deer might be taken by us in plenty; and that the Great Spirit would take us home

in safety to our squaws and children." These prayers were generally made with great fervency, often smiting with great vehemence their hands upon their breast, their eyes fixed in adoration towards heaven. In this manner they would continue their prayers until we were out of sight.

In the fore part of autumn we experienced slight typhus indispositions, caused by great vicissitudes of weather, which at times were very damp.

Our affectionate companion, Serjeant Floyd, was seized with a severe astenic disease, of which he fell a victim. He was seized with an acute pain in his intestines, accompanied with a great suppression of the pulmonary function. Every effort that our situation allowed, was in vain used for his recovery; we buried him in the most decent manner that our circumstances would admit. He was universally lamented by us.

Several times, many of our party were in imminent danger of being devoured by wild beasts of prey; but happily we escaped. Frequently we were annoyed by a kind of light-colored bear, of which the country near the head of the Missouri abounds. After being attacked, they give no quarter, but rush with great fury towards their enemy. One of our party shot at one of them, and wounded him; the bear, instead of being intimidated by the smart of the wound, was stimulated into rage, and rushed with great fury to devour the assailant, who saved his life by running headlong down a steep precipice, that formed the bank of the river, but was severely bruised by the precipitant retreat.

The following narrative of an encounter with a snake is told by a companion, whose veracity can be relied on. I will give it in his own words, as he related it in a letter to his friend.

"Some time," says he, "before we reached Fort Mandan, while I was out on an excursion of hunting, one of the greatest monsters that ever shocked the mind with horror was presented to my sight. When passing deliberately in a forest that bordered on a prairie, I heard a rustling in the bushes; I leaped towards the object, delighted with the prospect of acquiring game. But on proceeding a few paces farther, my blood was chilled with horror, by the appearance of a serpent of an enormous size. On discovering me, he immediately erected his head to a great height; his color was of a yellower hue than the spots of a rattle-snake; and on the top of his back were spots of a reddish color. His eyes emitted fire, his tongue darted, as though he menaced my destruction. He was evidently in the attitude of springing at me, when I levelled my rifle at him; but probably owing to my consternation, I only wounded him; but the explosion of the gun and the wound turned to flight the awful enemy. Perhaps you may think, that my fright has magnified the description. I can candidly aver, that he was in bulk half as large as a middle-sized man."

In the Indian tribes there is so great a similarity in their stature, color, government, and religious tenets, that it will be requisite, for

perspicuity, to rank them under one general head. And when there is a contrast in the course of the description, it will be mentioned.

The Indians are all (except the Snake Indians) tall in stature, straight and robust. It is very seldom they are deformed, which has given rise to the supposition, that they put to death their deformed children, which is not the case. Their skin is of a copper color, their eyes large, black, and of a bright and sparkling color, indicative of a subtle and discerning mind. Their hair is of the same color, and prone to grow long, straight, and seldom or never curled; their teeth are large and white. I never observed any decayed among them, which makes their breath as sweet as the air they exhale. The women are about the stature of the English women, and much inclined to corpulency, which is seldom the case with the other sex.

I shall not enter into a discussion about the cause of their hue. I shall barely mention the suppositions that are made respecting it. Some have asserted, that it is derived principally from their anointing themselves with fat in the summer season, to prevent profuse perspiration, and this, combined with the influence of the sun, has given the tincture of their complexion. To support the hypothesis, they assert that the repeated above-mentioned causes give color to the parent, who procreates his own likeness, until at length it is entailed on posterity. But notwithstanding this curious reasoning, others are of opinion, that the hand of the Creator gave the reddish hue to the Indians, the sable color to the African, and that of white to the civilised nations.

They esteem a beard exceedingly unbecoming, and take great pains to get rid of it; nor is there ever any to be perceived on their faces, except when they grow old and become inattentive to their appearance. Every crinose excrescence on other parts of their body is held in as great abhorrence by them, and both sexes are equally careful to extirpate it, in which they often employ much time.

The Pallotepallors, Serpentine, Mandan, and other interior tribes of Indians, pluck them out with bent pieces of hard wood, formed into a kind of nippers, made for that purpose; while those that have a communication with Americans or Europeans, procure from them wire, which they ingeniously make into an instrument resembling a screw, which will take so firm a hold of the beard, that with a sudden twitch they extirpate them out by the roots, when considerable blood never fails to flow.

The dress of the Indians varies according to the tribe that they belong to; but in general, it is very commodious, not to encumber them in pursuing the chase, or their enemy; those that inhabit the Missouri, I have often seen, in cold weather, without any apparel to screen themselves from the inclemency of the weather. The lower rank of the Pallotepallors and Clatsops wear nothing in the summer season, but a small garment about their hips, which is either manufactured out of bark or skins, and which would vie with, if not excel, any European manufacture, being diversified with different colors, which give it a gray appearance. Their chiefs are generally dressed

in robes that are made out of small skins, (which takes several hundred for a garment,) of different colors, neatly tanned, which they hang loosely over their shoulders.

In deep snows they wear skins, which entirely cover their legs and feet, and almost answer for breeches—being held up by strings tied to the lower part of the waist. Their bodies in the winter season are covered with different kinds of skin, which are tanned with the fur on, which they wear next to the skin. Those of the men, who wish to appear more gay than others, pluck out the greatest part of their hair, leaving only small locks as fancy dictates, on which are hung different kinds of quills, and feathers of elegant plumage superbly painted. The Sioux and Osages, who traffic with the Americans, wear some of our apparel, such as shirts and blankets; the former they cannot bear tied at the wristbands and collar, and the latter they throw loosely over their shoulders. Their chiefs dress very gay; about their heads they wear all kinds of ornaments that can well be bestowed upon them, which are curiously wrought, and in the winter long robes of the richest fur, that trail on the ground.

In the summer there is no great peculiarity, only what the higher rank wear is excessively ornamented.

The Indians paint their heads and faces yellow, green, red and black; which they esteem very ornamental. They also paint themselves when they go to war; but the method they make use of on this occasion differs from that which they wear merely as a decoration.

The Chippewa young men, who are emulous of excelling their companions in finery, slit the outward rim of both ears; at the same time they take care not to separate them entirely, but leave the flesh, thus cut, still untouched at both extremities; around this spongy substance, from the upper to the lower part, they twist brass wire till the weight draws the amputated rim in a bow of five or six inches diameter, and draws it down almost to the shoulder. This decoration is esteemed gay and becoming.

It is also a custom among them to bore their noses, and wear in them pendants of different sorts. Shells are often worn, which when painted are reckoned very ornamental.

The dress of the Indians who inhabit the borders of Louisiana is for their legs, a kind of stocking, either of skins or cloth; these are sewed up as much as possible in the shape of their leg, so as to admit of being drawn on and off; the edges of the stuff on which they are composed are left annexed to the seams, and hang loose about the breadth of a hand; and this part which is placed on the outside of the leg, is generally ornamented with lace and ribbons, and often with embroidery and porcupine quills variously colored. The hunters from Louisiana find these stockings much more convenient than any others. Their shoes are made of the skins of deer or elk; these, after being dressed with the hair on, are cut into shoes, and fashioned so as to be easy to their feet and convenient for walking. The edges around the ankle are decorated with pieces of brass or tin, fixed around a leather

string about an inch long, which, being placed very thick, make a delightful noise when they walk or dance.

The dress of the women in the summer season consists only of a petticoat that does not reach down to their knees. In the winter they wear a shift, made of skins, which answers a very good purpose when they stand erect, as it is sufficiently low, but when they bend over they often put modesty to the blush. Their legs are covered similarly to the other sex.

Most of the female Indians who dwell on the west side of the Mississippi, near its confluence with the Missouri, decorate their heads by enclosing their hair in plates of silver; it is a costly ornament, and is made use of by the highest rank only. Those of the lower rank make use of the bones, which they manufacture to resemble that of silver. The silver made use of, is formed into thin plates of about four or five inches broad, in several of which they confine their hair. That plate which is nearest the head is of considerable width; the next narrower, and made so as to pass a little way under the other, and gradually tapering till they get to a very considerable magnitude.

This proves to be of very great expence, for they often wear it on the back side of the head, extending to the full length of their hair, which is commonly very long.

The women of every nation generally paint a spot against each about the size of a crown piece; some of them paint their hair, and sometimes a spot on the middle of the forehead.

The Indians have no fixed habitations when they are hunting, but build their houses where conveniency presents, which are made so small, that it obliges the inhabitants to grope about in them, being so low as not to admit one to stand erect, and are without windows. Those that are built for a permanent residence are much more substantial; they are built of logs and bark, large enough to contain several apartments. Those built for the chiefs are often very elegant. That of the chief warrior of the Mahas, is at least sixty feet in circumference, and lined with furs and painting. The furs are of various colors, many of which I had never seen before, and were extremely beautiful; the variety in color formed a contrast that much added to its elegance. The paintings were elegant, and would adorn the dwellings of an opulent European Prince. But the houses of the common people are very different.

They have also moveable houses, which they use for fishing, and sometimes for hunting; which are made of deer-skins, or birch bark sewed together, which they cover over poles made for that purpose: they are bent over to form a semicircle, which resemble those bent by the Americans for beans or hops to grow on, and are covered over as before mentioned, which are very light and easily transported where necessity requires.

The best of their cabins have no chimneys, but a small hole to let the smoke through, which they are compelled to stop up in stormy weather; and when it is too cold to put out their fire, their huts are

filled with clouds of smoke, which render them insupportable to any but an Indian.

Their utensils are few, and in point of usefulness very defective; those to hold water in are made of the skins of animals and the knotty excrescences of hard wood; their spoons are manufactured out of wood, or the bones of a buffalo, and are tolerably commodious, and I have often seen them elegant, and sometimes painted.

The Flatheads and Clatsops make baskets out of rushes, that will hold water if they are not very dry. These two nations appear to have more of a mechanical genius than any other people that I have ever been acquainted with. And I think they are not rivalled by any nation on earth, when taking into consideration their very limited mechanical instruments.

Many of the Indian nations make no use of bread, salt, and spices; and many live to be old without seeing or tasting of either. Those that live near the snowy mountains, live in a great measure on berries, which clothe the fields in great abundance.

The Taukies and other Eastern tribes, where Indian corn grows, take green corn and beans, boil them together with bear's flesh, the fat of which gives flavor and renders it beyond comparison delicious; they call this dish Succatosh.

In general they have no idea of the use of milk, although great quantities might be collected from buffalo and elk. They only consider it proper for the nourishment of the young of these beasts, in their tender state. It cannot be perceived that any inconvenience arises from the disuse of articles so much esteemed by civilised nations, which they use to give a relish and flavor to their food. But on the contrary, the great healthiness of the Indians, and the unhealthiness of the sons of Epicurus, prove that the diet of the former is the most salutary.

They preserve their meat by exposing it to the sun in the summer, and in the winter by putting it between cakes of ice, which keep it sweet, and free from any putrefactive quality.

Their food consists in a great measure of the flesh of the bear, buffalo, and deer. Those that reside near the head of the Missouri and Columbia rivers, chiefly make use of the buffalo and elk, which are often seen from fifty to an hundred in a drove. Where there are plenty of the two last mentioned beasts there are but a few of the former, and where there are many of the former, but few of the latter.

The mode of roasting their meat, is by burning it under ground on the side of a hill, placing stones next to the meat; the mode of building to heat it, somewhat resembles the fire made under a lime-kiln. In this manner they roast the largest of their animals.

The mode of cooking smaller pieces, is to roast it in stones, that are hewn out for the purpose.

The Flatheads and Clatsops procure a root about the size of a potato, which grows spontaneously and in great abundance, and is tolerably palatable, and perfectly agrees with the natives; but made

us all sick, while we were among them. Before we descended the Columbia river, we were unable to procure game, and had recourse to the flesh of dogs and horses to preserve life, as those roots would, without doubt, have destroyed us, and we were unable to procure any other kind of food.

Many of the tribes of Indians are extremely dirty. I have seen the Maha Indians bring water in the paunches of animals that were very dirty, and in other things equally so. But the Maha chiefs are very neat and cleanly in their tents, apparel, and food.

The Indians commonly eat in large parties, so that their meals may, with propriety, be termed feasts; they have not set hours for their meals, but obey the dictates of nature.

Many of the tribes dance before or after their meals, in devotion to the Great Spirit, for the blessings they receive. Being informed of the mode of our saying grace, they answered that they thought we were stupid and ungrateful not to exercise our bodies for the great benefits that we received: but muttering with our lips, they thought was an unacceptable sacrifice to the Great Spirit, and the stupid mode of the ceremony ridiculous in the extreme. In their feasts, the men and women eat apart; but in their domestic way of living, they promiscuously eat together.

Instead of getting together and drinking as the Americans do, they make use of feasting as a substitute.

When their chiefs are assembled together, on any occasion, they always conclude with a feast, at which their hilarity and cheerfulness know no bounds.

No people on earth are more hospitable, kind, and free, than the Indians. They will readily share with any of their own tribe the last part of their provisions, and even those of a different nation. Though they do not keep one common stock, yet the community of goods is so prevalent among them, and their generous dispositions render it nearly of the same effect.

They strike fire by rubbing together two sticks of wood, of a particular kind, which they procure with ease; from other kinds it is impossible to procure fire.

They are extremely circumspect and deliberate in every word and action; there is nothing that hurries them into any intemperate wrath, but that inveteracy of their enemies, which is rooted in every Indian's breast, and never can be eradicated. In all other instances they are cool, and deliberate, taking care to suppress the emotions of the heart. If any Indian has discovered that a friend of his is in danger of being cut off by a lurking enemy, he does not inform him of his danger in direct terms, as though he was in fear, but he first coolly asks him which way he is going that day: and having made his answer, with the same indifference tells him, that he has been informed that an obnoxious beast lies on the route where he is going, which might probably do him mischief. This hint proves sufficient; and his friend avoids the danger with as much caution, as though every design and motion of his enemy had been pointed out to him.

This apathy often shows itself on occasions that would draw forth the fervor of a susceptible heart. If an Indian has been absent from his family for several months, either on a war or hunting party, and his wife and children meet him at some distance from his habitation, instead of the affectionate sensations that naturally arise in the breast of more refined beings, and are productive of mutual congratulations, he continues his course without looking to the right or left; without paying the least attention to those around him, till he arrives at his house. He there sits down, and with the same unconcern as if he had not been absent a day, smokes his pipe; those of his friends who followed him do the same; perhaps it is several hours before he relates to them the incidents that have befallen him during the absence, though perhaps he has left a father, a brother, or a son dead on the field, (whose loss he ought to have lamented,) or has been successful in the undertaking that called him from home.

If an Indian has been engaged for several days in the chase or any other laborious expedition, and by accident continued long without food, when he arrives at the hut of a friend, where he knows that his wants will be immediately supplied, he takes care not to show the least symptoms of impatience, or betray the extreme hunger that he is tortured with; but on being invited in, sits contentedly down, and smokes his pipe with as much composure as if his appetite was cloyed, and he was perfectly at ease: he does the same if among strangers. This custom is strictly adhered to by every tribe, and they esteem it a proof of fortitude, and think the reverse would entitle them to the appellation of old women.

If you tell an Indian, that his children have greatly signalised themselves against an enemy, have taken many scalps, and brought home many prisoners, he does not appear to feel any great emotions of pleasure on the occasion; his answer generally is, "they have done well," and makes but very little inquiry about it; on the contrary, if you inform him that his children are slain or taken prisoners, he makes no complaints; he only replies, "it is unfortunate," and for some time asks no questions about how it happened.

This seeming indifference, however, does not proceed from a want of the natural affections, for, notwithstanding they are esteemed savages, I never saw among any other people greater proofs of filial tenderness; and, although they meet their wives after a long absence with the stoical indifference just mentioned, they are not, in general, void of conjugal affection.

Another peculiarity is observable in their manner of paying visits. If an Indian goes to visit a particular person in a family, he mentions to whom his visit is intended, and the rest of the family immediately retire to the other end of the hut or tent, and are careful not to come near enough to interrupt them during the whole conversation. The same method is pursued when a young man goes to pay his addresses to a young woman; but then he must be careful not to let love be the subject of his discourse while the daylight remains.

They discover an amazing sagacity, and acquire with the greatest

readiness any thing that depends upon the attention of the mind. By experience, and an acute observation, they attain many perfections, to which the Americans are strangers. For instance, they will cross a forest, or a plain, which is two hundred miles in breadth, and reach with great exactness the point at which they intend to arrive, keeping during the whole of that space in a direct line, without any material deviations; and this they will do with the same ease, let the weather be fair or cloudy.

With equal acuteness they will point to that part of the heavens the sun is in, though it be intercepted by clouds or fogs; besides this, they are able to pursue with incredible facility the traces of a man or beast, either on leaves or grass; and on this account it is with great difficulty that a flying enemy escapes discovery.

They are indebted for these talents not only to nature, but to an extraordinary command of the intellectual faculties, which can only be acquired by an unremitted attention, and by long experience.

They are in general very happy in a retentive memory; they can recapitulate every particular that has been treated of in councils, and remember the exact time when they were held. Their belts of wampum preserve the substance of the treaties they have concluded with the neighboring tribes, for ages back, to which they will appeal, and refer with as much perspicuity, and readiness, as Europeans can to their written records.

Every nation pays great respect to old age. The advice of a father will never receive any extraordinary attention from the young Indians; probably they receive it with only a bare assent; but they will tremble before a grandfather, and submit to his injunctions with the utmost alacrity. The words of the ancient part of the community are esteemed by the young as oracles. If they take, during hunting parties, any game that is reckoned by them uncommonly delicious, it is immediately presented to the eldest of their relations.

They never suffer themselves to be overburdened with care, but live in a state of perfect tranquillity and contentment, being naturally indolent. If provisions, just sufficient for their subsistence, can be procured with little trouble, and near at hand, they will not go far, or take any extraordinary pains for it, though by so doing they might acquire greater plenty and of a more estimable kind.

Having much leisure time, they indulge this indolence to which they are prone, by sleeping or rambling about among their tents. But when necessity obliges them to take the field, either to oppose an enemy, or to procure themselves food, they are alert and indefatigable. Many instances of their activity, on these occasions, will be given when we treat of their wars.

The greatest blemish in their character is that savage disposition, which impels them to treat their enemies with a severity that every other nation shudders at; but if they are thus barbarous to those with whom they are at war, they are friendly, hospitable and humane in peace. It may with truth be said of them, that they are the worst enemies, and the best friends of any people in the world.

They are, in general, strangers to the passion of jealousy, and brand a man with folly that is distrustful of his wife. Among some tribes the very idea is not known; as the most abandoned of their young men very rarely attempt the virtue of married women, nor do these put themselves in the way of solicitations; yet, the Indian women in general are of an amorous disposition, and before they are married are not the less esteemed for the indulgence of their passions.

The Indians, in their common state, are strangers to all distinction of property, except in the articles of domestic use, which every one considers as his own, and increase as circumstances admit. They are extremely liberal to each other, and supply the deficiency of their friends with any superfluity of their own.

In dangers they readily give assistance to any of their band that stand in need of it, without any expectation of return, except those just rewards that are always conferred by the Indians on merit. Governed by the plain and equitable laws of nature, every one is rewarded according to his deserts; and their equality of condition, manners, and privileges, with that constant and social familiarity which prevails through every Indian nation, animates them with a pure and patriotic spirit, that tends to the general good of the society to which they belong.

If any of their neighbors are bereaved by death, or by an enemy, of their children, those who are possessed of the greatest number of prisoners, who are made slaves, supply the deficiency: and these are adopted by them, and treated in every respect as if they really were the children of the person to whom they are presented.

The Indians can form to themselves no idea of the value of money; they consider it, when they are made acquainted with the uses to which it is applied, by other nations, as the source of innumerable evils. To it they attribute all the mischiefs that are prevalent among Europeans, such as treachery, plundering, devastation, and murder.

They esteem it irrational, that one man should be possessed of a greater quantity than another, and are amazed that any honour should be annexed to the possession of it.

But that the want of this useless metal should be the cause of depriving persons of their liberty, and that on account of this particular distribution of it, great numbers should be shut up within the dreary walls of a prison, cut off from society of which they constitute a part, exceeds their belief; nor do they fail, on hearing this part of the United States system of government related, to charge the institutors of it with a total want of humanity, and to brand them with the names of savages, brutes.

They show almost an equal degree of indifference for the productions of art. When any of these are shown them, they say, "It is pretty, I like to look at it," and are not inquisitive about the construction of it, neither can they form proper conceptions of its use. But if you tell them a person runs with great agility, is skilled in hunting, can direct with unerring aim a gun, or bends with ease a bow, can dexterously work a canoe, understands the art of war, is acquainted

with the situations of the country, and can make his way without a guide through an immense forest, subsisting during this on a small quantity of provisions, they are in raptures; they will listen with great attention to the pleasing tale, and bestow the highest commendation on the hero of it.

They make but very little use of physicians and medicine, and consequently they have but very few diseases among them. There is seldom an Indian but what blooms with the appearance of health. They have no midwives among them; and among several tribes the mother is without the assistance of any person being with her at the time of her delivery, not even a female attendance.

Soon after the birth of a child, it is placed on a board, which is covered with a skin stuffed with soft moss: the child is laid on its back and tied to it. To these machines are tied strings, by which they hang them to branches of trees; or, if they do not find trees handy, they lean them against a stump or stone while they dress the deer or fish, or do any other domestic business. In this position they are kept until they are several months old. When taken out they are suffered to go naked, and are daily bathed in cold water, which render them vigorous and active.

The diseases manufactured by the modern sons of dissipation, were unknown by them. These hardy disciples of health do not hear of the powerful and painful eloquence of the gout, consumption, and the rest of the long catalogue of typhus diseases, which is preached to the votaries of Epicurus and Bacchus, when their repentance is too late.

An Indian child is generally kept at the breast until it is two years old, and sometimes, though rarely, until three years.

The Indians often occasion inflammatory disease, by excessive eating, after a fast of three or four days, when retreating from or pursuing an enemy.

The inequality of riches, the disappointment of ambition, and merciless oppressions, are not with them exciting causes of insanity. I made great inquiry, but was not able to learn that a single case of melancholy or madness was ever known among them.

The dreadful havoc that the small-pox has made, has necessarily been mentioned.

The mode of curing a fever is by profuse perspiration, which is effected by the patients being confined in a close tent or wigwam, over a hole in the earth, in which red hot stones are placed; a quantity of hot water is then thrown upon the stones, which involves the patient in a cloud of vapors and sweat; in this situation he rushes out, and plunges into a river of water, and from hence he retires into a warm bed.

They never think of giving medicine, until they have first made an attempt to remove the disease by sacrifices and prayer; and if the patient recovers soon, it is attributed to the holy management of the priest; and if medicine is to be used as the last alternative, they never administer it without its being accompanied with prayer, and a large quantity of meat, which they consume on the fire for a sacrifice.

They have a plant among them, which has the power of producing abortion. It is related by Mr. Jefferson in his Notes on Virginia, that the Indians inhabiting the frontiers possess a plant that produces the same effect.

INDIAN MODE OF COUNTING TIME—NAMES OF THE DIFFERENT MONTHS—
MODE OF RECKONING DISTANCE—KNOWLEDGE OF ARITHMETIC—NAMES
OF THE DIFFERENT TRIBES—CHIEFS—HEREDITARY SUCCESSION OF THE
CHIEF.

Considering their ignorance of astronomy, time is very rationally divided by the Indians. Those in the interior parts (and of those I would generally be understood to speak) count their years by the winters; or, as they express themselves, by snows.

Some nations among them reckon their years by moons, and make them consist of twelve synodical or lunar months, observing, when thirty moons have waned, to add a supernumerary one, which they term the Lost Moon; and then begin to count as before. They pay a great regard to the first appearance of every moon; and on the occasion always repeat some joyful sounds, stretching at the same time their hands towards it.

Every month has with it a name expressive of its season; for instance, they call the month of March (in which their year generally begins at the first new moon, after the vernal Equinox) the Worm Month or Moon; because at this time the worms quit their retreats in the bark of the trees, wood, &c., where they have sheltered themselves during the winter.

The month of April is termed by them the month of Plants. May, the month of Flowers. June, the Hot Moon. July, the Buck Moon. Their reason for thus denominating these is obvious.

August, the Sturgeon Moon; because in this month they catch great numbers of that fish.

September, the Corn Moon; because in that month they gather in their Indian corn.

October, the Travelling Moon; as they leave at this time their villages, and travel towards the place where they intend to hunt during the winter.

November, the Beaver Moon; for in this month the Beavers begin to take shelter in their houses, having laid up a sufficient store of provisions for the winter season.

December, the Hunting Moon; because they employ this month in pursuit of their game.

January, the Cold Moon; as it generally freezes harder, and the cold is more intense in this than in any other month.

February, they call the Snow Moon, because more snow commonly falls during this month, than any other in the winter.

When the Moon does not shine they say the Moon is dead; and some call the three last days of it the naked days. The moon's first appearance they term, is coming to life again.

They make no division of weeks, but days they count by sleeps; half days, by pointing to the sun at noon; and quarters, by the rising and setting of the sun; to express which in their traditions they make use of very significant hieroglyphics.

The Indians are totally unskilled in geography as well as all other sciences; and yet they draw on their birch bark very exact charts or maps of the countries they are acquainted with. The latitude and longitude is only wanting to make them tolerably complete.

Their sole knowledge in astronomy consists in being able to point out the pole star; by which they regulate their course when they travel in the night.

They reckon the distance of places, not by miles or leagues, but by a day's journey, which, according to the best calculations I could make, appears to be about twenty English miles. These they also divide into halves and quarters, and will demonstrate them in their maps with great exactness, by the hieroglyphics just mentioned, when they regulate in council their war parties, or their most distant hunting excursions.

They have no idea of arithmetic; and though they are able to count any number, figures as well as letters appear mysterious to them, and above their comprehension.

Every separate body of Indians is divided into bands or tribes, which band or tribe forms a little community with the nation to which it belongs. As the nation has some particular symbol by which it is distinguished from others, so each tribe has a badge from which it is denominated; as that of the Eagle, the Panther, the Tiger, the Buffalo, &c. One band is represented by a Snake, another a Tortoise, a third a Squirrel, a fourth a Wolf, and a fifth a Buffalo. Throughout every nation they particularize themselves in the same manner; and the meanest person among them will remember his lineal descent, and distinguish himself by his respective family.

Did not many circumstances tend to confute the supposition, I should be almost induced to conclude from this distinction of tribes, and the particular attachment of the Indians to them, that they derive their origin, as some have asserted, from the Israelites.

Besides this, every nation distinguishes itself by the manner of constructing its tents or huts. And so well versed are all the Indians in this distinction, that though there appears to be no difference on the nicest observations made by an American, yet they will immediately discover, from the position of a pole left in the ground, what nation has encamped on the spot many months before.

Every band has a chief who is termed the great chief, or chief warrior; who, because of his approved valor, directs their military operations, and regulates all concerns belonging to that department. But this chief is not considered as the head of the state. Besides the great warrior who is elected for his warlike qualifications, there is another who enjoys a pre-eminence as his hereditary right, and has the more immediate management of their civil affairs. This chief might with great propriety be denominated their Sachem, whose

assent is necessary in all conveyances and treaties, to which he affixes the mark of the tribe or nation.

Though these two are considered as the heads of the band, and the latter is usually denominated their king, yet the Indians are sensible of neither civil nor military subordination. As every one of them entertains a high opinion of his consequence, and is extremely tenacious of his liberty, all injunctions that carry with them the appearance of a positive command, are instantly rejected with scorn.

On this account, it is seldom that their leaders are so indiscreet as to give out any of their orders in a peremptory style; a bare hint from a chief that he thinks such a thing necessary to be done, instantly arouses an emulation among the inferior ranks, and it is immediately executed with great alacrity. By this method the disgusting part of the command is evaded, and an authority that falls little short of absolute sway instituted in its room.

Among the Indians no visible form of government is established; they allow of no such distinction as magistrate and subject, every one appearing to enjoy an independence that cannot be controlled. The object of government among them is rather foreign than domestic, for their attention seems more to be employed in preserving such a union among members of their tribes as will enable them to watch the motions of their enemies, and act against them with concert and vigor, than to maintain interior order by any public regulations. If a scheme that appears to be of service to the community is proposed by the chief, every one is at liberty to choose whether he will assist in carrying it on; for they have no compulsory laws that lay them under any restrictions. If violence is committed, or blood is shed, the right of revenging these misdemeanors is left to the family of the injured: the chiefs assume neither the power of inflicting nor moderating the punishment.

Some nations, where the dignity is hereditary, limit the succession to the female line. On the death of a chief, his sister's son sometimes succeeds him in preference to his own son; and if he happens to have no sister, the nearest female relation assumes the dignity. This accounts for a woman being at the head of the Winnebago nation, which, before I was acquainted with their laws, appeared strange to me.

Each family has a right to appoint one of its chiefs to be an assistant chief, and without whose consent nothing of a public nature can be carried into execution. These are generally chosen for their ability in speaking; and such only are permitted to make orations in their councils and general assemblies.

In this body, with the hereditary chief at its head, the supreme authority appears to be lodged; as by its determination every transaction relative to their hunting, to their making war or peace, and to all their public concerns, are regulated. Next to these, the body of warriors, which comprehends all who are able to bear arms, holds its rank. This division has sometimes at its head the chief of the

nation, if he has signalized himself by any renowned action; if not, some chief that has rendered himself famous.

In their councils, which are held by the foregoing members, every affair of consequence is debated; and no enterprise of the least moment undertaken, unless it there meets with the general approbation of the chiefs. They commonly assemble in a hut or tent appropriated to this purpose, and being seated in a circle on the ground, the eldest chief rises and makes a speech; when he has concluded, another gets up, and thus they speak, if necessary, by turns.

On this occasion their language is nervous, and their manner of expression emphatical. Their style is adorned with images, comparisons and strong metaphors, and is equal in allegories to that of any of the eastern nations. In all their set speeches they express themselves with much vehemence, but in common discourse according to our usual method of speech.

The young men are suffered to be present at the councils, though they are not allowed to make a speech till they are regularly admitted; they however listen with great attention, and to show that they both understand and approve of the resolutions taken by the assembled chiefs, they frequently exclaim, "That is right," "That is good."

The customary mode among all ranks of expressing their assent, and which they repeat at the end of almost every period, is by uttering a kind of forcible aspiration, which seems like an union of the letters OAB.

DANCING—EATING DOG'S FLESH—SUPERSTITION—HUNTING—FASTING—
DREAMING—AGILITY.

Dancing is a favorite exercise among the Indians: they never meet on any public occasion, but this makes a part of the entertainment; and when they are not engaged in war or hunting, the youth of both sexes amuse themselves in this manner every evening.

They always dance, as I have just observed, at their feasts. In these as well as other dances, every man rises in his turn, and moves about with great freedom and boldness; singing as he does so, the exploits of his ancestors. During this the company, who are seated on the ground in a circle around the dancer, join with him in making the cadence, by an odd tune, which they utter all together, and which sounds, "Heh, heh, heh." These notes, if they might be so termed, are articulated with a harsh accent, and strained out with the utmost force of their lungs; so that one would imagine their strength must soon be exhausted by it; instead of which, they repeat it with the same violence during the whole of the entertainment.

The women, particularly those of the western nations, dance very gracefully. They carry themselves erect, and with their arms hanging down close to their sides, move first a few yards to the right, and then back again to the left. This movement they perform without taking any steps as an American would do, but with their feet con-

joined, moving by turns their toes and heels. In this manner they glide with great agility to a certain distance, and then return: and let those who join in the dance be ever so numerous, they keep time so exactly with each other, that no interruption ensues. During this, at stated periods, they mingle their shrill voices with the hoarser ones of the men, who sit around, (for it is observed that the sexes never intermix in the same dance,) which, with the music of the drums and chicicoes, make an agreeable harmony.

The Indians have several kinds of dances, which they use on different occasions, as the Pipe Calumet Dance, the War Dance, the Marriage Dance, and the Dance of the Sacrifice. The movements of every one of these are dissimilar; but it is almost impossible to convey any idea of the points in which they are unlike.

Different nations likewise vary in their manner of dancing. The Chippeway throw themselves into a greater variety of attitudes than any other people; sometimes they hold their heads erect, at others they bend them almost to the ground; then recline on one side, and immediately on the other. Others carry themselves more upright, step firmer, and move more gracefully; but they all accompany their dances with the disagreeable noise just mentioned.

The Pipe Dance is the principal and most pleasing to a spectator of any of them, being the least frantic, and the movement of it most graceful. It is but on particular occasions that it is used: as when ambassadors from an enemy arrive to treat of peace, or when strangers of eminence pass through their territories.

The War Dance, which they use both before they set out on their war parties, and on their return from them, strikes terror into strangers. It is performed, as others, amidst a circle of the warriors; a chief generally begins it, who moves from the right to the left, singing at the same time both his own exploits and those of his ancestors. When he has concluded his account of any memorable action, he gives a violent blow with his war club, against a post that is fixed in the ground, near the centre of the assembly, for this purpose.

Every one dances in his turn, and recapitulates the wonderful deeds of his family, till they all at last join in the dance. Then it becomes truly alarming to any stranger that happens to be among them, as they throw themselves into every horrible and terrifying posture that can be imagined, rehearsing at the same time the parts they expect to act against their enemies in the field. During this they hold their sharp knives in their hands, with which, as they whirl about, they are every moment in danger of cutting each other's throats; and did they not shun the threatened mischief with inconceivable dexterity, it could not be avoided. By these motions they intend to represent the manner in which they kill, scalp, and take their prisoners. To heighten the scene, they set up the same hideous yells, cries, and warwhoops they use in the time of action: so that it is impossible to consider them in any other light than as an assemblage of demons.

After some hours spent in dancing, the feast begins; the dishes being brought near me, I perceived that they consisted of dog's flesh,

and I was informed that at all public grand feasts they never make use of any other kind of food.

In this custom of eating dog's flesh on particular occasions, they resemble the inhabitants of some of the countries that lie on the north-east borders of Asia. The author of the account of Kamschatka, published by order of the empress of Russia, informs us, that the people inhabiting Koreka, a country north of Kamschatka, who wander about in hordes like the Arabs, when they pay their worship to the evil beings, kill a rein-deer or a dog, the flesh of which they eat, and leave the head and tongue sticking on a pole with the front towards the east. Also, that when they are afraid of any infectious distemper, they kill a dog, and winding the guts about two poles, pass between them. These customs, in which they are nearly imitated by the Indians, seem to add strength to my supposition, that America was first peopled from this quarter.

"I know not," says a traveller amongst them, "under what class of dances to rank that performed by the Indians who came to my tent when I landed near Lake Pepin, on the banks of the Mississippi. When I looked out, as I there mentioned, I saw about twenty naked young Indians, the most perfect in their shape, and by far the handsomest of any I had ever seen, coming towards me, and dancing, as they approached, to the music of their drums. At every ten or twelve yards they halted, and set up their yells and cries.

"When they reached my tent, I asked them to come in; which, without deigning to make me any answer, they did. As I observed that they were painted red and black, as they usually are when they go against an enemy, and perceived that some parts of the war dance was intermixed with their other movements, I doubted not but they were set on by the inimical chief who had refused my salutation: I therefore resolved to sell my life as dear as possible. To this purpose, I received them sitting on my chest, with my gun and pistols beside me, and ordered my men to keep a watchful eye on them, and be also upon their guard.

"The Indians being entered, they continued their dance alternately, singing at the same time of their heroic exploits, and the superiority of their race over every people. To enforce their language, though it was uncommonly nervous and expressive, and such as would of itself have carried terror to the firmest heart, at the end of every period they struck their war clubs against the poles of my tent with such violence, that I expected every moment it would have tumbled upon us. As each of them in dancing round passed by me, they placed their right hand above their eyes, and coming close to me, looked me steadily in the face, which I could not construe into a token of friendship. My men gave themselves up for lost, and I acknowledge, for my own part, that I never found my apprehensions more tumultuous on any occasion.

"When they had nearly ended their dance, I presented to them the pipe of peace, but they would not receive it. I then, as my last resource, thought I would try what presents would do; accordingly,

I took from my chest some ribands and trinkets, which I laid before them. These seemed to stagger their resolutions, and to avert in some measure their anger; for after holding a consultation together, they sat down on the ground, which I considered as a favorable omen.

"It was never in my power to gain a thorough knowledge of the designs of my visitors. I had sufficient reason to conclude that they were hostile, and that their visit, at so late an hour, was made through the instigation of the Grand Sautor; but I was afterwards informed that it might be intended as a compliment, which they usually pay to the chiefs of every other nation who happened to fall in with them, and that the circumstances in their conduct which had appeared so suspicious to me, were merely the effects of their vanity, and designed to impress on the minds of those whom they thus visited an elevated opinion of their valor and prowess. In the morning before I continued my route, several of their wives brought me a present of some sugar, for whom I found a few more ribands.

"The dance of the sacrifice is not so denominated from their offering up at the same time a sacrifice to any good or evil spirit, but is a dance to which the Naudowessies give that title, from being used when any public fortunate circumstance befalls them. Whilst I resided amongst them, a fine large deer accidentally strayed into the middle of their encampment, which they soon destroyed. As this happened just at the new moon, they esteemed it a lucky omen; and having roasted it whole, every one in the camp partook of it. After their feast, they all joined in a dance, which they, from its being somewhat of a religious nature, termed a dance of the sacrifice."*

Hunting is the principal occupation of the Indians; they are trained to it from their youth, and it is an exercise which is esteemed no less honorable than necessary toward their subsistence. A dexterous and resolute hunter is held in nearly as great estimation by them as a distinguished warrior. Scarcely any device, which the ingenuity of man has discovered for ensnaring or destroying those animals that supply them with food, or whose skins are valuable, is unknown to them.

When they are engaged in this exercise, they shake off the indolence peculiar to their nature, and become active, persevering, and indefatigable. They are equally sagacious in finding their prey, and in the means they use to destroy it. They discern the footsteps of the beast they are in pursuit of, although they are imperceptible to every other eye, and can follow them with certainty through their pathless forest.

The beasts that the Indians hunt, both for their flesh, on which they subsist, and for their skins, of which they either make their apparel, or barter with the Europeans for necessaries, are the buffalo, elk, deer, moose, cariboo, bear, beaver, otter, martin, &c. I defer

* See Dr. Hubbard's *Compilation of Indian History*.

giving a description of these animals here, and shall only, at present, treat of the manner of hunting them.

The route they shall take for this purpose, and the parties that shall go on the different expeditions, are fixed in their general councils, which are held some time in the summer, when all the operations for the ensuing winter are concluded on. The chief warrior, whose province it is to regulate their proceedings on this occasion, with great solemnity issues out an invitation to those who choose to attend him; for the Indians, as before observed, acknowledge no superiority, nor have they any idea of compulsion; and every one that accepts it, prepares himself by fasting during several days.

The Indians do not fast, as some other nations do, on the richest and most luxurious food, but they totally abstain from every kind, either of victuals or drink; and such is their patience and resolution, that the most extreme thirst could not oblige them to taste a drop of water; yet amidst this severe abstinence they appear cheerful and happy.

The reasons they give for thus fasting, are, that it enables them freely to dream, in which dreams they are informed where they shall find the greatest plenty of game; also, that it averts the displeasure of the evil spirits, and induces them to be propitious. They also on these occasions blacken those parts of their bodies that are uncovered.

The fast being ended, and the place of hunting made known, the chief who is to conduct them gives a grand feast to those who are to form the different parties; of which none of them dare to partake until they have bathed themselves. At this feast, notwithstanding they have fasted so long, they eat with great moderation; and the chief that presides employs himself in rehearsing the feats of those who have been most successful in the business they are about to enter upon. They soon after set out on the march towards the place appointed, painted or rather bedaubed with black, amidst the acclamations of all the people.

It is impossible to describe their agility or perseverance, whilst they are in pursuit of their prey; neither thickets, ditches, torrents, pools, or rivers stop them; they always go straight forward in the most direct line they possibly can, and there are few of the savage inhabitants of the woods that they cannot overtake.

When they hunt for bears, they endeavor to find out their retreats; for during the winter, these animals conceal themselves in the hollow trunks of trees, or make themselves holes in the ground, where they continue with food, whilst the severe weather lasts.

When the Indians think they have arrived at a place where these animals usually haunt, they form themselves into a circle according to their number, and moving onward, endeavor, as they advance towards the centre, to discover the retreats of their prey. By this means, if any lie in the intermediate space, they are sure of arousing and bringing them down, either with their bows or their guns. The bears will take to flight at sight of a man or a dog, and will only

make resistance when they are extremely hungry, or after they are wounded.

The Indian method of hunting the buffalo is by forming a circle or a square, nearly in the same manner as when they search for the bear. Having taken their different stations, they set the grass, which at this time is rank and dry, on fire, and these animals, who are extremely fearful of that element, flying with precipitation before it, great numbers are hemmed in a small compass, and scarcely a single one escapes.

They have different ways of hunting the elk, the deer, and the cariboo. Sometimes they seek them out in the woods, to which they retire during the severity of the cold, where they are easily shot from behind the trees. In the more northern climates they take the advantage of the weather to destroy the elk; when the sun has just strength enough to melt the snow, and the frost in the night forms a kind of a crust on the surface, this animal being heavy, breaks it with his forked hoofs, and with difficulty extricates himself from it; at this time, therefore, he is soon overtaken and destroyed.

Some nations have a method of hunting these animals which is more easily executed, and free from danger. The hunting party divide themselves into two bands, and choosing a spot near the borders of some river, one party embarks on board their canoes, whilst the other forming themselves into a semicircle on the land, the flanks of which reach the shore, let loose their dogs, and by this means rouse all the game that lies within these bounds; they then drive them towards the river, into which they no sooner enter, than the greatest part of them are immediately despatched by those who remain in the canoes.

Both the elk and buffalo are very furious when they are wounded, and will turn fiercely on their pursuers, and trample them under their feet if the hunter finds no means to complete their destruction, or does not seek for security in flight to some adjacent tree; by this method they are frequently avoided, and so tired with pursuit, that they voluntarily give it over.

But the hunting in which the Indians, particularly those who inhabit the northern parts, chiefly employ themselves, and from which they reap the greatest advantage, is the beaver hunting. The season for this is throughout the whole of the winter, from November to April; during which time the fur of these animals is in the greatest perfection. A description of this extraordinary animal, the construction of their huts, and the regulations of their almost rational community, I shall give in another place.

The hunters make use of several methods to destroy them. Those generally practised, are either that of taking them in snares, cutting through the ice, or opening their causeways.

As the eyes of these animals are very quick, and their hearing exceedingly acute, great precaution is necessary in approaching their bodies; for as they seldom go far from the water, and their houses are always built close to the side of some large river or lake, or dams of

their own construction, upon the least alarm they hasten to the deepest part of the water, and dive immediately to the bottom; as they do this, they make a great noise by beating the water with their tails, on purpose to put the whole fraternity on their guard.

They take them with snares in the following manner. Though the beavers usually lay up a sufficient store of provisions to serve for their subsistence during the winter, they make from time to time excursions to the neighboring woods, to procure fresh supplies of food.

The hunters having found out their haunts, place a trap in their way, baited with small pieces of bark, or young shoots of trees, which the beaver has no sooner laid hold of, than a large log of wood falls upon him, and breaks his back; his enemies, who are upon the watch, soon appear, and instantly despatch the helpless animal.

At other times, when the ice on the rivers and lakes is about half a foot thick, they make an opening through it with their hatchets, to which the beavers will soon hasten, on being disturbed at their houses, for a supply of fresh air. As their breath occasions a considerable motion in the water, the hunter has sufficient notice of their approach, and methods are easily taken for knocking them on the head the moment they appear above the surface.

When the houses of the beavers happen to be near a rivulet, they are more easily destroyed: the hunters then cut the ice, and spreading a net under it, break down the cabins of the beavers, who never fail to make towards the deepest part, where they are entangled and taken. But they must not be suffered to remain there long, as they would soon extricate themselves with their teeth, which are well known to be excessively sharp and strong.

The Indians take great care to hinder their dogs from touching the bones of the beavers. The reasons they give for these precautions, are, first, that the bones are so excessively hard, they spoil the teeth of the dogs; and secondly, they are apprehensive that they shall so exasperate the spirits of the beavers by this permission, as to render the next hunting season unsuccessful.

When the Indians destroy buffalo, elk, deer, &c., they generally divide the flesh of such as they have taken among the tribe to which they belong. But in hunting the beaver, a few families usually unite and divide the spoil among them. Indeed, in the first instance they generally pay some attention in the division to their own families; but no jealousies or murmurings are ever known to arise on account of any apparent partiality.

Among the Naudowessies, if a person shoots a deer, buffalo, &c., and it runs a considerable distance before it drops, where a person belonging to another tribe, being nearer, first sticks a knife into it, the game is considered as the property of the latter, notwithstanding it had been mortally wounded by the former. Though this custom appears to be arbitrary and unjust, yet the people cheerfully submit to it. This decision is, however, very different from that practised by the Indians on the back of the colonies, where the first person that hits is entitled to the best share.

AGE NECESSARY FOR WARRIORS—CAUSES OF WAR—BOUNDARIES OF TERRITORY—A WAR CHIEF'S HARANGUE TO HIS SOLDIERS—INFLUENCE OF PRIESTS AND WOMEN—MODE OF DECLARING WAR—PROTECTING SPIRITS—STRATAGEM—TIME OF ATTACK—DISPOSING OF A CONQUERED ENEMY—TREATMENT OF PRISONERS—SLAVES, &c.

The Indians begin to bear arms at the age of fifteen, and lay them aside when they arrive at the age of sixty. Some nations to the southward, I have been informed, do not continue their military exertions after they are fifty.

In every band or nation there is a select number who are styled the warriors, who are always ready to act, either offensively or defensively, as occasion requires. These are well armed, bearing the weapons commonly used among them, which vary according to the situation of their countries. Some make use of tomahawks, knives, and fire-arms; but those who have not an opportunity of purchasing these kinds of weapons, use bows and arrows, and also the *Casse Tete*, or War Club.

The Indians that inhabit still further to the westward, a country which extends to the South Sea, use in fight a warlike instrument that is very uncommon. Having great plenty of horses, they always attack their enemies on horseback, and encumber themselves with no other weapon than a stone of middling size, curiously wrought, which they fasten by a string, about a yard and a half long, to their right arm, a little above the elbow. These stones they conveniently carry in their hands till they reach their enemies, and then with great dexterity, as they ride full speed, never fail of doing execution. The country which these tribes possess abounding with large extensive plains, those who attack them seldom return; as the swiftness of the horses on which they are mounted enables them to overtake even the fleetest of their invaders.

I was informed that unless they found morasses or thickets, to which they could retire, they were sure of being cut off; to prevent this they always took care whenever they made an onset, to do it near such retreats as were impassable for cavalry, they then having a great advantage over their enemies, whose weapons could not reach them there.

Some nations make use of a javelin, pointed with bone, worked into different forms; but the Indian weapons in general are bows and arrows, and the short club already mentioned. The latter is made of a very hard wood, and the head of it fashioned round like a ball, about three inches and a half in diameter: in this rotund part is fixed an edge resembling that of a tomahawk, either of steel or flint, whichever they can procure.

The dagger is peculiar to some nations, and of ancient construction, but they can give no account how long it has been in use among them. It was originally made of flint or bone, but since they have had communication with the European traders, they have formed it of steel. The length of it is about ten inches, and that part close to the handle nearly three inches broad. Its edges are keen, and it

gradually tapers towards a point. They wear it in a sheathe made of deer's leather, neatly ornamented with porcupine's quills; and it is usually hung by a string, decorated in the same manner, which reaches as low only as the breast. This curious weapon is worn by a few of the principal chiefs alone, and considered both as an useful instrument, and an ornamental badge of superiority.

I observed among them a few targets or shields, made of raw buffalo hides, and in the form of those used by the ancients; but as the number of these was small, and I could gain no intelligence of the era in which they first were introduced among them, I suppose those I saw had descended from father to son, for many generations.

The reasons the Indians give for making war against one another, are much the same as those urged by more civilised nations for disturbing the tranquillity of their neighbors. The pleas of the former are in general, however, more rational and just than such as are brought by Europeans in vindication of their proceedings.

The extension of empire is seldom a motive with these people to invade and to commit depredations on the territories of those who happen to dwell near them. To secure the rights of hunting within particular limits, to maintain the liberty of passing through their accustomed tracts, and to guard those lands which they consider from a long tenure as their own, against any infringement, are the general causes of those dissensions that so often break out between the Indian nations, and which are carried on with so much animosity.

Though strangers to the idea of separate property, yet the most uncultivated among them are well acquainted with the rights of the community to the domains they possess, and oppose with vigor every encroachment on them.

Notwithstanding it is generally supposed, that from their territories being so extensive, the boundaries of them cannot be ascertained, yet I am well assured that the limits of each nation in the interior parts are laid down in their rude plans with great precision. By theirs, as I have just observed, was I enabled to regulate my own; and after the most exact observations and inquiries, I found but very few instances in which they erred.

But interest is not either the most frequent or most powerful incentive to their making war on each other. The passion of revenge, which is the distinguishing characteristic of these people, is the most general motive. Injuries are felt by them with exquisite sensibility, and vengeance pursued with unremitted ardor. To this may be added that natural excitation which every Indian is sensible of as soon as he approaches the age of manhood, to give proof of his valor and prowess.

As they are easily possessed with a notion that war ought to be the chief business of their lives, that there is nothing more desirable than the reputation of being a great warrior, and that the scalps of their enemies, or a number of prisoners are alone to be esteemed valuable, it is not to be wondered at that the young Indians are continually restless and uneasy if their ardor is repressed, and they are kept in

a state of inactivity. Either of these propensities, the desire of revenge, or the gratification of an impulse, that by degrees becomes habitual to them, is sufficient, frequently, to induce them to commit hostilities on some of the neighboring nations.

When the chiefs find any occasion for making war, they endeavor to arouse their habitudes, and by that means soon excite their warriors to take arms. For this purpose they make use of their material eloquence, nearly in the following words, which never fails of proving effectual: "The bones of our deceased countrymen lie uncovered; they call out to us to revenge their wrongs, and we must satisfy their request. Their spirits cry out against us. They must be appeased. The genii, who are the guardians of our honor, inspire us with a resolution to seek the enemies of our murdered brothers. Let us go and devour those by whom they were slain. Sit there no longer inactive, give way to the impulse of your natural valor, annoint your hair, paint your faces, fill your quivers, cause the forest to resound with your songs, console the spirits of the dead, and tell them they shall be revenged."

Animated by these exhortations, the warriors snatch their arms in a transport of fury, sing the song of war, and burn with impatience to imbrue their hands in the blood of their enemies.

Sometimes private chiefs assemble small parties and make excursions against those with whom they are at war, or such as have injured them. A single warrior, prompted by revenge, or a desire to show his prowess, will march unattended several hundred miles, to surprise and cut off a straggling party.

These irregular sallies, however, are not always approved of by the elder chiefs, though they are often obliged to connive at them.

But when a war is national, and undertaken by the community, their deliberations are formal and slow. The elders assemble in council, to which all the head warriors and young men are admitted, where they deliver their opinions in solemn speeches, weighing with maturity the nature of the enterprise they are about to engage in, and balancing with great sagacity the advantages or inconveniences that will arise from it.

Their priests are also consulted on the subject, and even, sometimes, the advice of the most intelligent of their women is asked.

If the determination be for war, they prepare for it without much ceremony.

The chief warrior of a nation does not on all occasions head the war party himself; he frequently deposes a warrior of whose valor and prudence he has a good opinion. The person then fixed on being first bedaubed with black, observes a fast of several days, during which he invokes the *Great Spirit*, or deprecates the anger of the *evil* one, holding while it lasts no converse with any of his tribe.

He is particularly careful at the same time to observe his dreams, for on these do they suppose their success will in a great measure depend; and from the firm persuasion every Indian, actuated by his

own presumptuous thoughts, is impressed with, that he shall march forth to certain victory, these are generally favorable to his wishes.

After he has fasted as long as custom prescribes, he assembles the warriors, and holding a belt of wampum in his hand, thus addresses them :

“Brothers! by the inspiration of the *Great Spirit*, I now speak unto you, and by him am I prompted to carry into execution the intentions which I am about to disclose to you. The blood of our deceased brother is not yet wiped away ; their bodies are not yet covered, and I am going to perform this duty to them.”

Having then made known to them all the motives that induce him to take up arms against the nation with whom they are to engage, he thus proceeds : “I have therefore resolved to march through the war path to surprise them. We will cut their flesh and drink their blood ; we will take scalps and make prisoners ; and should we perish in this glorious enterprise, we shall not be for ever hid in the dust, for this belt shall be a recompense to him who buries the dead.” Having said this, he lays it on the ground, and he who takes it up declares himself his lieutenant, and is considered the second in command ; this, however, is only done by some distinguished warrior, who has a right, by the number of his scalps, to the post.

Though the Indians thus assert that they will eat the flesh and drink the blood of their enemies, the threat is only to be considered as a figurative expression ; notwithstanding they sometimes devour the hearts of those they slay, and drink the blood, by way of bravado, or to gratify in a more complete manner their revenge.

The chief is now washed from his sable covering, annointed with bear’s fat, and painted with their red paint, in such figures as will make him appear most terrible to his enemies. He then sings the war song, and enumerates his warlike actions. Having done this he fixes his eyes on the sun, and pays his adoration to the *Great Spirit*, in which he is accompanied by all the warriors.

This ceremony is followed with dances, such as I have before described ; and the whole concludes with a feast which usually consists of dog’s flesh.

This feast is held in the hut or tent of the chief warrior, to which all those who intend to accompany him in his expedition send their dishes to be filled ; and during the feast, notwithstanding he has fasted so long, he sits composedly with his pipe in his mouth, and recounts the valorous deeds of his family.

As the hopes of having their wounds, should they receive any, properly treated, and expeditiously cured, must be some additional inducement to the warriors to expose themselves more freely to danger, the priests, who are also their doctors, prepare such medicines as will prove efficacious. With great ceremony they carry various roots and plants, and pretend that they impart to them the power of healing.

Notwithstanding this superstitious method of proceeding, it is very certain that they have acquired a knowledge of many plants and

herbs that are of a medical quality, and which they know how to use with skill.

From the time the resolution of engaging in war is taken, to the departure of the warriors, the nights are spent in festivity, and their days in making the needful preparations.

If it is thought necessary by the nation going to war, to solicit the alliance of any neighboring tribe, they fix upon one of their chiefs who speaks the language of that people well, and who is a good orator, and send to them by him a belt of wampum, on which is specified the purport of the embassy in figures that every nation is acquainted with. At the same time he carries with him a hatchet painted red.

As soon as he reaches the camp or village to which he is destined, he acquaints the chief of the tribe with the general tenor of his commission, who immediately assembles a council, to which the ambassador is invited. There, having laid the hatchet on the ground, he holds the belt in his hand, and enters more minutely into the occasion of the embassy. In his speech he invites them to take up the hatchet, and as soon as he has finished speaking, delivers the belt.

If his hearers be inclined to become auxiliaries to his nation, a chief steps forward and takes up the hatchet, and they immediately espouse, with spirit, the cause they have thus engaged to support. But if, on this application, neither the belt nor hatchet are accepted, the emissary concludes that the people whose assistance he solicits, have already entered into an alliance with the foes of his nation, and returns with speed to inform his countrymen of his ill success.

The manner in which the Indians declare war against each other, is by sending a slave with a hatchet, the handle of which is painted red, to the nation which they intend to break with; and the messenger, notwithstanding the danger to which he is exposed from the sudden fury of those whom he thus sets at defiance, executes his commission with great fidelity.

Sometimes this token of defiance has such an instantaneous effect on those to whom it is presented, that in the first transports of their fury, a small party will issue forth, without waiting for the permission of the elder chiefs, and slaying the first of the offending nation they meet, cut open the body and stick a hatchet of the same kind as that they just received, into the heart of the slaughtered foe. Among the more remote tribes this is done with an arrow or spear, the end of which is painted red. And the more to exasperate, they dismember the body, to show that they esteem them not as men, but as old women.

The Indians seldom take the field in large bodies, as such numbers would require a greater degree of industry to provide for their subsistence, during their tedious marches through dreary forests, or long voyages over lakes and rivers, than they would care to bestow.

Their armies are never encumbered with baggage or military stores. Each warrior, besides his weapons, carries with him only a mat, and whilst at a distance from the frontiers of the enemy, supports himself with the game he kills, or the fish he catches.

When they pass through a country where they have no apprehensions of meeting with an enemy, they use very little precaution ; sometimes there are scarcely a dozen warriors left together—the rest being in pursuit of their game ; but though they should have roved to a very considerable distance from the war-path, they are sure to arrive at the place of rendezvous by the hour appointed.

They always pitch their tents long before sunset ; and being naturally presumptuous, take very little care to guard against a surprise. They place great confidence in their Manitous, or household gods, which they carry with them ; and being persuaded that they take upon them the office of sentinels, they sleep very securely under their protection.

These Manitous, as they are called by some nations, but which are termed Wakons, that is spirits, by the Naudowessies, are nothing more than the otter and martin skins I have already described ; for which, however, they have a great veneration.

After they have entered the enemy's country, no people can be more cautious and circumspect ; fires are no longer lighted, no more shouting is heard, nor the game any longer pursued. They are not even permitted to speak, but must convey whatever they have to impart to each other by signs and motions.

They now proceed wholly by stratagem and ambuscade. Having discovered their enemies, they send to reconnoitre them ; and a council is immediately held, during which they speak only in whispers, to consider of the intelligence imparted by those who were sent out.

The attack is generally made just before day-break, at which period they suppose their foes to be in the soundest sleep. Throughout the whole of the preceding night they will lie flat upon their faces, without stirring, and make their approaches in the same posture, creeping upon their hands and feet till they arrive within bow-shot of those they have destined to destruction. On a signal given by the chief warrior, to which the whole body makes answer by the most hideous yells, they all start up, and, discharging their arrows in the same instant, without giving their adversaries time to recover from the confusion into which they are thrown, pour in upon them with their war-clubs or tomahawks.

The Indians think there is little glory to be acquired from attacking their enemies openly in the field ; their greatest pride is to surprise and destroy. They seldom engage without a manifest appearance of advantage. If they find the enemy on their guard, too strongly entrenched, or superior in numbers, they retire, provided there is an opportunity of doing so. And they esteem it the greatest qualification of a chief warrior, to be able to manage an attack, so as to destroy as many of the enemy as possible, at the expense of a few men.

When the Indians succeed in their silent approaches, and are able to force the camp which they attack, a scene of horror that exceeds description ensues. The savage fierceness of the conquerors, and the desperation of the conquered, who well know what they have to

expect should they fall alive into the hands of their assailants, occasion the most extraordinary exertions on both sides. The figures of the combatants all besmeared with black and red paint, and covered with the blood of the slain, their horrid yells and ungovernable fury, are not to be conceived by those who have never seen them. Though the Indians are negligent in guarding against surprise, they are alert and dexterous in surprising their enemies. To their caution and perseverance in stealing on the party they design to attack, they add that admirable talent, or rather instinctive qualification I have already described, of tracing out those they are in pursuit of. On the smoothest grass, on the hardest earth, and even on the very stones will they discover the traces of an enemy, and by the shape of the footsteps, and the distance between the prints, distinguish not only whether it is a man or woman who has passed that way, but even the nation to which they belong. However incredible this might appear, yet, from the many proofs I received whilst among them of their amazing sagacity in this point, I see no reason to discredit even these extraordinary exertions of it.

When they have overcome an enemy, and victory is no longer doubtful, the conquerors first despatch all such as they think they shall not be able to carry off without great trouble, and then endeavor to take as many prisoners as possible; after this they return to scalp those who are either dead, or too much wounded to be taken with them.

At this business they are exceedingly expert. They seize the head of their disabled or dead enemy, and, placing one of their feet on the neck, twist their left hand in the hair; by this means, having extended the skin that covers the top of the head, they draw out their scalping knives, which are always kept in good order for this cruel purpose, and with a few dexterous strokes take off the part that is termed the scalp. They are so expeditious in doing this, that the whole time required scarcely exceeds a minute. These they preserve as monuments of their prowess, and at the same time as proofs of the vengeance they have inflicted on their enemies.

If two Indians seize in the same instant a prisoner, and seem to have an equal claim, the contest between them is soon decided; for, to put a speedy end to any dispute that might arise, the person that is apprehensive he shall lose his expected reward, immediately has recourse to his tomahawk or war-club, and knocks on the head the unhappy cause of their contention.

Having completed their purposes, and made as much havoc as possible, they immediately retire towards their own country, with the spoil they have acquired, for fear of being pursued.

Should this be the case, they make use of many stratagems to elude the searches of the pursuers. They sometimes scatter leaves, sand, or dust over the prints of their feet; sometimes tread in each other's footsteps, and sometimes lift their feet so high and tread so lightly, as not to make any impression on the ground. But if they find all these precautions unavailing, and that they are near being

overtaken, they first despatch and scalp their prisoners, and then dividing, each endeavors to regain his native country by a different route. This prevents all further pursuit; for their pursuers now despairing, either of gratifying their revenge, or releasing those of their friends who were made captive, return home.

If the successful party is so lucky as to make good their retreat unmolested, they hasten with the greatest expedition to reach a country where they may be perfectly secure; and that their wounded companions may not retard their flight, they carry them by turns in litters, or if it is in the winter season, draw them on sledges.

The prisoners, during their march, are guarded with the greatest care. During the day, if the journey is over land, they are always held by some of the victorious party; if by water, they are fastened to the canoe. In the night time they are stretched along the ground quite naked, with their legs, arms, and neck fastened to hooks fixed in the ground. Besides this, cords are tied to their arms, or legs, which are held by an Indian, who instantly awakes at the least motion of them.

During their march they oblige their prisoners to sing their death-song, which generally consists of these or similar sentences: "I am going to die, I am about to suffer; but I will bear the severest tortures my enemies can inflict, with becoming fortitude. I will die like a brave man; and I shall then go to join the chiefs who have suffered on the same account." These songs are continued with necessary intervals, until they reach the village or camp to which they are going.

When the warriors have arrived within hearing, they set up different cries, which communicate to their friends a general history of the success of the expedition. The number of the dead-cries they give, declare how many of their own party are lost; and the number of warwhoops, the number of prisoners they have taken.

It is difficult to describe these cries; but the best idea I can convey of them is, that the former consists of the sounds whoo, whoo, whoop, which is continued in a long shrill tone, nearly till the breath is exhausted, and then broken off with a sudden elevation of the voice. The latter is a loud cry, of much the same kind, which is modulated into notes by the hand being placed before the mouth. Both of them might be heard to a very considerable distance.

Whilst these are uttering, the persons to whom they are designed to convey the intelligence, continue motionless and all attention. When this ceremony is performed, the whole village issue out to learn the particulars of the relation they have just heard in general terms; and accordingly as the news proves mournful or the contrary, they answer by so many acclamations or cries of lamentation.

Being by this time arrived at the village or camp, the women and children arm themselves with sticks and bludgeons, and form themselves into two ranks, through which the prisoners are obliged to pass. The treatment they undergo before they reach the extremity of the line is very severe. Sometimes they are so beaten over the head and

face, as to have scarcely any remains of life; and happy would it be for them if by this usage an end was put to their wretched beings. But their tormentors take care that none of the blows they give prove mortal, as they wish to reserve the miserable sufferers for more severe inflictions.

After having undergone this introductory discipline, they are bound hand and foot, whilst the chiefs hold a council in which their fate is determined. Those who are decreed to be put to death, by the usual torments, are delivered to the chief of the warriors; such as are to be spared are given into the hands of the chief of the nation; so that in a short time all the prisoners may be assured of their fate, as the sentence now pronounced is irrevocable. The former they term being consigned to the house of death, the latter to the house of grace.

Such captives as are pretty far advanced in life, and have acquired great honor by their warlike deeds, always atone for the blood they have spilt, by the tortures of the fire. Their success in war is readily known by the blue marks upon their breasts and arms, which are legible to the Indians as letters to Americans.

The manner in which these hieroglyphics are made, is by breaking the skin with the teeth of a fish, or sharpened flints, dipped in a kind of ink made of the soot of pitch pine. Like those of ancient Picts of Britain, these are esteemed ornamental; and at the same time they serve as registers of the heroic actions of the warrior, who thus bears about him indelible marks of his valor.

The prisoners destined to death are soon led to the place of execution, which is generally in the centre of the camp or village; where, being stript, and every part of their bodies blackened, the skin of a crow or raven is fixed on their heads. They are then bound to a stake, with faggots heaped around them, and obliged, for the last time, to sing their death song.

The warriors, for such only it is who commonly suffer this punishment, now perform in a more prolix manner this sad solemnity. They recount with an audible voice all the brave actions they have performed, and pride themselves in the number of enemies they have killed. In this rehearsal they spare not even their tormentors; but strive by every provoking tale they can invent, to irritate and insult them. Sometimes this has the desired effect, and the sufferers are despatched sooner than they otherwise would have been.

There are many other methods which the Indians make use of to put their prisoners to death; but these are only occasional; that of burning is most generally used.

This method of tormenting their enemies is considered by the Indians as productive of more than one beneficial consequence. It satiates, in a greater degree, that diabolical lust of revenge, which is the predominant passion in the breast of every individual of every tribe; and it gives the growing warriors an early propensity to that cruelty and thirst of blood, which is so necessary a qualification for such as would be thoroughly skilled in their savage art of war.

Notwithstanding these acts of severity exercised by the Indians

towards those of their own species, who fall into their hands, some tribes of them have been very remarkable for their moderation to such female prisoners, belonging to the English colonies, as have happened to be taken by them. Women of great beauty have frequently been carried off by them, and during a march of three or four hundred miles through their retired forests, have lain by their sides without receiving any insult, and their chastity has remained inviolate. Instances have happened, where female captives, who have been pregnant at the time of their being taken, have found the pangs of child-birth come upon them in the midst of solitary woods, and savages their only companions; yet from these savages as they were, have they received every assistance their situation would admit of, and been treated with a degree of delicacy and humanity they little expected.

Those prisoners that are consigned to the house of grace, and these are commonly the young men, women, and children, await the disposal of the chiefs, who, after the execution of such as are condemned to die, hold a council for this purpose.

A herald is sent round the village or camp, to give notice that such as have lost any relative in the late expedition are desired to attend the distribution, which is about to take place. Those women who have lost their sons or husbands, are generally satisfied in the first place; after these, such as have been deprived of friends of a more remote degree of consanguinity, or who choose to adopt some of the youth.

The division being made, which is done, as in other cases, without the least dispute, those who have received any share, lead them to their tents or huts; and having unbound them, wash and dress their wounds, if they happen to have any; they then clothe them, and give the most comfortable and refreshing food their store will afford.

Whilst their new domestics are feeding, they endeavor to administer consolation to them; they tell them that as they are redeemed from death, they must now be cheerful and happy; and if they serve them well without murmuring or repining, nothing shall be wanting to make them such atonement for the loss of their country and friends, as circumstances will allow.

If any men are spared, they are commonly given to the widows that have lost their husbands by the hands of the enemy, should there be any such; to whom, if they happen to prove agreeable, they are soon married. But should the dame be otherwise engaged, the life of him who falls to her lot is in great danger; especially if she fancies that her late husband wants a slave in the country of spirits, to which he is gone.

When this is the case, a number of young men take the devoted captive to some distance, and despatch him without any ceremony: after he has been spared by the council, they consider him of too little consequence to be entitled to the torments of those who have been judged worthy of them.

The women are usually distributed to the men, from whom they do

not fail of meeting with a favorable reception. The boys and girls are taken into the families of such as have need of them, and are considered as slaves; and it is not uncommon that they are sold in the same capacity to the American traders who come among them.

The Indians have no idea of moderating the ravages of war, by sparing their prisoners, and entering into a negotiation with the band from whom they have been taken for an exchange. All that are captivated by both parties, are either put to death, adopted, or made slaves of. And so particular is every nation in this respect, that if any tribe, even a warrior, should be taken prisoner, and by chance be received into the house of grace, either as an adopted person or a slave, and should afterwards make his escape, they will by no means receive him, or acknowledge him as one of their band.

The condition of such as are adopted, differs not in any one instance from the children of the nation to which they belong. They assume all the rights of those whose places they supply, and frequently make no difficulty in going in the war parties against their own countrymen. Should, however, any of those by chance make their escape, and be afterwards retaken, they are esteemed as unnatural children, and ungrateful persons, who have deserted and made war upon their parents and benefactors, and are treated with uncommon severity.

That part of their prisoners which are considered as slaves, is generally distributed among the chiefs; who frequently make presents of some of them to the American governors of the outposts, or to the superintendents of Indian affairs. I have been informed that it was the Jesuits and French missionaries that first occasioned the introduction of these unhappy captives into the settlements, and by so doing taught the Indians that they were valuable.

Their views indeed were laudable, as they imagined that by this method they should not only prevent much barbarity and bloodshed, but find the opportunities much increased of spreading their religion among them. To this purpose they have encouraged the traders to purchase such slaves as they meet with.

The good effects of this mode of proceeding were not, however, equal to the expectations of these pious fathers. Instead of being the means of preventing cruelty and bloodshed, it only caused dissensions between the Indian nations, to be carried on with a greater degree of violence, and with unremitted ardor. The prize they fought for being no longer revenge or fame, but the acquirement of spirituous liquors, for which their captives were to be exchanged, and of which almost every nation is immoderately fond, they sought for their enemies with unwonted alacrity, and were constantly on the watch to surprise and carry them off.

It might still be said that fewer of the captives are tormented and put to death, since these expectations of receiving so valuable a consideration for them had been excited, than there usually had been; but it does not appear that their accustomed cruelty to the warriors they take, is in the least abated: their natural desire of vengeance must be

gratified ; they now only become more assiduous in securing a greater number of young prisoners, whilst those who are made captive in their defence are tormented and put to death as before.

And this, even in despite of the disgraceful estimation; for the Indians consider every conquered people as in a state of vassalage to their conquerors. After one nation has finally subdued another, and a conditional submission is agreed on, it is customary for the chiefs of the conquered, when they sit in council with their subduers, to wear petticoats as an acknowledgment that they are in a state of subjection, and ought to be ranked among the women. Their partiality of the French has, however, taken too deep root for time itself to eradicate it.

The wars that are carried on between the Indian nations are in general hereditary, and continue from age to age with a few interruptions. If a peace becomes necessary, the principal care of both parties is to avoid the appearance of making the first advances.

When they treat with an enemy relative to a suspension of hostilities, the chief who is commissioned to undertake the negotiation, if it is not brought about by the mediation of some neighboring band, abates nothing of his natural haughtiness, even when the affairs of his country are in the worst situation ; he makes no concessions, but endeavors to persuade his adversaries that it is their interest to put an end to the war.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE CAPTIVITY OF RICHARD BARD, ESQ., LATE OF FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENN., DECEASED, WITH HIS WIFE AND FAMILY, AND OTHERS. —COLLECTED FROM HIS PAPERS BY HIS SON, ARCHIBALD BARD.

My father, Richard Bard, lived in York county, now Adams, and owned the mill now called Marshall's mill, in what is called Carroll's tract, where, on the morning of the 13th of April, 1758, his house was invested by a party of nineteen Indians. They were discovered by a little girl called Hannah M'Bride, who was at the door, and on seeing them, screamed, and ran into the house. At this time, there were in the house, my father, mother, and lieutenant Thomas Potter, (brother of General Potter) who had come the evening before (being a full cousin), together with a child of about six months old, and a bound boy. The Indians rushed into the house, and one of them, with a large cutlass in his hand, made a blow at Potter, but he so managed it as to wrest the sword from the Indian, and return the blow, which would have put an end to his existence, had not the point struck the ceiling, which turned the sword so as to cut the Indian's hand. In the mean time, Mr. Bard (my father) laid hold of a horseman's pistol that hung on a nail, and snapped it at the breast of one of the Indians, but there being tow in the pan, it did not go off; at this, the Indians seeing the pistol, ran out of the house. By this time one of the Indians at the door had shot at Potter, but the ball took him only in the little finger. The door was now shut and secured as

well as possible; but finding the Indians to be very numerous, and having no powder or ball, and as the savages might easily burn down the house by reason of the thatched roof and the quantity of mill wood piled at the back of the building, added to the declarations of the Indians, that they would not be put to death, determined them to surrender; on which a party of the Indians went to a field and made prisoners Samuel Hunter and David M'Manimy. A lad of the name of William White, coming to the mill, was also made a prisoner. Having secured the prisoners, they took all the valuable effects out of the house, and set fire to the mill. They then proceeded towards the mountain, and my mother enquiring of the Indians who had care of her, was informed that they were of the Delawage nation. At the distance of about seventy rods from the house, contrary to all their promises, they put to death Thomas Potter, and having proceeded on the mountain about three or four miles, one of the Indians sunk the spear of his tomahawk into the breast of the small child, and after repeated blows scalped it. After crossing the mountain, they passed the house of Mr. Halbert T——, and seeing him out, shot at him, but without effect. Thence, passing late in the evening M'Cord's old fort, they encamped about half a mile in the gap. The second day, having passed into the Path Valley, they discovered a party of white men in pursuit of them; on which they ordered the prisoners to hasten, for should the whites come up with them, they should be all tomahawked. Having been thus hurried, they reached the top of the Tuskarora mountain, and all had had sat down to rest, when an Indian, without any previous warning, sunk a tomahawk into the forehead of Samuel Hunter, who was seated by my father, and by repeated blows put an end to his existence. He was then scalped, and the Indians, proceeding on their journey, encamped that evening some miles on the north of Sideling Hill. The next day they marched over the Alleghany mountain, through what is now called Blair's gap. On the fifth day, while crossing Stoney Creek, the wind blew a hat of my father's from the head of the Indian in whose custody he was. The Indian went down the stream some distance before he recovered it. In the mean time my father had passed the creek, but when the Indian returned, he severely beat my father with the gun, and almost disabled him from travelling any further. And now, reflecting that he could not possibly travel much further, and that if this was the case, he would be immediately put to death, he determined to attempt his escape that night. Two days before this, the half of my father's head was painted red. This denoted that a council had been held, and that an equal number were for putting him to death and keeping him alive, and that another council was to have taken place to determine the question. Being encamped, my parents, who before this had not liberty to speak to one another, were permitted to assist each other in plucking a turkey, and being thus engaged, the design of escaping was communicated to my mother. After some of the Indians had laid down, and one of them was amusing the others, with dressing himself with a gown of my mother's, my father was called to go

for water. He took a quart, and emptying it of what water it contained, stepped about six rods down to the spring. My mother, perceiving this, succeeded so well in confining the attention of the Indians to the gown, that my father had got about one hundred yards, when the Indians from one fire cried to those of another, "your man is gone." They ran after him, and one having brought back the quart, said, "here is the quart, but no man." They spent two days in looking after him, while the prisoners were confined in the camp; but after an unsuccessful search, they proceeded down the stream to the Alleghany river, thence to Fort Duquesne, now Fort Pitt. After remaining there one night and a day, they went about twenty miles down the Ohio, to an Indian town, on entering which a squaw took a cap off my mother's head, and with many others severely beat her. Now almost exhausted with fatigue, she requested leave to remain at this place, but was told she might, if she preferred being scalped to proceeding. They then took her to a town called Cususkey. On arriving at this place, Daniel M'Manimy was detained outside the town. But my mother, the two boys and girl were taken into the town, at the same time having their hair pulled, faces scratched, and beaten in an unmerciful manner. Here I shall extract from my father's papers the manner and circumstances of M'Manimy's death. This account appears to have been obtained from my mother, shortly after her return, who received it from those who had been eye-witnesses of the tragical scene. The Indians formed themselves into a circle, round the prisoner, and commenced by beating him; some with sticks, and some with tomahawks. He was then tied to a post near a large fire, and after being tortured some time with burning coals, they scalped him, and put the scalp on a pole to bleed before his face. A gun barrel was then heated red hot, and passed over his body, and with a red hot bayonet they pierced his body with many repetitions. In this manner they continued torturing him, singing and shouting, until he expired. Shortly after this, my mother set out from this place, leaving the two boys and girl, whom she never saw again, until they were liberated. She was now distressed beyond measure; going she knew not where, without a comforter, without a companion, and expecting to share the fate of M'Manimy in the next town she would reach. In this distressed situation she met a number of Indians, among whom was a captive woman. To her my mother made known her fears, on which she was informed that her life was not in danger, for that belt of wampum, said she, about your neck, is a certain sign that you are intended for an adopted relation. They soon after arrived at a town, and being taken into the council-house, two squaws entered in—one stepped up and struck my mother on the side of the head. Perceiving that the other was about to follow this example, she turned her head and received a second blow. The warriors were highly displeased, such acts in a council-house being contrary to the usage. Here a chief took my mother by the hand, and delivered her to two Indian men, to be in the place of a deceased sister. She was put in charge of a squaw, in order to be cleanly clothed. She had remained

here, with her adopted friends, near a month, when her party began to think of removing to the head waters of the Susquehannah, a journey of about two hundred miles. This was very painful to my mother, having already travelled above two hundred miles over mountains and swamps, until her feet and legs were extremely swollen and sore. Fortunately, on the day of their setting out, a horse was given to her by her adopted brother; but before they had travelled far, one of the horses in the company died, when she was obliged to surrender hers to supply its place. After proceeding on her journey some miles, they were met by a number of Indians, one of whom told her not to be discouraged, as a peace was about to take place shortly, when she would have leave to return home. To this information she was the more disposed to give credit, as it came from one who was a chief counsellor in the Delaware nation with whom she was a prisoner. Having arrived near the end of her journey, to her great surprise, she saw a captive dead by the road-side, having been tomahawked and scalped. She was informed that he had endeavored to escape, but was overtaken at this place. On arriving at the place of destination—having, in all, travelled near five hundred miles—the fatigue which she had undergone, with cold and hunger, brought on a severe fit of sickness, which lasted near two months. In this doleful situation, having no person to comfort, or sympathise with her, a blanket was her only covering, and her bed was the cold earth, in a miserable cabin; boiled corn was her only food. She was reduced to so weak a state as to consider herself as approaching the verge of dissolution. But recovering from her sickness, she met with a woman with whom she had been formerly acquainted. This woman had been in captivity some years, and had an Indian husband, by whom she had one child. My mother reproved her for this, but received for answer, that before she had consented, they had tied her to a stake in order to burn her. She added, that as soon as their captive women could speak the Indian tongue, they were obliged to marry some one of them, or be put to death. This information induced her to determine never to learn the Indian language, and she adhered to this determination all the time she remained with them, from the day of her captivity to that of her releasement, a space of two years and five months. She was treated during this time, by her adopted relations, with much kindness—even more than she had reason to expect.

I shall now return to the narration of facts respecting my father, after he had made his escape from the Indians as before stated.

The Indians, as soon as he was missed, gave chase. Finding himself closely pursued, he hid in a hollow log until they had gone by, and out of hearing; when, turning in a different direction, he resumed his flight. Two days, it has been said, were spent by the Indians in search of him; in the mean time, with much fatigue and suffering, he came to a mountain four miles across, and at the top covered with snow. By this time he was almost exhausted, having travelled nearly constantly for two days and nights, and being without food, except a few buds plucked from the trees as he went along; his shoes were

worn out; and the country he travelled through being extremely rough, and in many places covered with briars of a poisonous nature, his feet were very much lacerated and swollen. To add to his difficulties, the mountain was overgrown with laurel, and the snow lodged upon its leaves so bent it down that he was unable in many places to get along in his weak condition, except by creeping upon his hands and knees under the branches. Three days had now elapsed since his escape; and although he feared that the Indians were still in pursuit of him, and that by travelling along the mountain they would find his tracks in the snow, and by that means be led to his place of concealment, yet he found himself so lame that he could proceed no farther. His hands also, by crawling upon them in the snow, became almost as much swollen as his feet. He was therefore compelled to lie by, without much prospect indeed of ever proceeding any farther on his journey. Besides the danger of being overtaken by his savage pursuers, he was in fact in a starving condition, not having tasted food since his escape, except the buds already mentioned, plucked as he journeyed on from the beanwood or red-bud tree, as it is called. On the fifth day, however, as he was creeping on his hands and knees (not being able yet to walk) in search of buds or herbs to appease his hunger, he was fortunate enough to see a rattle-snake, which he killed and ate raw. After lying by three or four days, he allayed the swelling of his feet, by puncturing the festered parts with a thorn; he then tore up his breeches, and with the pieces bound up his feet as well as he could. Thus prepared, he again set out upon his journey, limping along with great pain; but he had no other alternative, except to remain where he was and die. He had gone but a few miles, when, from a hill he had just ascended, he was startled by the welcome sound of a drum; he called as loud as he could, but there was no one to answer; it was but a delusion of the imagination. Sad and disappointed he journeyed on again, and on the eighth day crossed the Juniata by wading it, which, on account of his lameness, he accomplished with great difficulty. It was now night, and very cold, and his clothes being wet, he was so benumbed that he was afraid to lie down lest he should perish; and he, therefore, lame and wearied as he was, determined to pursue his journey, although it was very dark. Providential circumstance! for in the course of the night, as he wandered on, he scarcely knew whither, he was attracted by the sight of a fire apparently abandoned the day before, probably by a party of the settlers who were out in pursuit of the savages. Remaining here till morning, he discovered a path leading in the direction of the settlements, which he followed with as much speed as he was able. This was the ninth day since his escape, during which time a few buds and four snakes were all he had to subsist on. In the afternoon of this day he was alarmed by suddenly meeting at a turn of his path three Indians; but they proved friendly, and instead of killing him, as he expected when he first saw them, they conducted him in a few hours to Fort Littleton, (in Bedford county,) a place well known to

him, where he remained a few days, until sufficiently recruited in strength to proceed home.

Some time after my father's return home, he went to Fort Pitt, which was then in the hands of the English, and a number of Indians being on the opposite side of the river, about to form a treaty, he one evening went over, to make inquiry concerning my mother. My father observed among them several who were present when he was taken prisoner; to these he discovered himself. But they professed not to know him, on which he inquired of them if they did not recollect having been at the taking of nine persons, referring them to the time and place. They then acknowledged it, and inquired of him how he got home, &c.; after which he made inquiry concerning my mother, but they said they knew nothing of her, but promised to give him some information by the time of his return the next day. He then returned to the fort. Shortly after this, a young man, who had been taken by the Indians when a child, followed him, and advised him not to return, for that when he had left them he had heard them say, that they never had a stronger desire for any thing than to have sunk the tomahawk into his head, and that they had agreed to kill him on his return next day. After this man had requested my father not to mention any thing of his having been with him, or of the subject of their conversation, he returned to the camp.

I may here state that from the time that my father was taken by the Indians, until my mother was released, he did little else than wander from place to place in quest of information respecting her, and after he was informed where she was, his whole mind bent upon contriving plans for her redemption. Desiring, with this view, to go again to Pittsburg, he fell in with a brigade of wagons, commanded by Mr. Irvine; with them he proceeded as far as Bedford, but finding this a tedious way of travelling, he spoke to the commanding officer of the place to get Captain White Eyes, who commanded a party of Indians, to promise to accompany him to Pittsburg. This was accordingly done, and the Indians having agreed to take him safe to Pitt, my father set out with them, having a horse and a new rifle. They had proceeded but about two miles, when an Indian turned off the road and took up a scalp which that morning had been taken off one of the wagoners. This alarmed my father not a little; but having proceeded about ten miles further, the Indians again turned off the road, and brought several horses and a keg of whiskey which had been concealed. Shortly after this, the Indians began to drink so as to become intoxicated. White Eyes then signified to my father that as he had ran off from them, he would then shoot him, and raised his gun to take aim; but my father, stepping behind a tree, ran round it while the Indian followed. This for a time gave great amusement to the bystanders, until a young Indian stepped up, twisted the gun out of the hands of White Eyes, and hid it under a log. The Indians became considerably intoxicated, and scattered, leaving White Eyes with my father. White Eyes then made at him with a large stick, aiming at his head, but my father threw up his arm, and received so

severe a blow as to blacken it for weeks. At this time an Indian of another nation, who had been sent as an express to Bedford, came by. Captain White Eyes applied to him for his gun to shoot my father, but the Indian refused, as they were about making peace, and the killing of my father would bring on another war: (being of different nations, they were obliged to speak in English.) By this time my father, finding himself in a desperate situation, resolved at all events to attempt an escape; he said to Captain White Eyes, "our horses are going away," and went towards them, expecting every minute to receive a ball in his back; but on coming up to his horse, he got on him and took to the road; he had gone but a short distance when he saw the Indian who had taken the gun out of White Eyes' hand sleeping at a spring, and I have often heard him say, if it had been any other of the Indians, he would have shot him. Fearing pursuit, he rode as fast as his horse could go, and, having travelled all night, he got to Pittsburg the next morning shortly after sunrise, and he was there not more than three hours until the Indians were in after him: but from a fear of injury being done my mother, should he kill them, he suppressed his anger, and passed the matter by. Here he had an opportunity of writing her a letter, requesting her to inform her adopted friends, that if they would bring her in he would pay them forty pounds. But having waited for an answer until he became impatient, he bargained with an Indian to go and steal her away. But the night before he was to start he declined going, saying that he would be killed if he went. In this situation he resolved at all hazards to go himself and bring her; for which purpose he set out and went to a place on the Susquehannah, I think it was called Shomoken, not far from what is called the Big Cherry Trees. From here he set out on an Indian path, along which he had travelled until evening, when he was met by a party of Indians who were bringing in my mother; the Indians passed him by, and raised the war halloo—my mother felt distressed at their situation, and my father perceiving the Indians not to be in a good humor, began to promise them their pay, as he had promised by letter, when they would come to Shomoken; but the Indians told him that if he got them among the whites he would then refuse to pay them, and that they would then have no redress. Finding they were thus apprehensive, he told them to keep him as a hostage out in the woods, and send his wife into town, and he would send an order for the money to be paid them; and that if it was not done they might do with him as they pleased. This had the desired effect,—they got quite good-humored, and brought them in, on doing which the money was paid agreeably to promise. Before my father and mother left Shomoken, he requested an Indian who had been an adopted brother of my mother, if ever he came down amongst the white people to call and see him. Accordingly, some time afterwards the Indian paid him a visit, he living then about ten miles from Chambersburg. The Indian having continued for some time with him, went to a tavern, known by the name of M'Cormack's, and there became somewhat intoxicated, when a certain New-

gen, (since executed in Carlisle for stealing horses,) having a large knife in his hand, struck it into the Indian's neck, edge foremost, designing thereby to thrust it in between the bone and throat, and by drawing it forward to cut his throat; but he partly missed his aim, and only cut the fore-part of the wind-pipe. On this Newgen had to escape from justice, otherwise the law would have been put in force against him. And it has been remarked, that ever after he continued to progress in vice until his death. A physician was brought to attend the Indian; the wound was sewed up, and he continued at my father's until he had recovered; when he returned to his own people, who put him to death, on the pretext of his having, as they said, joined the white people.

In August, 1764, (according to the best accounts of the time,) my father and his family, from fear of the Indians, having moved to my grandfather Thomas Poe's, about three miles from his own place, he took a black girl with him to his own place to make some hay—and being there at his work, a dog which he had with him began to bark and run towards and from a thicket of bushes. Observing these circumstances, he became alarmed, and taking up his gun, told the girl to run to the house, for he believed there were Indians near. So they made towards the house, and had not been there more than an hour, when from the loft of the house they saw a party, commanded by Capt. Potter, late Gen. Potter, in pursuit of a party of Indians who had that morning murdered a schoolmaster of the name of Brown, with ten small children, and scalped and left for dead one by the name of Archibald McCullough, who recovered and was living not long since. It was remarkable that, with but few exceptions, the scholars were much averse to going to school that morning. And the account given by McCullough is, that when the master and scholars met at the school, two of the scholars informed him that on their way they had seen Indians, but the information was not attended to by the master, who ordered them to their books; soon afterwards two old Indians and a boy rushed up to the door. The master seeing them, prayed them only to take his life, and spare the children; but unfeelingly the two old Indians stood at the door whilst the boy entered the house, and with a piece of wood, made in the form of an Indian maul, killed the master and scholars, after which the whole of them were scalped.

A FAITHFUL NARRATIVE OF THE SUFFERINGS OF PETER WILLIAMSON, WHO SETTLED NEAR THE FORKS OF THE DELAWARE, IN PENNSYLVANIA, HAVING BEEN TAKEN BY THE INDIANS IN HIS OWN HOUSE, OCTOBER 24, 1754.—WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

I was born within ten miles of the town of Aberdeen, in the north of Scotland, of reputable parents. At eight years of age, being a sturdy boy, I was taken notice of by two fellows belonging to a vessel, employed (as the trade then was) by some of the worthy merchants of Aberdeen in that villanous and execrable practice of stealing young

children from their parents, and selling them as slaves in the plantations abroad; and on board the ship I was easily cajoled by them, where I was conducted between decks, to some others they had kidnapped in the same manner, and in about a month's time set sail for America. When arrived at Philadelphia, the captain sold us at about sixteen pounds per head. What became of my unhappy companions I never knew; but it was my lot to be sold for seven years, to one of my countrymen, who had in his youth been kidnapped like myself, but from another town.

Having no children of his own, and commiserating my condition, he took care of me, indulged me in going to school, where I went every winter for five years, and made a tolerable proficiency. With this good master I continued till he died, and, as a reward for my faithful service, he left me two hundred pounds currency, which was then about an hundred and twenty pounds sterling, his best horse, saddle, and all his wearing apparel.

Being now seventeen years old, and my own master, having money in my pocket, and all other necessities, I employed myself in jobbing for near seven years; when I resolved to settle, and married the daughter of a substantial planter. My father-in-law made me a deed of gift of a tract of land that lay (unhappily for me, as it has since proved,) on the frontiers of the province of Pennsylvania, near the forks of the Delaware, containing about two hundred acres, thirty of which were well cleared and fit for immediate use, on which were a good house and barn. The place pleasing me well, I settled on it. My money I expended in buying stock, household furniture, and implements for out-door work; and being happy in a good wife, my felicity was complete: but in 1754, the Indians, who had for a long time before ravaged and destroyed other parts of America unmolested, began now to be very troublesome on the frontiers of our province, where they generally appeared in small skulking parties, committing great devastations.

Terrible and shocking to human nature were the barbarities daily committed by these savages! Scarce did a day pass but some unhappy family or other fell victims to savage cruelty. Terrible, indeed, it proved to me, as well as to many others. I, that was now happy in an easy state of life, blessed with an affectionate and tender wife, became on a sudden one of the most unhappy of mankind: scarce can I sustain the shock which for ever recurs on recollecting the fatal second of October, 1754. My wife that day went from home, to visit some of her relations; as I staid up later than usual, expecting her return, none being in the house besides myself, how great was my surprise and terror, when, about eleven o'clock at night, I heard the dismal warwhoop of the savages, and found that my house was beset by them. I flew to my chamber window, and perceived them to be twelve in number. Having my gun loaded, I threatened them with death, if they did not retire. But how vain and fruitless are the efforts of one man against the united force of so many blood-thirsty monsters! One of them that could speak Eng-

lish threatened me in return, "that if I did not come out they would burn me alive;" adding, however, "that if I would come out and surrender myself prisoner, they would not kill me." In such deplorable circumstances, I chose to rely on their promises, rather than meet death by rejecting them; and accordingly went out of the house, with my gun in my hand, not knowing that I had it. Immediately on my approach they rushed on me like tigers, and instantly disarmed me. Having me thus in their power, they bound me to a tree, went into the house, plundered it of every thing they could carry off, and then set fire to it, and consumed what was left before my eyes. Not satisfied with this, they set fire to my barn, stable, and out-houses, wherein were about two hundred bushels of wheat, six cows, four horses, and five sheep, all of which were consumed to ashes.

Having thus finished the execrable business about which they came, one of the monsters came to me with a tomahawk and threatened me with the worst of deaths if I would not go with them. This I agreed to, and then they untied me, and gave me a load to carry, under which I travelled all that night, full of the most terrible apprehensions, lest my unhappy wife should likewise have fallen into their cruel power. At daybreak my infernal masters ordered me to lay down my load, when tying my hands again round a tree, they forced the blood out at my fingers' ends. And then kindling a fire near the tree to which I was bound, the most dreadful agonies seized me, concluding I was going to be made a sacrifice to their barbarity. The fire being made, they for some time danced round me after their manner, whooping, hallooing and shrieking in a frightful manner. Being satisfied with this sort of mirth, they proceeded in another manner: taking the burning coals, and sticks flaming with fire at the ends, holding them to my face, head, hands, and feet, and at the same time threatening to burn me entirely if I cried out. Thus tortured as I was, almost to death, I suffered their brutalities, without being allowed to vent my anguish otherwise than by shedding silent tears; and these being observed, they took fresh coals and applied them near my eyes, telling me my face was wet, and that they would dry it for me, which indeed they cruelly did. How I underwent these tortures has been a matter of wonder to me, but God enabled me to wait with more than common patience for the deliverance I daily prayed for.

At length they sat down round the fire, and roasted the meat, of which they had robbed my dwelling. When they had supped, they offered some to me; though it may easily be imagined I had but little appetite to eat, after the tortures and miseries I had suffered; yet was I forced to seem pleased with what they offered me, lest by refusing it they should resume their hellish practices. What I could not eat I contrived to hide, they having unbound me till they imagined I had eat all; but then they bound me as before; in which deplorable condition I was forced to continue the whole day. When the sun was set, they put out the fire, and covered the ashes with leaves, as is their usual custom, that the white people might not discover any traces of their having been there.

Going from thence along the Susquehannah, for the space of six miles, loaded as I was before, we arrived at a spot near the Appalachian mountains, or Blue hills, where they hid their plunder under logs of wood. From thence they proceeded to a neighboring house, occupied by one Jacob Snider and his unhappy family, consisting of his wife, five children, and a young man, his servant. They soon got admittance into the unfortunate man's house, where they immediately, without the least remorse, scalped both parents and children; nor could the tears, the shrieks, nor cries of poor innocent children prevent their horrid massacre. Having thus scalped them, and plundered the house of every thing that was moveable, they set fire to it, and left the distressed victims amidst the flames.

Thinking the young man belonging to this unhappy family would be of service to them in carrying part of their plunder, they spared his life, and loaded him and myself with what they had here got, and again marched into the Blue hills, where they stowed their goods as before. My fellow-sufferer could not support the cruel treatment which we were obliged to suffer, and complaining bitterly to me of his being unable to proceed any further, I endeavored to animate him, but all in vain, for he still continued his moans and tears, which one of the savages perceiving, as we travelled along, came up to us, and with his tomahawk gave him a blow on the head, which felled the unhappy youth to the ground, whom they immediately scalped and left. The suddenness of this murder shocked me to that degree, that I was in a manner motionless, expecting my fate would soon be the same: however, recovering my distracted thoughts, I dissembled my anguish as well as I could from the barbarians; but still, such was my terror, that for some time I scarce knew the days of the week, or what I did.

They still kept on their course near the mountains, where they lay skulking four or five days, rejoicing at the plunder they had got. When provisions became scarce, they made their way towards the Susquehannah, and passing near another house, inhabited by an old man, whose name was John Adams, with his wife and four small children, and meeting with no resistance, they immediately scalped the mother and her children before the old man's eyes. Inhuman and horrid as this was, it did not satisfy them; for when they had murdered the poor woman, they acted with her in such a brutal manner as decency will not permit me to mention. The unhappy husband, not being able to avoid the sight, entreated them to put an end to his miserable being; but they were as deaf to the tears and entreaties of this venerable sufferer as they had been to those of the others, and proceeded to burn and destroy his house, barn, corn, hay, cattle, and every thing the poor man a few hours before was master of. Having saved what they thought proper from the flames, they gave the old man, feeble, weak, and in the miserable condition he then was, as well as myself, burdens to carry, and loading themselves likewise with bread and meat, pursued their journey towards the Great Swamp. Here they lay for eight or nine days, diverting themselves,

at times, in barbarous cruelties on the old man : sometimes they would strip him naked, and paint him all over with various sorts of colors ; at other times they would pluck the white hairs from his head, and tauntingly tell him he was a fool for living so long, and that they should show him kindness in putting him out of the world. In vain were all his tears, for daily did they tire themselves with the various means they tried to torment him ; sometimes tying him to a tree and whipping him ; at other times, scorching his furrowed cheeks with red hot coals, and burning his legs quite to his knees. One night, after he had been thus tormented, whilst he and I were condoling each other at the miseries we daily suffered, twenty-five other Indians arrived, bringing with them twenty scalps and three prisoners, who had unhappily fallen into their hands in Conogocheague, a small town near the river Susquehannah, chiefly inhabited by the Irish. These prisoners gave us some shocking accounts of the murders and devastations committed in their parts ; a few instances of which will enable the reader to guess at the treatment the provincials have suffered for years past. This party who now joined us, had it not, I found, in their power to begin their violences so soon as those who visited my habitation ; the first of their tragedies being on the 25th of October, 1754, when John Lewis, with his wife and three small children, were inhumanly scalped and murdered, and his house, barn, and every thing he possessed, burnt and destroyed. On the 28th, Jacob Miller, with his wife and six of his family, with every thing on his plantations, shared the same fate. The 30th, the house, mill, barn, twenty head of cattle, two teams of horses, and every thing belonging to George Folk, met with the like treatment ; himself, wife, and all his miserable family, consisting of nine in number, being scalped, then cut in pieces and given to the swine. One of the substantial traders, belonging to the province, having business that called him some miles up the country, fell into the hands of these ruffians, who not only scalped him, but immediately roasted him before he was dead ; then, like cannibals, for want of other food, eat his whole body, and of his head made, what they called, an Indian pudding.

From these few instances of savage cruelty, the deplorable situation of the defenceless inhabitants, and what they hourly suffered in that part of the globe, must strike the utmost horror, and cause in every breast the utmost detestation, not only against the authors, but against those who, through inattention, or pusillanimous or erroneous principles, suffered these savages at first, unrepelled, or even unmolested, to commit such outrages, depredations, and murders.

The three prisoners that were brought with these additional forces, constantly repining at their lot, and almost dead with their excessive hard treatment, contrived at last to make their escape ; but being far from their own settlements, and not knowing the country, were soon after met by some others of the tribes or nations at war with us, and brought back. The poor creatures, almost famished for want of sustenance, having had none during the time of their escape, were no sooner in the power of the barbarians than two of them were tied to a

tree, and a great fire made round them, where they remained till they were terribly scorched and burnt; when one of the villains with his scalping-knife ripped open their bellies, took out their entrails, and burned them before their eyes, whilst the others were cutting, piercing, and tearing the flesh from their breasts, hands, arms, and legs, with red hot irons, till they were dead. The third unhappy victim was reserved a few hours longer, to be, if possible, sacrificed in a more cruel manner: his arms were tied close to his body, and a hole being dug deep enough for him to stand upright, he was put into it, and earth rammed and beat in all round his body up to his neck, so that his head only appeared above ground; they then scalped him, and there let him remain for three or four hours in the greatest agonies; after which they made a small fire near his head, causing him to suffer the most excruciating torments; whilst the poor creature could only cry for mercy by killing him immediately, for his brains were boiling in his head. Inexorable to all he said, they continued the fire till his eyes gushed out of their sockets. Such agonizing torments did this unhappy creature suffer for near two hours before he was quite dead. They then cut off his head, and buried it with the other bodies—my task being to dig the graves; which, feeble and terrified as I was, the dread of suffering the same fate enabled me to do.

A great snow now falling, the barbarians were fearful lest the white people should, by their tracks, find out their skulking retreats, which obliged them to make the best of their way to their winter quarters, about two hundred miles farther from any plantations or inhabitants. After a long and painful journey, being almost starved, I arrived with this infernal crew at Alamingo. There I found a number of wigwams full of their women and children. Dancing, singing, and shouting were their general amusements. And in all their festivals and dances they relate what successes they have had, and what damages they have sustained in their expeditions, in which I now unhappily became a part of their theme. The severity of the cold increasing, they stripped me of my clothes for their own use, and gave me such as they usually wore themselves, being a piece of blanket, and a pair of moccasins, or shoes, with a yard of coarse cloth to put round me in place of breeches.

At Alamingo I remained near two months, till the snow was off the ground. Whatever thoughts I might have of making my escape, to carry them into execution was impracticable, being so far from any plantations or white people, and the severe weather rendering my limbs in a manner quite stiff and motionless; however, I contrived to defend myself against the inclemency of the weather as well as I could, by making myself a little wigwam with the bark of the trees, covering it with earth, which made it resemble a cave; and, to prevent the ill effects of the cold, I kept a good fire always near the door. My liberty of going about was, indeed, more than I could have expected, but they well knew the impracticability of my escaping from them. Seeing me outwardly easy and submissive, they would sometimes give me a little meat, but my chief food was Indian corn. At

length the time came when they were preparing themselves for another expedition against the planters and white people ; but before they set out, they were joined by many other Indians.

As soon as the snow was quite gone, they set forth on their journey towards the back parts of the province of Pennsylvania ; all leaving their wives and children behind in their wigwams. They were now a formidable body, amounting to near one hundred and fifty. My business was to carry what they thought proper to load me with, but they never intrusted me with a gun. We marched on several days without any thing particular occurring, almost famished for want of provisions ; for my part, I had nothing but a few stalks of Indian corn, which I was glad to eat dry ; nor did the Indians themselves fare much better, for as we drew near the plantations they were afraid to kill any game, lest the noise of their guns should alarm the inhabitants.

When we again arrived at the Blue hills, about thirty miles from the Irish settlements before mentioned, we encamped for three days, though God knows we had neither tents nor any thing else to defend us from the inclemency of the air, having nothing to lie on by night but the grass ; their usual method of lodging, pitching, or encamping, by night, being in parcels of ten or twelve men to a fire, where they lie upon the grass or brush, wrapped up in a blanket, with their feet to the fire.

During our stay here, a sort of council of war was held, when it was agreed to divide themselves into companies of about twenty men each ; after which every captain marched with his party where he thought proper. I still belonged to my old masters, but was left behind on the mountains with ten Indians, to stay till the rest should return ; not thinking it proper to carry me nearer to Conogocheague, or the other plantations.

Here I began to meditate an escape, and though I knew the country round extremely well, yet I was very cautious of giving the least suspicion of any such intention. However, the third day after the grand body left, my companions thought proper to traverse the mountains in search of game for their subsistence, leaving me bound in such a manner that I could not escape. At night, when they returned, having unbound me, we all sat down to supper together on what they had killed, and soon after, being greatly fatigued with their day's excursion, they composed themselves to rest, as usual. I now tried various ways to see whether it was a scheme to prove my intentions or not ; but after making a noise and walking about, sometimes touching them with my feet, I found there was no fallacy. Then I resolved, if possible, to get one of their guns, and, if discovered, to die in my defence, rather than be taken. For that purpose I made various efforts to get one from under their heads, (where they always secured them,) but in vain. Disappointed in this, I began to despair of carrying my design into execution ; yet, after a little recollection, and trusting myself to the divine protection, I set forward, naked and defenceless as I was. Such was my terror, however, that in going from them I halted,

and paused every four or five yards, looking fearfully towards the spot where I had left them, lest they should awake and miss me; but when I was two hundred yards from them, I mended my pace, and made as much haste as I possibly could to the foot of the mountains; when, on a sudden, I was struck with the greatest terror at hearing the wood-cry, as it is called, which the savages I had left were making upon missing their charge. The more my terror increased the faster I pushed on, and, scarce knowing where I trod, drove through the woods with the utmost precipitation, sometimes falling and bruising myself, cutting my feet and legs against the stones in a miserable manner. But faint and maimed as I was, I continued my flight till daybreak, when, without having any thing to sustain nature but a little corn left, I crept into a hollow tree, where I lay very snug, and returned my prayers and thanks to the divine Being that had thus far favored my escape. But my repose was in a few hours destroyed at hearing the voices of the savages near the place where I was hid, threatening and talking how they would use me if they got me again. However, they at last left the spot where I heard them, and I remained in my apartment all that day without further molestation.

At night I ventured forward again, frightened, thinking each twig that touched me a savage. The third day I concealed myself in like manner as before, and at night travelled, keeping off the main road as much as possible, which lengthened my journey many miles. But how shall I describe the terror I felt on the fourth night, when, by the rustling I made among the leaves, a party of Indians, that lay round a small fire, which I did not perceive, started from the ground, and, seizing their arms, ran from the fire amongst the woods. Whether to move forward or rest where I was, I knew not, when, to my great surprise and joy, I was relieved by a parcel of swine that made towards the place where I guessed the savages to be; who, on seeing them, imagining they had caused the alarm, very merrily returned to the fire, and lay again down to sleep. Bruised, crippled, and terrified as I was, I pursued my journey till break of day, when, thinking myself safe, I lay down under a great log, and slept till about noon. Before evening I reached the summit of a great hill, and looking out if I could spy any habitations of white people, to my inexpressible joy I saw some, which I guessed to be about ten miles' distance.

In the morning I continued my journey towards the nearest cleared lands I had seen the day before, and, about four o'clock in the afternoon, arrived at the house of John Bell, an old acquaintance, where, knocking at the door, his wife, who opened it, seeing me in such a frightful condition, flew from me, screaming, into the house. This alarmed the whole family, who immediately fled to their arms, and I was soon accosted by the master with his gun in his hand. But on making myself known, (for he before took me to be an Indian,) he immediately caressed me, as did all his family, with extraordinary friendship, the report of my being murdered by the savages having reached them some months before. For two days and nights they

very affectionately supplied me with all necessaries, and carefully attended me till my spirits and limbs were pretty well recovered, and I thought myself able to ride, when I borrowed of these good people (whose kindness merits my most grateful returns,) a horse and some clothes, and set forward for my father-in-law's house in Chester county, about one hundred and forty miles from thence, where I arrived on the 4th of January, 1755, (but scarce one of the family could credit their eyes, believing, with the people I had lately left, that I had fallen a prey to the Indians,) where I was received and embraced by the whole family with great affection. Upon inquiring for my dear wife, I found she had been dead two months! This fatal news greatly lessened the joy I otherwise should have felt at my deliverance from the dreadful state and company I had been in.

NARRATIVE OF THE CAPTIVITY OF FRANCES NOBLE, WHO WAS, AMONG OTHERS, TAKEN BY THE INDIANS FROM SWAN ISLAND, IN MAINE, ABOUT THE YEAR 1755; COMPILED BY JOHN KELLY, ESQ., OF CONCORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE, FROM THE MINUTES AND MEMORANDA OF PHINEHAS MERRILL, ESQ., OF STRATHAM, IN THE SAME STATE; AND BY THE FORMER GENTLEMAN COMMUNICATED FOR PUBLICATION TO THE EDITOR OF THE HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

James Whidden, the maternal grandfather of Mrs. Shute, was a captain in the army at the taking of Cape Breton, in 1745. He owned a tract of land on Swan Island, in the River Kennebec, where he lived with his family. One of his daughters married Lazarus Noble, of Portsmouth, who lived on the island with her father. The Indians had been accustomed to visit Capt. Whidden for the purposes of trade. There was a garrison on the island to secure the inhabitants from the attacks of the enemy in time of war.

One morning, a little after daybreak, two boys went out of the garrison, and left the gate open. The Indians were on the watch, and availing themselves of the opportunity, about ninety entered the garrison. The inhabitants immediately discovered that the enemy was upon them; but there was no escape. Captain Whidden and his wife retreated to the cellar, and concealed themselves. Noble and his hired man met the Indians at the head of the stairs, and fired upon them, wounding one of them in the arm. The Indians did not return the fire, but took Noble, his wife, and seven children, with Timothy Whidden and Mary Holmes, prisoners. The hired man and the two boys escaped. The captives were carried to the water side and bound; excepting such as could not run away. The Indians then returned to the garrison, burnt the barn and plundered the house, cut open the feather-beds, strewed the feathers in the field, and carried off all the silver and gold they could find, and as much of the provisions as they chose. It was supposed they omitted to burn the house from the suspicion that the captain and his wife, from whom they had, in times of peace, received many favors, were concealed in it. Captain Whidden, after the destruction of his property on the island, returned to

Greenland, in this State, which is supposed to have been his native place, and there died.

The Indians also took, in a wood on the island, an old man by the name of Pomeroy, who was employed in making shingles. Having collected their captives and plunder, they immediately left the island, and commenced their return to Canada to dispose of their prey. Pomeroy was old and feeble, and unable to endure the fatigue of the march, without more assistance than the savages thought fit to render him, and they killed him on the journey. They were more attentive to the children, as for them they undoubtedly expected a higher price or a greater ransom. Abigail, one of the children, died among the Indians. The other captives arrived safe in Canada, and were variously disposed of. Mr. Noble was sold to a baker, in Quebec, and his wife to a lady of the same place as chambermaid. They were allowed to visit each other and to sleep together. Four of the children were also sold in Quebec, as were Timothy Whidden and Mary Holmes. The captives in that city were exchanged within a year, and returned to their homes. Mr. Whidden and Miss Holmes were afterwards united in marriage.

Fanny Noble, the principal subject of this memoir, at the time of her captivity, was about thirteen months old. She was carried by a party of Indians to Montreal. In their attempts to dispose of her, they took her one day to the house of Monsieur Louis St. Auge Charlee, an eminent merchant of that place, who was at that time on a journey to Quebec. His lady was called into the kitchen by one of her maids, to see a poor infant crawling on the tile floor in dirt and rags, picking apple peelings out of the cracks. She came in, and on kindly noticing the child, Fanny immediately caught hold of the lady's gown, wrapped it over her head, and burst into tears. The lady could not easily resist this appeal to her compassion. She took up the child, who clung about her neck and repeatedly embraced her. The Indians offered to sell her their little captive, but she declined buying, not choosing probably in the absence of her husband to venture on such a purchase. The Indians left the house, and slept that night on the pavements before the door. Fanny, who had again heard the voice of kindness, to which she had not been accustomed from her savage masters, could not be quiet, but disturbed the slumbers and touched the heart of the French lady by her incessant cries. This lady had then lately lost a child by death, and was perhaps more quick to feel for the sufferings of children, and more disposed to love them, than she would otherwise have been. Early the next morning the Indians were called into the house; and Fanny was purchased, put into a tub of water, and having been thoroughly washed, was dressed in the clothes of the deceased child, and put to bed. She awoke smiling, and seemed desirous of repaying her mistress' kindness by her infantile prattle and fond caresses. Fanny could never learn for what price she was bought of the Indians, as her French mother declined answering her questions upon that subject, telling her to be a good girl, and be thankful that she was not still in their power.

Mons. and Mad. St. Auge took a lively interest in their little captive, and treated her with much tenderness and affection. She felt for them a filial attachment. When her parents were exchanged, her mother, on her return home, called upon Fanny, and took the child in her arms, but no instinct taught her to rejoice in the maternal embrace, and she fled for protection to her French mamma. Mrs. Noble received many presents from the French lady, and had the satisfaction to see that her little daughter was left in affectionate hands.

Fanny was taught to call and consider Mons. and Mad. St. Auge as her parents. They had her baptized by the name of Eleanor, and educated her in the Roman Catholic religion. She learned her Pater Nosters and Ave Marias, went to mass, crossed herself with holy water, and told her beads with great devotion.

When four or five years old, she was enticed away from her French parents by Wheelwright, who had been employed by the government of Massachusetts to seek for captives in Canada. He carried her to the Three Rivers, where he had several other captives, and left her, as he pretended, with a relation of her French father's for a few days, when she expected to return to Montreal. But she had not been to the Three Rivers more than twenty-four hours, when the old squaw who had sold her to Mad. St. Auge came along in a sleigh, accompanied by a young sanop, seized upon Fanny, and carried her to St. Francois, where they kept her about a fortnight. She had now attained an age when she would be sensible of her misfortunes, and bitterly lamented her separation from her French parents. The Indians endeavored to pacify and please her by drawing on her coat or frock the figures of deers, wolves, bears, fishes, &c.; and once, probably to make her look as handsomely as themselves, they painted her cheeks in the Indian fashion, which very much distressed her, and the old squaw made them wipe off the paint. At one time she got away from the savages, and sought refuge in the best looking house in the village, which belonged to a French priest, who kissed her, asked her many questions, and treated her kindly, but gave her up to the claim of her Indian masters. While at St. Francois, her brother, Joseph Noble, who had not been sold to the French, but still lived with the Indians, came to see her, but she had a great aversion to him. He was in his Indian dress, and she would not believe him to be a relation, or speak to him if she could avoid it. She was at last turned back by the Indians to Montreal, and to her great satisfaction was delivered to her French father, who rewarded the Indians for returning her. It was doubtless the expectation of much reward which induced the old squaw to seize her at the Three Rivers, as the Indians not unfrequently stole back captives, in order to extort presents for their return from the French gentlemen to whom the same captives had before been sold. Before this time she had been hastily carried from Montreal, hurried over mountains and across waters, and concealed among flags, while those who accompanied her were evidently pursued, and in great apprehension of being overtaken; but the occasion of this flight or its incidents she was too young to understand or distinctly to remember, and she was

unable afterwards to satisfy herself whether her French father conveyed her away to keep her out of the reach of her natural friends, or whether she was taken by those friends, and afterwards retaken as at the Three Rivers and returned to Montreal. The French parents cautiously avoided informing her upon this subject, or upon any other which should remind her of her captivity, her country, her parents or her friends, lest she should become discontented with her situation, and desirous of leaving those who had adopted her. They kept her secreted from her natural friends, who were in search of her, and evaded every question which might lead to her discovery. One day, when Mons. St. Auge and most of his family were at mass, she was sent with another captive to the third story of the house, and the domestics were required strictly to watch them, as it was known that some of her relations were then in the place endeavoring to find her. Of this circumstance she was ignorant, but she was displeased with her confinement, and with her little companion found means to escape from their room and went below. While raising a cup of water to her mouth, she saw a man looking at her through the window, and stretching out his arms towards her, at the same time speaking a language which she could not understand. She was very much alarmed, threw down her water, and ran with all possible speed to her room. Little did she suppose that it was her own father from whom she was flying in such fear and horror. He had returned to Canada to seek those of his children who remained there. He could hear nothing of his Fanny; but watching the house, he perceived her, as was just stated, and joyfully stretching his arms towards her, exclaimed, "There's my daughter! O! that's my daughter!" But she retreated, and he could not gain admittance, for the house was guarded, and no stranger permitted to enter. How long he continued hovering about her is now unknown, but he left Canada without embracing her or seeing her again.

Her French parents put her to a boarding-school attached to a nunnery in Montreal, where she remained several years, and was taught all branches of needle-work, with geography, music, painting, &c. In the same school were two Misses Johnsons, who were captured at Charlestown, (No. 4) in 1754, and two Misses Phipps, the daughters of Mrs. Howe, who were taken at Hindsdale in 1755. Fanny was in school when Mrs. Howe came for her daughters, and long remembered the grief and lamentations of the young captives, when obliged to leave their school and mates to return to a strange, though their native country, and to relatives whom they had long forgotten.

While at school at Montreal, her brother Joseph again visited her. He still belonged to the St. Francois tribe of Indians, and was dressed remarkably fine, having forty or fifty broaches in his shirt, clasps on his arm, and a great variety of knots and bells about his clothing. He brought his little sister Ellen, as she was then called, and who was then not far from seven years old; a young fawn, a basket of cranberries, and a lump of sap sugar. The little girl was much pleased with the fawn, and had no great aversion to cranberries and sugar,

but she was much frightened by the appearance of Joseph, and would receive nothing from his hands, till, at the suggestion of her friends, he had washed the paint from his face, and made some alteration in his dress, when she ventured to accept his offerings, and immediately ran from his presence. The next day, Joseph returned with the Indians to St. Francois, but some time afterwards Mons. St. Auge purchased him of the savages, and dressed him in the French style; but he never appeared so bold and majestic, so spirited and vivacious, as when arrayed in his Indian habit, and associating with his Indian friends. He however became much attached to St. Auge, who put him to school; and when his sister parted with him upon leaving Canada, he gave her a strict charge not to let it be known where he was, lest he too should be obliged to leave his friends and return to the place of his birth.

When between eleven and twelve years of age, Fanny was sent to the school of Ursuline nuns in Quebec, to complete her education. Here the discipline was much more solemn and strict than in the school at Montreal. In both places the teachers were called half nuns, who, not being professed, were allowed to go in and out at pleasure; but at Quebec the pupils were in a great measure secluded from the world, being permitted to walk only in a small garden by day, and confined by bolts and bars in their cells at night. This restraint was irksome to Fanny. She grew discontented; and at the close of the year was permitted to return to her French parents at Montreal, and again enter the school in that city.

While Fanny was in the nunnery, being then in her fourteenth year, she was one day equally surprised and alarmed by the entrance of a stranger, who demanded her of the nuns as a redeemed captive. Her father had employed this man, Arnold, to seek out his daughter and obtain her from the French, who had hitherto succeeded in detaining her. Arnold was well calculated for this employment. He was secret, subtle, resolute and persevering. He had been some time in the city without exciting a suspicion of his business. He had ascertained where the captive was to be found—he had procured the necessary powers to secure her, and in his approach to the nunnery was accompanied by a sergeant and a file of men. The nuns were unwilling to deliver up their pupil, and required to know by what right he demanded her. Arnold convinced them that his authority was derived from the governor, and they durst not disobey. They, however, prolonged the time as much as possible, and sent word to Mons. St. Auge, hoping that he would be able in some way or other to detain his adopted daughter. Arnold, however, was not to be delayed or trifled with. He sternly demanded the captive by the name of Noble in the governor's name, and the nuns were awed into submission. Fanny, weeping and trembling, was delivered up by those who wept and trembled too. She accompanied Arnold to the gate of the nunnery, but the idea of leaving for ever those whom she loved, and going with a company of armed men she knew not whither, was too overwhelming, and she sunk upon the ground. Her cries and

lamentations drew the people around her, and she exclaimed bitterly against the cruelty of forcing her away, declaring that she could not and would not go any further as a prisoner with those frightful soldiers. At this time an English officer appeared in the crowd; he reasoned with her, soothed her, and persuaded her to walk with him, assuring her the guard should be dismissed, and no injury befall her. As they passed by the door of Mons. St. Auge, on their way to the inn, her grief and exclamations were renewed, and it was with great difficulty that she could be persuaded to proceed. But the guard had merely fallen back, and were too near to prevent a rescue, had an attempt been made. Capt. McClure, the English officer, promised her that she should be permitted to visit her French parents the next day. She found them in tears, but they could not detain her. Mons. St. Auge gave her a handful of money, and embraced her, blessed her, and rushed out of the room. His lady supplied her with clothes, and their parting was most affectionate and affecting. She lived to a considerably advanced age, but she could never speak of this scene without visible and deep emotion.

She was carried down the river to Quebec, where she tarried a few days, and then sailed with Captain Wilson for Boston. She arrived at that port in July, one month before she was fourteen years of age. She was joyfully received by her friends, but her father did not long survive her return. After his death she resided in the family of Capt. Wilson, at Boston, until she had acquired the English language, of which before she was entirely ignorant. She then went to Newbury, and lived in the family of a relative of her father, where she found a home, and that peace to which she had long been a stranger. Her education had qualified her for the instruction of youth, and she partially devoted herself to that employment. She was engaged in a school at Hampton, where she formed an acquaintance with Mr. Jonathan Tilton, a gentleman of good property in Kensington, whom she married about the year 1776. He died in 1798. In 1801 she married Mr. John Shute, of New-Market, and lived in the village of Newfields, in that town, till her death, in September, 1819. She was much respected and esteemed in life, and her death was, as her life had been, that of a Christian.

CAPTAIN JONATHAN CARVER'S NARRATIVE OF HIS CAPTURE, AND SUBSEQUENT ESCAPE FROM THE INDIANS, AT THE BLOODY MASSACRE COMMITTED BY THEM, WHEN FORT WILLIAM HENRY FELL INTO THE HANDS OF THE FRENCH, UNDER GEN. MONTCALM, IN THE YEAR 1757. WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

General Webb, who commanded the English army in North America, which was then encamped at Fort Edward, having intelligence that the French troops under Monsieur Montcalm were making some movements towards Fort William Henry, he detached a corps of about fifteen hundred men, consisting of English and provincials, to

strengthen the garrison. In this party I went as a volunteer among the latter.

The apprehensions of the English general were not without foundation; for the day after our arrival we saw Lake George, (formerly Lake Sacrament) to which it lies contiguous, covered with an immense number of boats; and in a few hours we found our lines attacked by the French general, who had just landed with eleven thousand regulars and Canadians, and two thousand Indians. Colonel Munro, a brave officer, commanded in the fort, and had no more than two thousand three hundred men with him, our detachment included.

With these he made a gallant defence, and probably would have been able at last to preserve the fort, had he been properly supported, and permitted to continue his efforts. On every summons to surrender sent by the French general, who offered the most honorable terms, his answer repeatedly was, that he yet found himself in a condition to repel the most vigorous attacks his besiegers were able to make; and if he thought his present force insufficient, he could soon be supplied with a greater number from the adjacent army.

But the colonel having acquainted General Webb with his situation, and desired he would send him some fresh troops, the general despatched a messenger to him with a letter, wherein he informed him that it was not in his power to assist him, and therefore gave him orders to surrender up the fort on the best terms he could procure. This packet fell into the hands of the French general, who immediately sent a flag of truce, desiring a conference with the governor.

They accordingly met, attended only by a small guard, in the centre between the lines; when Monsieur Montcalm told the colonel, that he was come in person to demand possession of the fort, as it belonged to the king his master. The colonel replied, that he knew not how that could be, nor should he surrender it up whilst it was in his power to defend it.

The French general rejoined, at the same time delivering the packet into the colonel's hand, "By this authority do I make the requisition." The brave governor had no sooner read the contents of it, and was convinced that such were the orders of the commander-in-chief, and not to be disobeyed, than he hung his head in silence, and reluctantly entered into a negotiation.

In consideration of the gallant defence the garrison had made, they were to be permitted to march out with all the honors of war, to be allowed covered wagons to transport their baggage to Fort Edward, and a guard to protect them from the fury of the savages:

The morning after the capitulation was signed, as soon as day broke, the whole garrison, now consisting of about two thousand men, besides women and children, were drawn up within the lines, and on the point of marching off, when great numbers of the Indians gathered about, and began to plunder. We were at first in hopes that this was their only view, and suffered them to proceed without opposition. Indeed it was not in our power to make any, had we

been so inclined ; for though we were permitted to carry off our arms, yet we were not allowed a single round of ammunition. In these hopes, however, we were disappointed ; for presently some of them began to attack the sick and wounded, when such as were not able to crawl into the ranks, notwithstanding they endeavored to avert the fury of their enemies by their shrieks or groans, were soon despatched.

Here we were fully in expectation that the disturbance would have concluded, and our little army began to move ; but in a short time we saw the front division driven back, and discovered that we were entirely encircled by the savages. We expected every moment that the guard, which the French, by the articles of capitulation, had agreed to allow us, would have arrived, and put an end to our apprehensions ; but none appeared. The Indians now began to strip every one, without exception, of their arms and clothes, and those who made the least resistance felt the weight of their tomahawks.

I happened to be in the rear division, but it was not long before I shared the fate of my companions. Three or four of the savages laid hold of me, and whilst some held their weapons over my head, the others soon disrobed me of my coat, waistcoat, hat and buckles, omitting not to take from me what money I had in my pocket. As this was transacted close by the passage that led from the lines on to the plain, near which a French sentinel was posted, I ran to him and claimed his protection ; but he only called me an English dog, and thrust me with violence back again into the midst of the Indians.

I now endeavored to join a body of our troops that were crowded together at some distance ; but innumerable were the blows that were made at me with different weapons as I passed on ; luckily, however, the savages were so close together that they could not strike at me without endangering each other ; notwithstanding which, one of them found means to make a thrust at me with a spear, which grazed my side, and from another I received a wound, with the same kind of weapon, in my ankle. At length I gained the spot where my countrymen stood, and forced myself into the midst of them. But before I got thus far out of the hands of the Indians, the collar and wristbands of my shirt were all that remained of it, and my flesh was scratched and torn in many places by their savage gripes.

By this time the warwhoop was given, and the Indians began to murder those that were nearest to them without distinction. It is not in the power of words to give any tolerable idea of the horrid scene that now ensued ; men, women, and children were now despatched in the most wanton and cruel manner, and immediately scalped. Many of these savages drank the blood of their victims, as it flowed warm from the fatal wound.

We now perceived, though too late to avail us, that we were to expect no relief from the French ; and that, contrary to the agreement they had so lately signed to allow us a sufficient force to protect us from these insults, they tacitly permitted them ; for I could plainly perceive the French officers walking about at some distance, discoursing together with apparent unconcern. For the honor of human nature

I would hope that this flagrant breach of every sacred law proceeded rather from the savage disposition of the Indians, which I acknowledge it is sometimes almost impossible to control, and which might now unexpectedly have arrived to a pitch not easily to be restrained, than to any premeditated design in the French commander. An unprejudiced observer would, however, be apt to conclude, that a body of ten thousand Christian troops, most Christian troops, had it in their power to prevent the massacre from becoming so general. But whatever was the cause from which it arose, the consequences of it were dreadful, and not to be paralleled in modern history.

As the circle in which I stood enclosed by this time was much thinned, and death seemed to be approaching with hasty strides, it was proposed by some of the most resolute to make one vigorous effort, and endeavor to force our way through the savages, the only probable method of preserving our lives that now remained. This, however desperate, was resolved on, and about twenty of us sprang at once into the midst of them.

In a moment we were all separated, and what was the fate of my companions I could not learn till some months after, when I found that only six or seven of them effected their design.* Intent only on my own hazardous situation, I endeavored to make my way through my savage enemies in the best manner possible. And I have often been astonished since, when I have recollected with what composure I took, as I did, every necessary step for my preservation. Some I overturned, being at that time young and athletic, and others I passed by, dexterously avoiding their weapons; till at last two very stout chiefs, of the most savage tribes, as I could distinguish by their dress, whose strength I could not resist, laid hold of me by each arm, and began to force me through the crowd.

I now resigned myself to my fate, not doubting but that they intended to despatch me, and then to satiate their vengeance with my blood, as I found they were hurrying me towards a retired swamp that lay at some distance. But before we had got many yards, an English gentleman of some distinction, as I could discover by his breeches, the only covering he had on, which were of fine scarlet velvet, rushed close by us. One of the Indians instantly relinquished his hold, and springing on this new object, endeavored to seize him as his prey; but the gentleman being strong, threw him on the ground, and would probably have got away, had not he who held my other arm quitted me to assist his brother. I seized the opportunity, and hastened away to join another party of English troops that were yet unbroken, and stood in a body at some distance. But before I had taken many steps, I hastily cast my eyes towards the gentleman, and saw the Indian's tomahawk gash into his back, and heard him utter his last groan. This added both to my speed and desperation.

I had left this shocking scene but a few yards, when a fine boy about twelve years of age, that had hitherto escaped, came up to me, and begged that I would let him lay hold of me, so that he might stand some chance of getting out of the hands of the savages. I told

him that I would give him every assistance in my power, and to this purpose bid him lay hold; but in a few moments he was torn from my side, and by his shrieks I judge was soon demolished. I could not help forgetting my own cares for a minute, to lament the fate of so young a sufferer; but it was utterly impossible for me to take any methods to prevent it.

I now got once more into the midst of friends, but we were unable to afford each other any succor. As this was the division that had advanced the furthest from the fort, I thought there might be a possibility (though but a bare one) of my forcing my way through the outer ranks of the Indians, and getting to a neighboring wood, which I perceived at some distance. I was still encouraged to hope, by the almost miraculous preservation I had already experienced.

Nor were my hopes in vain, nor the efforts I made ineffectual. Suffice to say, that I reached the wood; but by the time I had penetrated a little way into it, my breath was so exhausted that I threw myself into a break, and lay for some minutes apparently at the last gasp. At length I recovered the power of respiration; but my apprehensions returned with all their former force, when I saw several savages pass by, probably in pursuit of me, at no very great distance. In this situation I knew not whether it was better to proceed, or endeavor to conceal myself where I lay till night came on; fearing, however, that they would return the same way, I thought it most prudent to get further from the dreadful scene of my distresses. Accordingly, striking into another part of the wood, I hastened on as fast as the briars and the loss of one of my shoes would permit me; and after a slow progress of some hours, gained a hill that overlooked the plain which I had just left, from whence I could discern that the bloody storm still raged with unabated fury.

But not to tire my readers, I shall only add, that after passing three days without subsistence, and enduring the severity of the cold dews for three nights, I at length reached Fort Edward; where with proper care my body soon recovered its wonted strength, and my mind, as far as the recollection of the late melancholy events would permit, its usual composure.

It was computed that fifteen hundred persons were killed or made prisoners by these savages during this fatal day. Many of the latter were carried off by them and never returned. A few, through favorable accidents, found their way back to their native country, after having experienced a long and severe captivity.

The brave Colonel Munro had hastened away, soon after the confusion began, to the French camp, to endeavor to procure the guard agreed by the stipulation; but his application proving ineffectual, he remained there till General Webb sent a party of troops to demand and protect him back to Fort Edward. But these unhappy concurrences, which would probably have been prevented, had he been left to pursue his own plans, together with the loss of so many brave fellows, murdered in cold blood, to whose valor he had been so lately a witness, made such an impression on his mind that he did not long

survive. He died in about three months of a broken heart, and with truth might it be said that he was an honor to his country.

I mean not to point out the following circumstance as the immediate judgment of Heaven, and intended as an atonement for this slaughter; but I cannot omit that very few of those different tribes of Indians that shared in it ever lived to return home. The small-pox, by means of their communication with the Europeans, found its way among them, and made an equal havoc to what they themselves had done. The methods they pursued on the first attack of that malignant disorder, to abate the fever attending it, rendered it fatal. Whilst their blood was in a state of fermentation, and nature was striving to throw out the peccant matter, they checked her operations by plunging into the water; the consequence was that they died by hundreds. The few that survived were transformed by it into hideous objects, and bore with them to the grave deep indented marks of this much dreaded disease.

Monsieur Montcalm fell soon after on the plains of Quebec.

That the unprovoked cruelty of this commander was not approved of by the generality of his countrymen, I have since been convinced of by many proofs. One only, however, which I received from a person who was witness to it, shall I at present give. A Canadian merchant, of some consideration, having heard of the surrender of the English fort, celebrated the fortunate event with great rejoicings and hospitality, according to the custom of that country; but no sooner did the news of the massacre which ensued reach his ears, than he put an immediate stop to the festivity, and exclaimed in the severest terms against the inhuman permission; declaring at the same time that those that had connived at it had thereby drawn down on that part of their king's dominions the vengeance of Heaven. To this he added, that he much feared the total loss of them would deservedly be the consequence. How truly this prediction has been verified, we well know.

A PARTICULAR ACCOUNT OF THE CAPTIVITY AND REDEMPTION OF MRS. JEMIMA HOWE, WHO WAS TAKEN PRISONER BY THE INDIANS AT HINDSDALE, NEW HAMPSHIRE, ON THE TWENTY-SEVENTH OF JULY, 1755, AS COMMUNICATED TO DR. BELKNAP BY THE REV. BUNKER GAY.

As Messrs. Caleb Howe, Hilkiah Grout, and Benjamin Graffield, who had been hoeing corn in the meadow, west of the river, were returning home, a little before sunset, to a place called Bridgman's fort, they were fired upon by twelve Indians, who had ambushed their path. Howe was on horseback, with two young lads, his children, behind him. A ball, which broke his thigh, brought him to the ground. His horse ran a few rods and fell likewise, and both the lads were taken. The Indians, in their savage manner coming up to Howe, pierced his body with a spear, tore off his scalp, stuck a hatchet in his head, and left him in this forlorn condition. He was found alive the morning after, by a party of men from Fort Hindsdale; and being

asked by one of the party whether he knew him, he answered, "Yes, I know you all." These were his last words, though he did not expire until after his friends had arrived with him at Fort Hindsdale. Grout was so fortunate as to escape unhurt. But Graffield, in attempting to wade through the river, at a certain place which was indeed fordable at that time, was unfortunately drowned. Flushed with the success they had met with here, the savages went directly to Bridgman's fort. There was no man in it, and only three women and some children, viz., Mrs. Jemima Howe, Mrs. Submit Grout, and Mrs. Eunice Graffield. Their husbands I need not mention again, and their feelings at this juncture I will not attempt to describe. They had heard the enemy's guns, but knew not what had happened to their friends. Extremely anxious for their safety, they stood longing to embrace them, until at length, concluding from the noise they heard without that some of them were come, they unbarred the gate in a hurry to receive them; when, lo! to their inexpressible disappointment and surprise, instead of their husbands, in rushed a number of hideous Indians, to whom they and their tender offspring became an easy prey, and from whom they had nothing to expect but either an immediate death or a long and doleful captivity. The latter of these, by the favor of Providence, turned out to be the lot of these unhappy women and their still more unhappy, because more helpless, children. Mrs. Graffield had but one, Mrs. Grout had three, and Mrs. Howe seven. The eldest of Mrs. Howe's was eleven years old, and the youngest but six months. The two eldest were daughters, which she had by her first husband, Mr. William Phipps, who was also slain by the Indians, of which I doubt not but you have seen an account in Mr. Doolittle's history. It was from the mouth of this woman that I lately received the foregoing account. She also gave me, I doubt not, a true, though, to be sure, a very brief and imperfect history of her captivity, which I here insert for your perusal. It may perhaps afford you some amusement, and can do no harm, if, after it has undergone your critical inspection, you should not think it (or an abbreviation of it) worthy to be preserved among the records you are about to publish.

The Indians (she says) having plundered and put fire to the fort, we marched, as near as I could judge, a mile and a half into the woods, where we encamped that night. When the morning came, and we had advanced as much farther, six Indians were sent back to the place of our late abode, who collected a little more plunder, and destroyed some other effects that had been left behind; but they did not return until the day was so far spent, that it was judged best to continue where we were through the night. Early the next morning we set off for Canada, and continued our march eight days successively, until we had reached the place where the Indians had left their canoes, about fifteen miles from Crown Point. This was a long and tedious march; but the captives, by divine assistance, were enabled to endure it with less trouble and difficulty than they had reason to expect. From such savage masters, in such indigent circumstances, we

could not rationally hope for kinder treatment than we received. Some of us, it is true, had a harder lot than others; and, among the children, I thought my son Squire had the hardest of any. He was then only four years old, and when we stopped to rest our weary limbs, and he sat down on his master's pack, the savage monster would often knock him off; and sometimes, too, with the handle of his hatchet. Several ugly marks, indented in his head by the cruel Indians, at that tender age, are still plainly to be seen.

At length we arrived at Crown Point, and took up our quarters there for the space of near a week. In the mean time some of the Indians went to Montreal, and took several of the weary captives along with them, with a view of selling them to the French. They did not succeed, however, in finding a market for any of them. They gave my youngest daughter, Submit Phipps, to the governor, De Vaudreuil; had a drunken frolic, and returned again to Crown Point with the rest of their prisoners. From hence we set off for St. Johns, in four or five canoes, just as night was coming on, and were soon surrounded with darkness. A heavy storm hung over us. The sound of the rolling thunder was very terrible upon the waters, which, at every flash of expansive lightning, seemed to be all in a blaze. Yet to this we were indebted for all the light we enjoyed. No object could we discern any longer than the flashes lasted. In this posture we sailed in our open, tottering canoes almost the whole of that dreary night. The morning, indeed, had not yet begun to dawn, when we all went ashore; and having collected a heap of sand and gravel for a pillow, I laid myself down, with my tender infant by my side, not knowing where any of my other children were, or what a miserable condition they might be in. The next day, however, under the wing of that ever-present and all-powerful Providence, which had preserved us through the darkness and imminent dangers of the preceding night, we all arrived in safety at St. Johns.

Our next movement was to St. Francois, the metropolis, if I may so call it, to which the Indians, who led us captive, belonged. Soon after our arrival at their wretched capital, a council, consisting of the chief sachem and some principal warriors of the St. Francois tribe, was convened, and after the ceremonies usual on such occasions were over, I was conducted and delivered to an old squaw, whom the Indians told me I must call my mother; my infant still continuing to be the property of its original Indian owners. I was nevertheless permitted to keep it with me a while longer, for the sake of saving them the trouble of looking after it, and of maintaining it with my milk. When the weather began to grow cold, shuddering at the prospect of approaching winter, I acquainted my new mother that I did not think it would be possible for me to endure it, if I must spend it with her, and fare as the Indians did. Listening to my repeated and earnest solicitations, that I might be disposed of among some of the French inhabitants of Canada, she at length set off with me and my infant, attended by some male Indians, upon a journey to Montreal, in hopes of finding a market for me there. But the attempt proved unsuccessful.

ful, and the journey tedious indeed. Our provisions were so scanty, as well as insipid and unsavory; the weather was so cold, and the travelling so very bad, that it often seemed as if I must have perished on the way. The lips of my poor child were sometimes so benumbed, that when I put it to my breast it could not, till it grew warm, imbibe the nourishment requisite for its support. While we were at Montreal, we went into the house of a certain French gentleman, whose lady, being sent for, and coming into the room where I was, to examine me, seeing I had an infant, exclaimed suddenly in this manner: "Damn it, I will not buy a woman that has a child to look after." There was a swill-pail standing near me, in which I observed some crusts and crumbs of bread swimming on the surface of the greasy liquor it contained; sorely pinched with hunger, I skimmed them off with my hands and eat them; and this was all the refreshment which the house afforded me. Somewhere, in the course of this visit to Montreal, my Indian mother was so unfortunate as to catch the small-pox, of which distemper she died soon after our return, which was by water, to St. Francois.

And now came on the season when the Indians began to prepare for a winter's hunt. I was ordered to return my poor child to those of them who still claimed it as their property. This was a severe trial. The babe clung to my bosom with all its might; but I was obliged to pluck it thence, and deliver it, shrieking and screaming enough to penetrate a heart of stone, into the hands of those unfeeling wretches, whose tender mercies may be termed cruel. It was soon carried off by a hunting party of those Indians to a place called Mes-siskow, at the lower end of Lake Champlain, whither, in about a month after, it was my fortune to follow them. I had preserved my milk in hopes of seeing my beloved child again. And here I found it, it is true, but in a condition that afforded me no great satisfaction, it being greatly emaciated, and almost starved. I took it in my arms, put its face to mine, and it instantly bit me with such violence that it seemed as if I must have parted with a piece of my cheek. I was permitted to lodge with it that and the two following nights; but every morning that intervened, the Indians, I suppose on purpose to torment me, sent me away to another wigwam which stood at a little distance, though not so far from the one in which my distressed infant was confined, but that I could plainly hear its incessant cries and heart-rending lamentations. In this deplorable condition I was obliged to take my leave of it, on the morning of the third day after my arrival at the place. We moved down the lake several miles the same day; and the night following was remarkable on account of the *great earthquake** which terribly shook that howling wilderness. Among the islands hereabouts we spent the winter season, often shifting our quarters, and roving about from one place to another; our family consisting of three persons only, besides myself, viz: my late mother's daughter, whom therefore I called my sister, her sanhop, and a

* November 18, 1755.

papoose. They once left me alone two dismal nights; and when they returned to me again, perceiving them smile at each other, I asked, "What is the matter?" They replied that two of my children were no more; one of which, they said, died a natural death, and the other was knocked on the head. I did not utter many words, but my heart was sorely pained within me, and my mind exceedingly troubled with strange and awful ideas. I often imagined, for instance, that I plainly saw the naked carcasses of my deceased children hanging upon the limbs of the trees, as the Indians are wont to hang the raw hides of those beasts which they take in hunting.

It was not long, however, before it was so ordered by kind Providence that I should be relieved in a good measure from those horrid imaginations; for as I was walking one day upon the ice, observing a smoke at some distance upon the land, it must proceed, thought I, from the fire of some Indian hut, and who knows but some one of my poor children may be there? My curiosity, thus excited, led me to the place, and there I found my son Caleb, a little boy between two and three years old, whom I had lately buried, in sentiment at least, or rather imagined to have been deprived of life, and perhaps also denied a decent grave. I found him likewise in tolerable health and circumstances, under the protection of a fond Indian mother; and moreover had the happiness of lodging with him in my arms one joyful night. Again we shifted our quarters, and when we had travelled eight or ten miles upon the snow and ice, came to a place where the Indians manufactured sugar, which they extracted from the maple trees. Here an Indian came to visit us, whom I knew, and could speak English. He asked me why I did not go to see my son Squire. I replied that I had lately been informed that he was dead. He assured me that he was yet alive, and but two or three miles off, on the opposite side of the lake. At my request he gave me the best directions he could to the place of his abode. I resolved to embrace the first opportunity that offered of endeavoring to search it out. While I was busy in contemplating this affair, the Indians obtained a little bread, of which they gave me a small share. I did not taste a morsel of it myself, but saved it all for my poor child, if I should be so lucky as to find him. At length, having obtained of my keepers leave to be absent for one day, I set off early in the morning, and steering, as well as I could, according to the directions which the friendly Indian had given me, I quickly found the place which he had so accurately marked out. I beheld, as I drew nigh, my little son without the camp; but he looked, thought I, like a starved and mangy puppy, that had been wallowing in the ashes. I took him in my arms, and he spoke to me these words, in the Indian tongue: "Mother, are you come?" I took him into the wigwam with me, and observing a number of Indian children in it, I distributed all the bread which I had reserved for my own children, among them all, otherwise I should have given great offence. My little boy appeared to be very fond of his new mother, kept as near me as possible while I staid, and when I told him I must go, he fell as though he had been knocked down

with a club. But having recommended him to the care of Him who made him, when the day was far spent, and the time would permit me to stay no longer, I departed, you may well suppose, with a heavy load at my heart. The tidings I had received of the death of my youngest child had, a little before, been confirmed to me beyond a doubt, but I could not mourn so heartily for the deceased as for the living child.

When the winter broke up, we removed to St. Johns; and through the ensuing summer, our principal residence was at no great distance from the fort at that place. In the mean time, however, my sister's husband, having been out with a scouting party to some of the English settlements, had a drunken frolic at the fort when he returned. His wife, who never got drunk, but had often experienced the ill effects of her husband's intemperance, fearing what the consequence might prove if he should come home in a morose and turbulent humor, to avoid his insolence, proposed that we should both retire, and keep out of the reach of it until the storm abated. We absconded accordingly, but so it happened that I returned and ventured into his presence, before his wife had presumed to come nigh him. I found him in his wigwam, and in a surly mood; and not being able to revenge upon his wife, because she was not at home, he laid hold of me, and hurried me to the fort, and, for a trifling consideration, sold me to a French gentleman whose name was Saccapée. 'Tis an ill wind certainly that blows nobody any good. I had been with the Indians a year lacking fourteen days; and, if not for my sister, yet for me, 'twas a lucky circumstance indeed, which thus at last, in an unexpected moment, snatched me out of their cruel hands, and placed me beyond the reach of their insolent power.

After my Indian master had disposed of me in the manner related above, and the moment of sober reflection had arrived, perceiving that the man who bought me had taken the advantage of him in an unguarded hour, his resentments began to kindle, and his indignation rose so high, that he threatened to kill me if he should meet me alone, or, if he could not revenge himself thus, that he would set fire to the fort. I was therefore secreted in an upper chamber, and the fort carefully guarded, until his wrath had time to cool. My service in the family to which I was now advanced, was perfect freedom in comparison with what it had been among the barbarous Indians. My new master and mistress were both as kind and generous towards me as I could anyways expect. I seldom asked a favor of either of them but it was readily granted; in consequence of which I had it in my power, in many instances, to administer aid and refreshment to the poor prisoners of my own nation, who were brought into St. Johns during my abode in the family of the above-mentioned benevolent and hospitable Saccapée. Yet even in this family such trials awaited me as I had little reason to expect, but stood in need of a large stock of prudence, to enable me to encounter them. Must I tell you, then, that even the good old man himself, who considered me as his property, and likewise a warm and resolute son of his, at that same time, and under the

same roof, became both excessively fond of my company ; so that between these two rivals, the father and the son, I found myself in a very critical situation indeed, and was greatly embarrassed and perplexed, hardly knowing many times how to behave in such a manner as at once to secure my own virtue, and the good esteem of the family in which I resided, and upon which I was wholly dependent for my daily support. At length, however, through the tender compassion of a certain English gentleman,* the Governor of Vaudreuil, being made acquainted with the condition I had fallen into, immediately ordered the young and amorous Saccapée, then an officer in the French army, from the field of Venus to the field of Mars, and at the same time also wrote a letter to his father, enjoining it upon him by no means to suffer me to be abused, but to make my situation and service in his family as easy and delightful as possible. I was moreover under unspeakable obligations to the governor upon another account. I had received intelligence from my daughter Mary, the purport of which was, that there was a prospect of her being shortly married to a young Indian of the tribe of St. Francois, with which tribe she had continued from the beginning of her captivity. These were heavy tidings, and added greatly to the poignancy of my other afflictions. However, not long after I had heard this melancholy news, an opportunity presented of acquainting that humane and generous gentleman, the commander-in-chief, and my illustrious benefactor, with this affair also, who, in compassion for my sufferings, and to mitigate my sorrows, issued his orders in good time, and had my daughter taken away from the Indians, and conveyed to the same nunnery where her sister was then lodged, with his express injunction that they should both of them together be well looked after, and carefully educated, as his adopted children. In this school of superstition and bigotry they continued while the war in those days between France and Great Britain lasted. At the conclusion of which war, the governor went home to France, took my eldest daughter along with him, and married her then to a French gentleman, whose name is Cron Lewis. He was at Boston with the fleet under Count de Estaing, (1778) and one of his clerks. My other daughter still continuing in the nunnery, a considerable time had elapsed after my return from captivity, when I made a journey to Canada, resolving to use my best endeavors not to return without her. I arrived just in time to prevent her being sent to France. She was to have gone in the next vessel that sailed for that place. And I found it extremely difficult to prevail with her to quit the nunnery and go home with me; yea, she absolutely refused, and all the persuasions and arguments I could use with her were to no effect, until after I had been to the governor, and obtained a letter from him to the superintendent of the nuns, in which he threatened, if my daughter should not be immediately delivered into my hands, or could not be prevailed with to submit to my paternal authority, that he would send a band of soldiers

* Col. Peter Schuyler, then a prisoner.

to assist me in bringing her away. Upon hearing this she made no farther resistance. But so extremely bigoted was she to the customs and religion of the place, that, after all, she left it with the greatest reluctance, and the most bitter lamentations, which she continued as we passed the streets, and wholly refused to be comforted. My good friend, Major Small, whom we met with on the way, tried all he could to console her; and was so very kind and obliging as to bear us company, and carry my daughter behind him on horseback.

But I have run on a little before my story, for I have not yet informed you of the means and manner of my own redemption, to the accomplishing of which, the recovery of my daughter just mentioned, and the ransoming of some of my other children, several gentlemen of note contributed not a little; to whose goodness therefore I am greatly indebted, and sincerely hope I shall never be so ungrateful as to forget. Colonel Schuyler in particular was so very kind and generous as to advance 2700 livres to procure a ransom for myself and three of my children. He accompanied and conducted us from Montreal to Albany, and entertained us in the most friendly and hospitable manner a considerable time, at his own house, and I believe entirely at his own expense.

I have spun out the above narrative to a much greater length than I at first intended, and shall conclude it with referring you, for a more ample and *brilliant* account of the captive heroine who is the subject of it, to Col. Humphrey's History of the Life of Gen. Israel Putnam, together with some remarks upon a few clauses in it. I never indeed had the pleasure of perusing the whole of said history, but remember to have seen some time ago an extract from it in one of the Boston newspapers, in which the colonel has extolled the beauty and good sense, and rare accomplishments of Mrs. Howe, the person whom he endeavors to paint in the most lively and engaging colors, perhaps a little too highly, and in a style that may appear to those who are acquainted with her to this day romantic and extravagant. And the colonel must needs have been misinformed with respect to some particulars that he has mentioned in her history. Indeed, when I read the extract from his history to Mrs. Tute, (which name she has derived from a third husband, whose widow she now remains,) she seemed to be well pleased, and said at first it was all true, but soon after contradicted the circumstance of her lover's being so bereft of his senses, when he saw her moving off in a boat at some distance from the shore, as to plunge into the water after her, in consequence of which he was seen no more. It is true, she said, that as she was returning from Montreal to Albany, she met with young Saccabee on the way; that she was in a boat with Colonel Schuyler; that the French officer came on board the boat, made her some handsome presents, took his final leave of her, and departed, to outward appearance, in tolerable good humor.

She moreover says, that when she went to Canada for her daughter, she met with him again; that he showed her a lock of her hair; her name likewise, printed with vermillion on his arm. As to her

being chosen agent to go to Europe, in behalf of the people of Hindsdale, when Colonel Howard obtained from the government of New York a patent of their lands on the west side of the Connecticut river, it was never once thought of by the Hindsdale people until the above-mentioned extract arrived among them, in which the author has inserted it as a matter of undoubted fact.

STATISTICAL VIEW.

GRAND OSAGE.—They claim the country within the following limits, viz: commencing at the mouth of a south branch of the Osage river, called *Neangeua*, and with the same to its source; thence southwardly to intersect the Arkansas, about one hundred miles below the three forks of that river; thence up the principal branch of the same, to the confluence of a large northwardly branch of the same, lying a considerable distance west of the Great Saline, and with that stream nearly to its source; thence northwardly, towards the Kansas river, embracing the waters of the upper portion of the Osage river; and thence obliquely approaching the same to the beginning. The climate is delightful, and the soil fertile in the extreme. The face of the country is generally level, and well watered; the eastern part of the country is covered with a variety of excellent timber; the western and middle country, high prairies. It embraces within its limits four salines, which are, in point of magnitude and excellence, unequalled by any known in North America; there are also many others of less note. The principal part of the Great Osage have always resided at their villages, on the Osage river, since they have been known to the inhabitants of Louisiana. About three years since, nearly one half of this nation, headed by their chief, the *Bigtrack*, emigrated to the three forks of the Arkansas; near which, and on its north side, they established a village, where they now reside. The Little Osage formerly resided on the southwest side of the Missouri, near the mouth of Grand river; but, being reduced by continual warfare with their neighbors, were compelled to seek the protection of the Great Osage, near whom they now reside.

KANSAS.—The limits of the country they claim is not known. The country in which they reside, and from thence to the Missouri, is a delightful one, and generally well watered, and covered with excellent timber; they hunt to the upper part of Kansas and Arkansas rivers; their trade may be expected to increase with proper management. At present they are a dissolute, lawless banditti; frequently plunder their traders, and commit depredations on persons ascending and descending the Missouri river; population rather increasing. The people, as well as the Great and Little Osages, are stationary, at their villages, from about the 15th of March to the 15th of May, and again from the 15th of August to the 15th of October; the balance of the year is appropriated to hunting. They cultivate corn, &c.

OTTOES.—They have no idea of an exclusive possession of any country, nor do they assign themselves any limits. I do not believe that they would object to the introduction of any well disposed Indians; they treat the traders with respect and hospitality, generally. In their occupations of hunting and cultivation, they are the same with the Kansas and Osage. They hunt on the Saline and Nimmehaw rivers, and west of them in the plains. The country in which they hunt lies well; it is extremely fertile and well watered; that part of it which borders on Nimmehaw and Missouri possesses a good portion of timber; population rather increasing. They have always resided near the place where their village is situated, and are the descendants of the Missouris.

MISSOURIS.—These are the remnant of the most numerous nation inhabiting the Missouri, when first known to the French. Their ancient and principal village was situated in an extensive and fertile plain, on the north bank of the Missouri, just below the entrance of the Grand river. Repeated attacks of the small-pox, together with their war with the Saukees and Renards, have reduced them to their present state of dependence on the Ottoes, with whom they reside, as well in their village as on their hunting excursions. The Ottoes view them as their inferiors, and sometimes treat them amiss. These people are the real proprietors of an extensive and fertile country lying on the Missouri, above their ancient village for a considerable distance, and as low as the mouth of the Osage river, and thence to the Mississippi.

PANIAS.—With respect to their idea of the possession of soil, it is similar to that of the Ottoes. They hunt on the south side of the River Platte, higher up, and on the head of the Kansas. A great proportion of this country is open plains, interspersed, however, with groves of timber, which are most generally found in the vicinity of the water-courses. It is generally fertile and well watered; lies level, and free of stone. They have resided in the country which they now inhabit, since they were known to the whites. Their trade is a valuable one, from the large proportion of beaver and otter which they furnish; and it may be expected yet to increase, as those animals are still abundant in their country. The periods of their residence at their village and hunting are similar to the Kansas and Osages. Their population is increasing. They are friendly and hospitable to all white persons; pay great respect and deference to their traders, with whom they are punctual in the payment of their debts.

PANIAS REPUBLICANS—Are a branch of the Pania Proper, or, as they are frequently termed, the *Big Paunch*. About ten years since they withdrew themselves from the mother nation, and established a village on a large northwardly branch of the Kansas, to which they have given name; they afterwards subdivided and lived in different parts of the country on the waters of Kansas; they rejoined the Panias Proper last spring. What has been said with respect to the Panias

Proper is applicable on the Republican river, which is better stocked with timber than that hunted by the Panias.

PANIAS LOUPS OR WOLVES.—These are also a branch of the Panias Proper, who separated themselves from that nation many years since, and established themselves on a north branch of the River Platte, to which their name was also given; these people have likewise no idea of an exclusive right to any portion of that country. They hunt on the Wolf river above their village, and on the River Platte above the mouth of that river. This country is very similar to that of the River Panias Proper, though there is an extensive body of fertile, well timbered land between the Wolf river below their village and the River Corn de Cerf, or Elkhorn river. They cultivate corn, beans, &c. The particulars related of the other Panias are also applicable to them.

MAHAS.—They have no idea of exclusive possession of soil. About ten years since they boasted of seven hundred warriors. They have lived in a village, on the west bank of the Missouri, two hundred and thirty-six miles above the mouth of the River Platte, where they cultivated corn, beans, and melons: they were warlike, and the terror of their neighbors. In the summer and autumn of 1802, they were visited by the small-pox, which reduced their numbers to something less than three hundred: they burnt their village, and have become a wandering nation, deserted by the traders, and the consequent deficiency of arms and ammunition has invited frequent aggressions from their neighbors, which have tended to reduce them still further. They rove principally on the waters of the Quicurre, or Rapid river.

PONCARS.—The remnant of a nation once respectable in point of numbers. They formerly resided on a branch of the Red river of Lake Winnipie; being oppressed by the Sioux, they removed to the west side of the Missouri, on Poncar river, where they built and fortified a village, and remained some years: but being pursued by their ancient enemies, the Sioux, and reduced by continual wars, they have joined and now reside with the Mahas, whose language they speak.

RICARS.—Are the remains of ten large tribes of Panias, who have been reduced by the small-pox and the Sioux to the present number. They live in fortified villages, and hunt immediately in their neighborhood. The country around them, in every direction for several hundred miles, is entirely bare of timber, except on the water-courses and steep declivities of hills, where it is sheltered from the ravages of fire. The land is tolerably well watered, and lies well for cultivation. The remains of the villages of these people are to be seen on many parts of the Missouri, from the mouth of Tetone river to the Mandans. They claim no land except that on which their villages stand, and the fields which they cultivate. The Tetons claim the country around them. They are the oldest inhabitants, and may properly be called the farmers or *tenants at will* of that lawless, savage, and rapacious race, the Sioux Tetons, who rob them of their horses, plunder their gardens and fields, and sometimes murder them without opposition. If these people were freed from the oppression of the Tetons, their trade would increase rapidly, and might be extended to a considera-

ble amount. They maintain a partial trade with their oppressors, the Tetons, to whom they barter horses, mules, corn, beans, and a species of tobacco, which they cultivate; and receive in return guns, ammunition, kettles, axes, and other articles which the Tetons obtain from the Yanktons of the North, and Sissatones, who trade with Mr. Cameron, on the River St. Peters. These horses and mules the Ricars obtain from their western neighbors, who visit them frequently for the purpose of trafficking.

MANDANS.—These are the most friendly, well-disposed Indians inhabiting the Missouri. They are brave, humane, and hospitable. About twenty-five years since they lived in six villages, about forty miles below their present villages, on both sides of the Missouri. Repeated visitations of the small-pox, aided by frequent attacks of the Sioux, have reduced them to their present number. They claim no particular tract of country. They live in fortified villages, hunt immediately in their neighborhood, and cultivate corn, beans, squashes, and tobacco, which form articles of traffic with their neighbors, the Assinniboins; they also barter horses with the Assinniboins for arms, ammunition, axes, kettles, and other articles of European manufacture, which these last obtain from the British establishments on the Assinniboin river. The articles which they thus obtain from the Assinniboins, and the British traders who visit them, they again exchange for horses and leather tents with the Crow Indians, Chyennes, Wetepahatoes, Kiawas, Kanenavieh, Stacton, and Cataka, who visit them occasionally for the purpose of traffic.

AHWAIHAWAY.—They differ but very little, in any particular, from the Mandans, their neighbors, except in the unjust war which they, as well as the Minetares, prosecute against the defenceless Snake Indians, from which, I believe, it will be difficult to induce them to desist. They claim to have once been a part of the Crow Indians, whom they still acknowledge as relations. They have resided on the Missouri as long as their tradition will enable them to inform.

MINETARES.—They claim no particular country, nor do they assign themselves any limits: their tradition relates that they have always resided at their present villages. In their customs, manners, and dispositions, they are similar to the Mandans and Ahwahhaways. The scarcity of fuel induces them to reside, during the cold season, in large bands, in camps, on different parts of the Missouri, as high up that river as the mouth of the River Yellow Stone, and west of their villages, about the Turtle mountain. I believe that these people, as well as the Mandans and Ahwahhaways, might be prevailed on to remove to the mouth of Yellow Stone river, provided an establishment is made at that place. They have as yet furnished scarcely any beaver, although the country they hunt abounds with them; the lodges of these animals are to be seen within a mile of their villages. These people have also suffered considerably by the small-pox, but have successfully resisted the attacks of the Sioux.

SAUKIES AND RENARDS, OR FOXES.—These nations are so perfectly consolidated, that they may, in fact, be considered as one

nation only. They speak the same language; they formerly resided on the east side of the Mississippi, and still claim the land on that side of the river, from the mouth of the Wisconsin to the Illinois river, and eastward toward Lake Michigan; but to what particular boundary, I am not informed. They also claim, by conquest, the whole of the country belonging to the ancient Missouri, which forms one of the most valuable portions of Louisiana; but what proportion of this territory they are willing to assign to the Ayouways, who also claim a part of it, I do not know, as they are at war with the Sioux, who live north and northwest of them, except the Yankton Ahnah. Their boundaries in that quarter are also undefined: their trade would become much more valuable if peace was established between them and the nations west of the Missouri, with whom they are at war; the population has remained nearly the same for many years; they raise an abundance of corn, beans, and melons; they sometimes hunt in the country west of them, towards the Missouri; but their principal hunting is on both sides of the Mississippi, from the mouth of the Wisconsin to the mouth of the Illinois river. These people are extremely friendly to the whites, and seldom injure their traders; but they are most implacable enemies to the Indian nations with whom they are at war. To them is justly attributed the almost entire destruction of the Missouri, the Illinois, Cahokias, Kaskaskias, and Piorias.

WAPATONE.—Claim the country in which they rove on the northwest side of the River St. Peters, from their village to the mouth of the Chippeway river, and thence northeastwardly towards the head of the Mississippi, including the Crow-wing river. Their lands are fertile and generally well timbered. They are only stationary while their traders are with them, which is from the beginning of October to the last of March. Their trade is supposed to be at its greatest extent. They treat their traders with respect, and seldom attempt to rob them. This, as well as other Sioux bands, acts, in all respects, as independently of each other as if they were a distinct nation.

MINDAWARCARTON.—This is the only band of Sioux that cultivates corn, beans, &c.; and these even cannot properly be termed a stationary people. They live in tents of dressed leather, which they transport by means of horses and dogs, and ramble from place to place during the greater part of the year. They are friendly to their traders, but the inveterate enemies to such as supply their enemies, the Chippeways, with merchandise. They also claim the country in which they hunt, commencing at the entrance of the River St. Peters, and extending upwards on both sides of the Mississippi river, to the mouth of the Crow river.

WAHPACOOTA.—They rove in the country southwest of the River St. Peters, from a place called the *Hardwood*, to the mouth of Yellow Medicine river; never stationary but when their traders are with them, and this does not happen at any regular or fixed point. At present they treat traders tolerably well. Their trade cannot be expected to increase much.

SISSATONES.—They claim the country in which they rove, embracing the upper portions of the Red river, of Lake Winnipie, and St. Peters; it is a level country, intersected with many small lakes; the land is fertile and free of stone; the majority of it open plains. This country abounds more in valuable fur animals, beaver, otter, and martin, than any portion of Louisiana yet known. This circumstance furnishes the Sissatonés with the means of purchasing more merchandise, in proportion to their number, than any nation in this quarter. A great proportion of this merchandise is reserved by them for their trade with the Tetons, whom they annually meet at some point previously agreed on, upon the waters of James river, in the month of May. This Indian fair is frequently attended by the Yanktons of the North and Ahnah.

YANKTONS OF THE NORTH.—This band, although they purchase a smaller quantity of merchandise than the Sissatonés, still appropriate a considerable proportion of what they do obtain in a similar manner with that mentioned of the Sissatonés. This trade, as small as it may appear, has been sufficient to render the Tetons independent of the trade of the Missouri, in a great measure, and has furnished them with the means, not only of distressing and plundering the traders of the Missouri, but also of plundering and massacring the defenceless savages of the Missouri, from the mouth of the river to the Minetares, and west to the Rocky mountains.

YANKTONS AHNAH.—These are the best disposed Sioux who rove on the banks of the Missouri, and these even will not suffer any trader to ascend the river, if they can possibly avoid it: they have, heretofore, invariably arrested the progress of all those they have met with, and generally compelled them to trade at the prices, nearly, which they themselves think proper to fix on their merchandise: they seldom commit any further acts of violence on the whites. They sometimes visit the River Demoin, where a partial trade has been carried on with them, for a few years past, by a Mr. Crawford. Their trade, if well regulated, might be extremely valuable.

TETONS BOIS BRULE—TETONS OKANDANDAS—TETONS SAHONE.—These are the vilest miscreants of the savage race, and must ever remain the pirates of the Missouri, until such measures are pursued by our government as will make them feel a dependence on its will for their supply of merchandise. Unless these people are reduced to order, by coercive measures, I am ready to pronounce that the citizens of the United States can never enjoy but partially the advantages which the Missouri presents. Relying on a regular supply of merchandise, through the channel of the River St. Peters, they view with contempt the merchants of the Missouri, whom they never fail to plunder, when in their power. Persuasion or advice, with them, is viewed as supplication, and only tends to inspire them with contempt for those who offer either. The tameness with which the traders of Missouri have heretofore submitted to their rapacity, has tended not a little to inspire them with contempt for the white persons who visit them through that channel. A prevalent idea among them, and one





which they make the rule of their conduct, is, that the more ill they treat the traders, the greater quantity of merchandise they will bring them, and that they will thus obtain the articles they wish on better terms. They have endeavored to inspire the Ricars with similar sentiments, but, happily, without any considerable effect. They claim, jointly with the other band of the Sioux, all the country lying within the following limits, viz., beginning at the confluence of the Demoin and Mississippi; thence up the west side of the Mississippi to the mouth of the St. Peters river; thence on both sides of the Mississippi to the mouth of Crow Wing river, and upwards with that stream, including the waters of the upper portion of Red river, of Lake Winnipic, and down the same nearly to Pembear river; thence a south-westerly course to intersect the Missouri at or near the Mandans, and with that stream downwards to the entrance of the Warreconne creek; thence passing the Missouri it goes to include the lower portion of the River Chyanne, all the waters of White river and River Teton; includes the lower portion of the River Quicurre, and returns to the Missouri, and with that stream downwards to the mouth of Wappidon river, and thence eastwardly to intersect the Mississippi at the beginning.

CHYANNES.—They are the remnant of a nation once respectable in point of number: formerly resided on a branch of the Red river of Lake Winnipic, which still bears their name. Being oppressed by the Sioux, they removed to the west side of the Missouri, about fifteen miles below the mouth of Warreconne creek, where they built and fortified a village, but being pursued by their ancient enemies, the Sioux, they fled to the Black Hills, about the head of the Chyanne river, where they wander in quest of the Buffalo, having no fixed residence. They do not cultivate.

WETEPAHATOES.—They are a wandering nation, inhabit an open country, and raise a great number of horses, which they barter to the Ricars, Mandans, &c., for articles of European manufacture. They are a well disposed people, and might be readily induced to visit the trading establishments on the Missouri. From the animals their country produces, their trade would, no doubt, become valuable.

DOTAMES.—The information I possess with respect to this nation, is derived from Indian information: they are said to be a wandering nation, inhabiting an open country, and who raise a great number of horses and mules. They are a friendly, well-disposed people, and might, from the position of their country, be easily induced to visit an establishment on the Missouri, about the mouth of Chyanne river. They have not, as yet, visited the Missouri.

CASTAIHANA.—What has been said of the Dotames is applicable to these people, except that they trade principally with the Crow Indians, and they would most probably prefer visiting an establishment on the Yellow Stone river, or at its mouth on the Missouri.

CROW INDIANS.—These people are divided into four bands, called by themselves Ahah-ar-ro-pir-no-pah, Noo-taa, Pa-rees-car, and E-hart-sar. They annually visit the Mandans, Minetares, and Ahwahhaways,

to whom they barter horses, mules, leather lodges, and many articles of Indian apparel, for which they receive in return guns, ammunition, axes, kettles, awls, and other European manufactures. When they return to their country, they are in turn visited by the Paunch and Snake Indians, to whom they barter most of the articles they have obtained from the nations on the Missouri, for horses and mules, of which those nations have a greater abundance than themselves. They also obtain of the Snake Indians bridle-bits, and blankets, and some other articles which those Indians purchase from the Spaniards.

PAUNCH INDIANS.—These are said to be a peaceable, well-disposed nation. Their country is a variegated one, consisting of mountains, valleys, plains, and woodlands, irregularly interspersed. They might be induced to visit the Missouri, at the mouth of the Yellow Stone river: and from the great abundance of valuable fur animals which their country, as well as that of the Crow Indians, produces, their trade must become extremely valuable. They are a roving people, and have no idea of exclusive right to the soil.

M. MANETOPA—OSLEGAN—MAHTOPANATO—ASSINNIBOANS.—Are the descendents of the Sioux, and partake of their turbulent and faithless disposition: they frequently plunder, and sometimes murder their own traders. The name by which this nation is generally known was borrowed from the Chippeways, who call them *Assinniboan*, which, literally translated, is *Stone Sioux*, hence the name of Stone Indians, by which they are sometimes called. The country in which they rove is almost entirely uncovered with timber, lies extremely level, and is but badly watered in many parts; the land, however, is tolerably fertile, and unencumbered with stone. They might be induced to trade at the River Yellow Stone; but I do not think that their trade promises much. Their numbers continue about the same. These bands, like the Sioux, act entirely independent of each other, although they claim a national affinity, and never make war on each other.

CHIPPEWAYS OF LEACH LAKE.—Claim the country on both sides of the Mississippi, from the mouth of the Crow Wing river to its source, and extending west of the Mississippi to the lands claimed by the Sioux, with whom they contend for dominion. They claim, also, east of the Mississippi, the country extending as far as Lake Superior, including the waters of the St. Louis. This country is thickly covered with timber generally, lies level, and generally fertile, though a considerable portion of it is intersected and broken up by small lakes, morasses and small swamps, particularly about the heads of the Mississippi and River St. Louis. They do not cultivate, but live principally on the wild rice, which they procure in great abundance on the borders of Leach Lake, and the banks of the Mississippi.

CHIPPEWAYS OF RED LAKE.—Claim the country about Red Lake and Red Lake river, as far as the Red river of Lake Winnipie, beyond which last river they contend with the Sioux for territory. This is a low level country, and generally thickly covered with timber, inter-

rupted with many swamps and morasses. This, as well as the other bands of Chippeways, are esteemed the best hunters of the northwest country; but from the long residence of this band in the country they now inhabit, game is becoming scarce: therefore, their trade is supposed to be at its greatest extent.

OF RIVER PEMBENA.—These people formerly resided on the east side of the Mississippi, at Sand lake, but were induced by the Northwest Company to remove, about two years since, to the River Pembena. They do not claim the lands on which they hunt. The country is level and the soil good. The west side of the river is principally prairies, or open plains; on the east side there is a greater proportion of timber. Their trade at present is a very valuable one.

ALCONQUINS OF RAINY LAKE.—Of the precise limits of country they claim, I am not informed. They live very much detached, in small parties. The country they inhabit is but an indifferent one; it has been much hunted, and the game of course nearly exhausted. They are well disposed towards the whites. Their number is said to decrease.

OF PORTAGE DE PRAIRIE.—These people inhabit a low, flat, marshy country, mostly covered with timber, and well stocked with game. They are emigrants from the Lake of the Woods and the country east of it, who were introduced, some years since, by the Northwest traders, in order to hunt the country on the lower parts of Red river, which then abounded in a variety of animals of the fur kind.

CHRITENOES.—They are a wandering nation; do not cultivate, nor claim any particular tract of country. They are well-disposed towards the whites, and treat their traders with respect. The country in which they rove is generally open plains, but in some parts, particularly about the head of the Assiniboine river; it is marshy and tolerably well furnished with timber, as are also the Fort Dauphin mountains, to which they sometimes resort. From the quantity of beaver in their country, they ought to furnish more of that article than they do at present.

ALIATANS SNAKE INDIANS.—These are a numerous and well-disposed people, inhabiting a woody and mountainous country; they are divided into three large tribes, who wander at a considerable distance from each other, and are called by themselves So-so-na, So-so-bubar, and La-kar. These are again subdivided into smaller though independent bands, the names of which I have not yet learned; they raise a number of horses and mules, which they trade with the Crow Indians, or are stolen by the nations to the east of them. They maintain a partial trade with the Spaniards, from whom they obtain many articles of clothing and ironmongery, but no warlike implements.

OF THE WEST.—These people also inhabit a mountainous country, and sometimes venture in the plains east of the Rocky Mountains, about the head of the Arkansas river. They have no more intercourse with the Spaniards of New Mexico than the Snake Indians. They are said to be very numerous and warlike, but are badly armed.

The Spaniards fear these people, and therefore take the precaution not to furnish them with any warlike implements. In their present unarmed state, they frequently commit hostilities on the Spaniards. They raise a great many horses.

LA PLAYES.—They inhabit the rich plains, from the head of the Arkansas, embracing the heads of Red river, and extending with the mountains and high lands eastwardly as far as known towards the Gulf of Mexico. They possess no fire-arms, but are warlike and brave. They are, as well as the other Abiatans, a wandering people. Their country abounds in wild horses, beside great numbers which they raise themselves. These people, and the West Abiatans, might be induced to trade with us on the upper part of the Arkansas river.

PANIA PIQUE.—These people have no intercourse with the inhabitants of the Illinois; the information, therefore, which I have been enabled to obtain with respect to them, is very imperfect. They were formerly known by the name of the White Panias, and are of the family with the Panias of the River Platte. They are said to be a well-disposed people, and inhabit a very fertile country; certain it is, that they enjoy a delightful climate.

PADUCAS.—This once powerful nation has, apparently, entirely disappeared; every inquiry I have made after them has proved ineffectual. In the year 1774 they resided in several villages on the head of the Kansas river, and could, at that time, bring upwards of two thousand men into the field. (See Monsieur Dupratz' History of Louisiana, page 71, and the map attached to that work.) The information that I have received is, that being oppressed by the nations residing on the Missouri, they removed to the upper part of the River Platte, where they afterwards had but little intercourse with the whites. They seem to have given name to the northern branch of the river, which is still called the Paducas Fork. The most probable conjecture is, that being still further reduced, they have divided into small wandering bands, which assumed the names of the sub-divisions of the Paducas nation, and are known to us at present under the appellation of Wetepahatoes, Kiawas, Kanenavish, Kattika, Dotame, &c., who still inhabit the country to which the Paducas are said to have removed.

OBSERVATIONS

Made in a Voyage, commencing at St. Catherine's Landing, on the east bank of the Mississippi, proceeding downwards to the mouth of the Red River, and from thence ascending that river, as high as the Hot Springs, in the proximity of the last mentioned River. Extracted from the Journals of William Dunbar, Esq., and Dr. Hunter.

Mr. Dunbar, Dr. Hunter, and the party employed by the United States to make a survey of, and explore the country traversed by the

Washita river, left St. Catherine's landing, on the Mississippi, in latitude 31, 26, 30, N., and longitude 6h, 5, 56, W. from the meridian of Greenwich, on Tuesday, the 16th of October, 1840. A little distance below St. Catherine's creek, and five leagues from Natchez, they passed the White Cliffs, composed chiefly of sand, surmounted by pine, and from one hundred to two hundred feet high. When the waters of the Mississippi are low, the base of the cliff is uncovered, which consists of different colored clays, and some beds of ochre, over which there lies, in some places, a thin lamina of iron ore. Small springs, possessing a petrifying quality, flow over the clay and ochre, and numerous logs and pieces of timber, converted into stone, are strewn about the beach. Fine pure argil of various colors, chiefly white and red, is found here.

On the 17th they arrived at the mouth of the Red river, the confluence of which with the Mississippi, agreeably to the observations of Mr. de Ferrer, lies in latitude 31, 1, 15, N. and longitude 6h, 7, 11, west of Greenwich. Red river is here about five hundred yards wide, and without any sensible current. The banks of the river are clothed with willow; the land low and subject to inundation, to the height of thirty feet or more above the level of the water at this time. The mouth of the Red river is accounted to be seventy-five leagues from New Orleans, and three miles higher up than the Chafalaya, or Opelousa river, which was probably a continuation of the Red river when its waters did not unite with those of the Mississippi, but during the inundation.

On the 18th, the survey of the Red river was commenced, and on the evening of the 19th, the party arrived at the mouth of the Black river, in latitude 31, 15, 48, N., and about 26 miles from the Mississippi. Red river derives its name from the rich fat earth or marl, or that color borne down by the floods; the last of which appeared to have deposited on the high bank a stratum of upwards of half an inch in thickness. The vegetation on its banks is surprisingly luxuriant; no doubt, owing to the deposition of marl during its annual floods. The willows grow to a good size, but other forest trees are much smaller than those seen on the banks of the Mississippi. As you advance up the river, it gradually narrows; in latitude 31, 08, N., it is about two hundred yards wide, which width is continued to the mouth of Black river, where each of them appears one hundred and fifty yards across. The banks of the river are covered with pea-vine, and several sorts of grass bearing seed, which geese and ducks eat very greedily; and there are generally seen willows growing on one side, and on the other a small growth of black oak, peccawn, hickory, elm, &c. The current in the Red river is so moderate, as scarcely to afford an impediment to its ascent.

On sounding the Black river, a little above its mouth, there was found twenty feet of water, with a bottom of black sand. The water of Black river is rather clearer than the Ohio, and of a warm temperature, which it may receive from the water flowing into it from the valley of the Mississippi, particularly by the Catahoola. At noon on

the 23d, by a good meridian observation, they ascertained their latitude to be 30, 36, 29, N., and were then a little below the mouths of the Catahoola, Washita, and Bayou Tenza, the united waters of which form the Black river. The current is very gentle the whole length of the Black river, which in many places does not exceed eighty yards in width. The banks on the lower part of the river present a great luxuriance of vegetation and rank grass, with red and black oak, ash, peccawn, hickory, and some elms. The soil is black marl, mixed with a moderate portion of sand, resembling much the soil on the Mississippi banks; yet the forest trees are not lofty, like those on the margin of the Great river, but resembling the growth on the Red river. In latitude 31, 22, 46, N., they observed that canes grew on several parts of the right bank, a proof that the land is not deeply overflowed; perhaps from one to three feet: the banks have the appearance of stability; very little willow or other productions of a newly formed soil on either side. On advancing up the river, the timber becomes larger, in some places rising to the height of forty feet: yet the land is liable to be inundated, not from the waters of this small river, but from the intrusion of its more powerful neighbor, the Mississippi. The lands decline rapidly, as in all alluvial countries, from the margin to the cypress swamps, where more or less water stagnates all the year round. On the 21st they passed a small, but elevated island, said to be the only one in the river for more than one hundred leagues ascending. On the left bank, near this island, a small settlement of a couple of acres has been begun by a man and his wife. The banks are not less than forty feet above the present level of the water in the river, and are but rarely overflowed; on both sides they are clothed with rich cane-brake, pierced by creeks fit to carry boats during the inundation.

They saw many cormorants, and the hooping crane; geese and ducks are not yet abundant, but are said to arrive in myriads, with the rains and winter's cold. They shot a fowl of the duck kind, whose foot was partially divided, and the body covered with a bluish or lead-colored plumage. On the morning of the 22d, they observed green matter floating on the river, supposed to come from the Catahoola and other lakes and bayous of stagnant water, which, when raised a little by rain, flow into the Black river; and also many patches of an aquatic plant resembling small islands, some floating on the surface of the river, and others adhering to, or resting on the shore and logs. On examining this plant, it was found to have a hollow jointed stem, with roots of the same form, extremely light, with very narrow willow-shaped leaves projecting from the joint, embracing, however, the whole of the tube, and extending to the next inferior joint or knot. The extremity of each branch is terminated by a spike of very slender, narrow seminal leaves from one to two inches in length, and one tenth or less in breadth, producing its seed on the under side of the leaf, in a double row almost in contact: the grains alternately placed in perfect regularity. Not being able to find the flower, its class and order could not be determined, although it is not

probably new. Towards the upper part of the Black river, the shores abounded with muscles and perriwinkles. The muscles were of the kind called peal muscles. The men dressed a quantity of them, considering them as agreeable food; but Mr. D—— found them tough and unpalatable.

On arriving at the mouth of the Catahoola, they landed to procure information from a Frenchman settled there. Having a grant from the Spanish government, he has made a small settlement, and keeps a ferry boat for carrying over men and horses travelling to and from Natchez, and the settlements on Red river and on the Washita river. The country here is all alluvial. In process of time, the river shutting up ancient passages and elevating the banks over which their waters pass, no longer communicates with the same facility as formerly; the consequence is, that many larger tracts formerly subject to inundation, are now entirely exempt from that inconvenience. Such is the situation of a most valuable tract upon which this Frenchman is settled. His house stands on an Indian mound, with several others in view. There is also a species of rampart surrounding this place, and one very elevated mound, a view and description of which is postponed till the return; their present situation not allowing of the requisite delay. The soil is equal to the best Mississippi bottoms.

From this place they proceeded to the mouth of Washita, in latitude 35, 37, 7, N., and encamped on the evening of the 23d.

This river derives its appellation from the name of an Indian tribe formerly resident on its banks; the remnant of which, it is said, went into the great plains to the westward, and either compose a small tribe themselves, or are incorporated into another nation. The Black river loses its name at the junction of Washita, Catahoola, and Tenza, although our maps represent it as taking place of the Washita. The Tenza and Catahoola are also named from Indian tribes now extinct. The latter is a creek twelve leagues long, which is the issue of a lake of the same name, eight leagues in length, and about two leagues in breadth. It lies west from the mouth of the Catahoola, and communicates with the Red river during the great annual inundation. At the west or northwest angle of the lake, a creek called Little River enters, which preserves a channel with running water at all seasons, meandering along the bed of the lake; but in other parts its superficies, during the dry season, from July to November, and often later, are completely drained, and become covered with the most luxuriant herbage; the bed of the lake then becomes the residence of immense herds of deer, of turkeys, geese, cranes, &c., which feed on the grass and grain. Bayou Tenza serves only to drain off a part of the waters of the inundation from the low lands of the Mississippi, which here communicate with the Black river during the season of high water.

Between the mouth of the Washita and Vellemont's prairie on the right, the current of the river is gentle, and the banks favorable for towing. The lands on both sides have the appearance of being above the inundation; the timber generally such as high lands produce,

being chiefly red, white and black oaks, interspersed with a variety of other trees. The magnolia grandiflora, that infallible sign of the land not being subject to inundation, is not, however, among them. Along the banks a stratum of solid clay, or marl, is observable, apparently of ancient deposition. It lies in oblique positions, making an angle of nearly 30 degrees with the horizon, and generally inclined with the descent of the river, although in a few cases the position was contrary. Timber is seen projecting from under the solid bank, which seems indurated, and unquestionably very ancient, presenting a very different appearance from recently formed soil. The river is about 80 yards wide. A league above the mouth of the Washita, the Bayou Haha comes in unexpectedly from the right, and is one of the many passages through which the waters of the great inundation penetrate and pervade all the low countries, annihilating, for a time, the currents of the lesser rivers in the neighborhood of the Mississippi. The vegetation is remarkably vigorous along the alluvial banks, which are covered with a thick shrubbery, and innumerable plants in full blossom at this late season.

Villemont's prairie is so named in consequence of its being included within a grant under the French government to a gentleman of that name. Many other parts of the Washita are named after their early proprietors. The French people projected and began extensive settlements on this river; but the general massacre planned, and in part executed by the Indians against them, and the consequent destruction of the Natchez tribe by the French, broke up all these undertakings, and they were not recommenced under that government. Those prairies are plains, or savannas, without timber; generally very fertile, and producing an exuberance of strong, thick and coarse herbage. When a piece of ground has once got into this state in an Indian country, it can have no opportunity of reproducing timber, it being an invariable practice to set fire to the dry grass in the fall or winter, to attain the advantage of attacking game when the young tender grass begins to spring; this destroys the young timber, and the prairie annually gains upon the wood-land. It is probable that the immense plains known to exist in America, may owe their origin to this custom. The plains of the Washita lie chiefly on the east side, and being generally formed like the Mississippi land, sloping from the bank of the river to the great river, they are more or less subject to inundation in the rear; and in certain great floods the water has advanced so far as to be ready to pour over the margin into the Washita. This has now become a very rare thing, and it may be estimated that from a quarter of a mile to a mile in depth, will remain free from inundation during high floods. This is pretty much the case with those lands nearly as high as the post of the Washita, with the exception of certain ridges of primitive high-land; the rest being evidently alluvial, although not now subject to be inundated by the Washita river, in consequence of the great depth which the bed of the river has acquired by abrasion. On approaching towards the Bayou Louis, which empties its waters into the Washita on the right, a little below the rapids, there is a great deal of high land on both sides, which produces pine and other timber, not

the growth of inundation lands. At the foot of the rapids, the navigation of the river is impeded by the beds of gravel formed in it. The first rapids lie in latitude 31, 48, 75, 5, N., a little above which there is a high ridge of primitive earth, studded with abundance of fragments of rocks, or stone, which appear to have been thrown up to the surface in a very irregular manner. The stone is of friable nature, some of it having the appearance of indurated clay; the outside is blackish from exposure to the air; within it is a grayish white; it is said that in the hill the strata are regular, and that good grindstones may be here obtained. The last of the rapids, which is formed by a ledge of rocks crossing the entire bed of the river, was passed in the evening of the 27th; above it the water became again like a mill-pond, and about one hundred yards wide. The whole of these first shoals, or rapids, embraced an extent of about a mile and a half; the obstruction was not continued, but felt at short intervals in this distance. On the right, about four leagues from the rapids, they passed the "Bayou Aux Bœufs," a little above a rocky hill: high lands and savannas are seen on the right. On sounding the river they found three fathoms water on a bottom of mud and sand. The banks of the river above the bayou seem to retain very little alluvial soil; the highland earth, which is a sandy loam of a light gray color, with streaks of red sand and clay, is seen on the left bank; the soil not rich, bearing pines, interspersed with red oak, hickory, and dog-wood. The river is from sixty to one hundred yards wide here, but decreases as you advance. The next rapid is made by a ledge of rocks traversing the river, and narrowing the water channel to about thirty yards. The width between the high banks cannot be less than one hundred yards, and the banks from thirty to forty feet high. In latitude 32, 10, 13, rapids and shoals again occurred, and the channel was very narrow; the sand-bars, at every point, extended so far into the bend as to leave little more than the breadth of the boat of water sufficiently deep for her passage, although it spreads over the width of seventy or eighty yards upon the shoal.

In the afternoon of the 31st, they passed a little plantation or settlement on the right, and at night arrived at three others adjoining each other. These settlements are on a plain or prairie, the soil of which we may be assured is alluvial, from the regular slope which the land has from the river. The bed of the river is now sufficiently deep to free them from the inconvenience of its inundation; yet in the rear, the waters of the Mississippi approach, and sometimes leave dry but a narrow strip along the bank of the river. It is, however, now more common, that the extent of the fields cultivated, (from one-fourth to one-half mile,) remains dry during the season of inundation: the soil here is very good, but not equal to the Mississippi bottoms; it may be esteemed second rate. At a small distance to the east are extensive cypress swamps, over which the waters of the inundation always stand to the depth of from fifteen to twenty-five feet. On the west side, after passing over the valley of the river, whose breadth varies from a quarter of a mile to two miles, or more, the land assumes a

considerable elevation, from one hundred to three hundred feet, and extends all along to the settlements of the Red river. These high lands are reported to be poor, and badly watered, being chiefly what is termed a pine barren. There is here a ferry and road of communication between the post of the Washita and the Natchez, and a fork of this road passes to the settlement called the Rapids, on Red river, distance from this place by computation one hundred and fifty miles.

On this part of the river lies a considerable tract of land granted by the Spanish Government to the Marquis of Maison Rouge, a French emigrant, who bequeathed it with all his property to M. Bouligny, son of the late colonel of the Louisiana regiment, and by him sold to Daniel Clarke. It is said to extend from the post of Washita with a breadth of the two leagues, including the river, down to the Bayou Calumet; the computed distance of which along the river is called thirty leagues, but supposed not more than twelve in a direct line.

On the 6th of November, in the afternoon, the party arrived at the post of the Washita, in latitude 32, 37, 25, N., where they were politely received by Lieut. Bowmar, who immediately offered the hospitality of his dwelling, with all the services in his power.

From the ferry to this place, the navigation of the river is, at this season, interrupted by many shoals and rapids. The general width is from eighty to a hundred yards. The water is extremely agreeable to drink, and much clearer than that of the Ohio. In this respect it is very unlike its two neighbors, the Arkansas and Red rivers, whose waters are loaded with earthy matter of a reddish brown color, giving to them a chocolate-like appearance; and, when those waters are low, are not portable, being brackish from the great number of salt springs which flow into them, and probably from the beds of rock salt over which they may pass. The banks of the river presented very little appearance of alluvial land, but furnished an infinitude of beautiful landscapes, heightened by the vivid coloring they derive from the autumnal changes of the leaf. Mr. Dunbar observes, that the change of color in the leaves of vegetables, which is probably occasioned by the oxygen of the atmosphere acting on the vegetable matter, deprived of the protecting power of vital principle, may serve as an excellent guide to the naturalist who directs his attention to a discovery of new objects for the use of the dyer. For he has always remarked that the leaves of those trees whose bark or wood are known to produce a dye, are changed in autumn to the same color which is extracted in the dyer's vat from the wood; more especially by the use of mordants, as alum, &c., which yields oxygen: thus the foliage of the hickory and oak, which produce the quercitron bark, is changed before its fall into a beautiful yellow: other oaks assume a fawn color, a liver color, or blood color, and are known to yield dyes of the same complexion.

In latitude 32, 18, N., Doctor Hunter discovered along the river side a substance nearly resembling mineral coal; its appearance was that of the carbonated wood described by Kirwan. It does not easily burn; but on being applied to the flame of the candle, it sensi-

bly increased it, and yielded a faint smell, resembling, in a slight degree, that of the gum lac or common sealing-wax.

Soft friable stone is common, and great quantities of gravel and sand, upon the beaches in this part of the river. A reddish clay appears in the strata, much indurated and blackened by exposure to the light and air.

The position called Fort Miro being the property of a private person, who was formerly civil commandant here, the lieutenant has taken post about four hundred yards lower; has built himself some log-houses, and enclosed them with a slight stockade. Upon viewing the country east of the river, it is evidently alluvial; the surface has a gentle slope from the river to the rear of the plantations. The land is of excellent quality, being a rich black mould to the depth of a foot, under which there is a friable loam of a brownish liver color.

At the post on the Washita, they procured a boat of less draught of water than the one in which they ascended the river thus far; at noon on the 11th of November, they proceeded on the voyage, and in the evening encamped at the plantation of Baron Bastrop.

This small settlement on the Washita, and some of the creeks falling into it, contains not more than five hundred persons, of all ages and sexes. It is reported, however, that there is a great quantity of excellent land upon these creeks, and that the settlement is capable of great extension, and may be expected, with an accession of population, to become very flourishing. There are three merchants settled at the post, who supply, at very exorbitant prices, the inhabitants with their necessities; these, with the garrison, two small planters, and a tradesman or two, constitute the present village. A proportion of the inhabitants continue the old practice of hunting, during the winter season; and they exchange their peltry for necessities with the merchants at a low rate. During the summer these people content themselves with raising corn barely sufficient for bread during the year. In this manner they always remain extremely poor. Some few who have conquered that habit of indolence, which is always the consequence of the Indian mode of life, and attend to agriculture, live more comfortably, and taste a little of the sweets of civilised life.

The lands along the river, above the post, are not very inviting, being a thin, poor soil, and covered with pine wood. To the right, the settlements on the Bayou Barthelemi and Siard are said to be rich land.

On the morning of the 13th, they passed an island and a strong rapid, and arrived at a little settlement below a chain of rocks, which crosses the channel between an island and the main land, called Roque Raw. The Spaniard and his family settled here, appear, from their indolence, to live miserably. The river acquires here a more spacious appearance, being about one hundred and fifty yards wide. In the afternoon they passed the Bayou Barthelemi on the right, above the last settlements, and about twelve computed leagues from the post. Here commences Baron Bastrops great grant of land from the Spanish Government, being a square of twelve leagues on each side, a

little exceeding a million of French acres. The banks of the river continue about thirty feet high, of which eighteen feet from the water is a clayey loam of a pale ash color, upon which the water has deposited twelve feet of light sandy soil, apparently fertile, and of a dark brown color. This description of land is of small breadth, not exceeding half a mile on each side of the river, and may be called the valley of the Washita, beyond which there is a high land covered with pine.

The soil of the "Bayou des Buttes" continues thin, with a growth of small timber. This creek is named from a number of Indian mounds discovered by the hunters along its course. The margin of the river begins to be covered with such timber as usually grows on inundated land, particularly a species of white oak, vulgarly called over-cup oak; its timber is remarkably hard, solid, ponderous, and durable; and it produces a large acorn in great abundance, upon which the bear feeds, and which is very fattening to hogs.

In latitude 32, 50, 8, N., they passed a long and narrow island. The face of the country begins to change; the banks are low and steep; the river deep and more contracted, from thirty to fifty yards in width. The soil in the neighborhood of the river is a very sandy loam, and covered with such vegetables as are found on the inundated lands of the Mississippi. The tract presents the appearance of new soil, very different from what they passed below. This alluvial tract may be supposed the site of a great lake, drained by a natural channel, from the abrasion of the waters: since which period, the annual inundations have deposited the superior soil; eighteen or twenty feet are wanting to render it habitable for man. It appears, nevertheless, well stocked with the beasts of the forest, several of which were seen.

Quantities of water fowl are beginning to make their appearance, which are not very numerous here until the cold rains and frosts compel them to leave a more northern climate. Fish are not so abundant as might be expected, owing, it is said, to the inundation of the Mississippi, in the year 1799, which dammed up the Washita, some distance above the post, and produced a stagnation and consequent corruption of the waters that destroyed all the fish within its influence.

At noon, on the 15th of November, they passed the island of Mallet; and at ninety yards northeast from the upper point of the island, by a good observation, ascertained their latitude to be 32, 59, 27, 5, N., or two seconds and a half of latitude south of the dividing line between the territories of Orleans and Louisiana. The bed of the river, along this alluvial country, is generally covered with water, and the navigation interrupted; but in the afternoon of this day, they passed three contiguous sand-bars, or beaches, called "Les trois battures," and before evening, the "Bayou de grand Marais," or Great Marsh creek on the right, and "La Cypreri Chattelrau," a point of high land on the other side, which reaches within half a mile of the river. As they advanced towards the Marais de Saline, on the right, a

stratum of dirty white clay, under the alluvial tract, showed them to be leaving the sunken, and approaching the high land country. The Salt Lick Marsh does not derive its name from any brackishness in the water of the lake or marsh, but from its contiguity to some of the licks, sometimes called "saline," and sometimes "glaise," generally found in the clay, compact enough for potters' ware. The Bayou de la Turlipe forms a communication between the lake and the river. Opposite to this place, there is a point of high land forming a promontory, advancing within a mile of the river, and to which boats resort when the low grounds are under water. A short league above is the mouth of the Grand Bayou de la Saline (Salt Lick creek.) This creek is of a considerable length, and navigable for small boats. The hunters ascend it, to one hundred of their leagues, in pursuit of game, and all agree that none of the springs which feed this creek are salt. It has obtained its name from the many buffalo salt licks which have been discovered in its vicinity. Although most of these licks, by digging, furnish water which holds marine salt in solution, there exists no reason for believing that many of them would produce nitre. Notwithstanding this low and alluvial tract appears in all respects well adapted to the growth of the long moss (*tilandsia*), none was observed since entering it in latitude 32, 52; and as the pilot informed them, none would be seen in their progress up the river, it is probable that the latitude of the thirty-three degrees is about the northern limit of vegetation. The long-leaf pine, frequently the growth of rich and even inundated land, was here observed in great abundance: the short-leaved or pitch pine, on the contrary, is always found upon arid lands, and generally in sandy and lofty situations.

This is the season when the poor settlers on the Washita turn out to make their annual hunt. The deer is now fat, and the skins in perfection; the bear is now also in his best state, with regard to the quality of his fur, and the quantity of fat or oil he yields, as he has been feasting luxuriously on the autumnal fruits of the forest. It is here well known, that he does not confine himself, as some writers have supposed, to vegetable food; he is particularly fond of hog's flesh; sheep and calves are frequently his prey; and no animal escapes him which comes within his power, and which he is able to conquer. He often destroys the fawn, when chance throws it in his way. He cannot, however, discover it by smelling, notwithstanding the excellence of his scent; for nature has, as if for its protection, denied the fawn the property of leaving any effluvia upon its track, a property so powerful in the old deer.* The bear, unlike most other

* It may not be generally known to naturalists, that between the hoof of the deer, &c., there is found a sack, with its mouth inclining upwards, containing more or less musk, and which by escaping over the opening, in proportion to the secretion, causes the foot to leave a scent on the ground wherever it passes. During the rutting season, this musk is so abundant, (particularly in old males,) as to be smelled by the hunters at a considerable distance.

beasts of prey, does not kill the animal he has seized upon before he eats it; but, regardless of its struggles, cries and lamentations, fastens upon, and, if the expression is allowable, devours it alive. The hunters count much on their profits from the oil drawn from the bear's fat, which, at New Orleans, is always of ready sale, and much esteemed for its wholesomeness in cooking, being preferred to butter or hog's lard. It is found to keep longer than any other animal oil, without becoming rancid; and boiling it from time to time, upon sweet bay leaves, restores its sweetness, or facilitates its conservation.

In the afternoon of the 17th they passed some sand beaches, and over a few rapids. They had cane brakes on both sides of the river; the canes were small, but demonstrate that the water does not surmount the bank more than a few feet. The river begins to widen as they advance; the banks of the river show the high land soil, with a stratum of three or four feet of alluvial deposited by the river upon it. This superstratum is grayish, and very sandy, with a small admixture of loam, indicative of the poverty of the mountains and uplands where the river rises. Near this they passed through a new and very narrow channel, in which all the water of the river passes, except in the time of freshets, when the interval forms an island. A little above this pass is a small clearing, called "Cache la Turlipe," (Turtip's hiding place;) this is the name of a French hunter who here concealed his property. It continues the practice of both the white and red hunters to leave their skins, &c., often suspended to poles, or laid over a pole placed upon two forked posts, in sight of the river, until their return from hunting. These deposits are considered as sacred, and few examples exist of their being plundered. After passing the entrance of a bay, which within must form a great lake during inundation, great numbers of the long-leaf pine were observed; and the increased size of the cane along the river's bank denoted a better and more elevated soil; on the left was a high hill (three hundred feet) covered with lofty pine trees.

The banks of the river present more the appearance of upland soil, the under stratum being a pale yellowish clay, and the alluvial soil of a dirty white, surmounted by a thin covering of a brown vegetable earth. The trees improve in appearance, growing to a considerable size and height, though yet inferior to those on the alluvial banks of the Mississippi. After passing the "Bayou de Hachis" on the left, points of high land not subject to be overflowed frequently touch the river, and the valley is said to be more than a league in breadth on both sides. On the left are pine hills, called "Code de Champignole." The river is not more than fifty or sixty yards wide. On the morning of the 20th they passed a number of sand beaches and some rapids, but found good depth of water between them. A creek called "Chemin Couvert," which forms a deep ravine in the highlands, here enters the river; almost immediately above this is a rapid where the water of the river is confined to a channel of about forty yards in width; above it they had to quit the main channel, on account of the shallowness and rapidity of the water, and pass along a narrow chan-

nel of only sixty feet wide; without a guide, a stranger might take this passage for a creek.

Notwithstanding the lateness of the season, and the northern latitude they were in, they this day met with an alligator. The banks of the river are covered with cane, or thick under-brush, frequently so interwoven with thorns and briars as to be impenetrable. Birch, maple, holly, and two kinds of wood to which names have not yet been given, except "water-side wood," are here to be met with, as also persimmons and small black grapes. The margin of the river is fringed with a variety of plants and vines, among which are several species of convolvulus.

On the left they passed a hill and cliff, one hundred feet perpendicular, crowned with pines, and called "Cote de Fin," (Fin's Hill,) from which a chain of high land continues some distance. The cliff presents the appearance of an ash-colored clay. A little farther to the right is the Bayou de Acacia (Locust creek.). The river varies here from eighty to an hundred yards in width, presenting frequent indications of iron along its banks, and some thin strata of iron ore. The ore is from half an inch to three inches in thickness.

On the morning of the 22d of November, they arrived at the road of the Cadadoquis Indian nation, leading to the Arkansas nation; a little beyond this is the Ecor a Fabri (Fabri's cliffs), from eighty to an hundred feet high; a little distance above, a smaller cliff called "Le Petit Ecor a Fabri" (the little Cliff of Fabri); these cliffs appear chiefly to be composed of ash-colored sand, with a stratum of clay at the base, such as runs all along under the banks of this river. Above these cliffs are several rapids; the current is swifter, and denotes their ascent into a higher country: the water becomes clear and equal to any in its very agreeable taste, and as drinking water. In the river are immense beds of gravel and sand, over which the river passes with great velocity in the season of its floods, carrying with it vast quantities of drift wood, which it piles up in many places, to the height of twenty feet above the present surface, pointing out the difficulty and danger in certain times of the flood; accidents, however, are rare with the canoes of the country.

As the party ascended they found the banks of the river less elevated, being only from nine to twelve feet, and are probably surmounted some feet by the freshets. The river becomes more obstructed by rapids and sand and gravel beaches; among which are found fragments of stone of all forms, and a variety of colors, some highly polished and rounded by friction. The banks of the river in this upper country suffer greatly by abrasion, one side and sometimes both being broken down by every flood.

At a place called "Auges d' Arelon," (Arlan's troughs) is laminated iron ore, and a stratum of black sand, very tenacious, shining with minute chrystals. The breadth of the river is here about eighty yards: in some places, however, it is enlarged by islands, in others contracted to eighty or one hundred feet. Rocks of a grayish color, and rather friable, are here found in many places on the river. On

the banks grow willows of a different form from those found below; and on the margin of the Mississippi; the last are very brittle; these, on the contrary, are extremely pliant, resembling the osier, of which they are probably a species.

At noon on the 24th, they arrived at the confluence of the Lesser Missouri with the Washita; the former is a considerable branch, perhaps the fourth of the Washita, and comes in from the left hand. The hunters often ascend the little Missouri, but are not inclined to penetrate far up, because it reaches near the great plains or prairies upon Red river, visited by the Lesser Osage tribes of Indians, settled on Arkansas; these last frequently carry war into the Cadadoquis tribe settled on the Red river, about west-southwest from this place; and, indeed, they are reported not to spare any nation or people. They are prevented from visiting the head waters of the Washita by the steep hills in which they rise. These mountains are so difficult to travel over, that the savages, not having an object sufficiently desirable, never attempt to penetrate to this river; and it is supposed to be unknown to this nation. The Cadadoquis, or Cadoux, as the French pronounce the word, may be considered as Spanish Indians; they boast, and it is said with truth, that they never have imbrued their hands in the blood of a white man. It is said that the stream of the Little Missouri, some distance from its mouth, flows over a bright splendid bed of mineral of a yellowish white color, (most probably martial pyrites;) that thirty years ago, several of the inhabitants, hunters, worked upon this mine, and sent a quantity of the ore to the government at New Orleans, and they were prohibited from working any more.

There is a great sameness in the appearance of the river banks; the islands are skirted with osier; and immediately within, on the bank, grows a range of birch trees and some willows; the more elevated banks are covered with cane, among which grow the oak, maple, elm, sycamore, ash, hickory, dog-wood, holly, iron-wood, &c. From the pilot they learned that there is a body of excellent land on the Little Missouri, particularly on the creek called the "Bayou a Terre Noire," which falls into it. This land extends to Red river, and is connected with the great prairies which form the hunting grounds of the Cadoux nation, consisting of about two hundred warriors. They are warlike, but frequently unable to defend themselves against the tribe of Osages, settled on the Arkansas river, who, passing round the mountains at the head of the Washita, and along the prairies, which separate them from the main chain on the west, where the waters of the Red and Arkansas rivers have their rise, pass into the Cadoux country, and rob and plunder them.

The water in the river Washita rising, the party are enabled to pass the numerous rapids and shoals which they meet with in the upper country, some of which are difficult of ascent. The general height of the main banks of the river is from six to twelve feet above the level of the water; the land is better in quality—the canes, &c., showing a more luxuriant vegetation. It is subject to inundation, and

shows a brown soil mixed with sand. Near Cache Mason (Mason's hiding place) on the right, they stopped to examine a supposed coal mine. Doctor Hunter and the pilot set out for this purpose, and at about a mile and a half northwest from the boat, in the bed of a creek, they found a substance similar to what they had before met with under that name, though more advanced towards a state of perfect coal. At the bottom of the creek, in a place then dry, was found detached pieces of from fifty to one hundred pounds weight; adjoining to which lay wood changed into the same substance. A stratum of this coal, six inches thick, lay on both sides of this little creek, over another of yellow clay, and covered by one foot of gravel; on the gravel are eight inches of loam, which bear a few inches of vegetable mould. This stratum of coal is about three feet higher than the water in the creek, and appears manifestly to have been, at some period, the surface of the ground. The gravel and loam have been deposited there since by the waters. Some pieces of this coal were very black and solid, of an homogenous appearance, much resembling pit-coal, but of less specific gravity. It does not appear to be sufficiently impregnated with bitumen, but may be considered as vegetable matter in the progress of transmutation to coal.

Below the "Bayou de l'eau Froide," which runs into the Washita from the right, the river is one hundred and seventy yards, flowing through tolerable good land. They passed a beautiful forest of pines, and on the 20th fell in with an old Dutch hunter and his party, consisting in all of five persons.

This man had resided forty years on the Washita, and before that period had been up the Arkansas river, the White river, and the St. Francis; the two last, he informs, are of difficult navigation, similar to the Washita: but the Arkansas river is of great magnitude, having a large and broad channel, and when the water is low, has great sand banks, like those in the Mississippi. So far as he has been up it, the navigation is safe and commodious, without impediments from rocks, shoals, or rapids; its bed being formed of mud and sand. The soil on it is of the first rate quality. The country is easy of access, being lofty open forests, unembarrassed by canes or undergrowth. The water is disagreeable to drink, being of a red color, and brackish when the river is low. A multitude of creeks which flow into the Arkansas furnish sweet water, which the voyager is obliged to carry with him for the supply of his immediate wants. This man confirms the accounts of silver being abundant up that river: he has not been so high as to see it himself, but says he received a silver pin from a hunter, who assured him that he himself collected the virgin silver from the rock, out of which he made the epinglete by hammering it out. The tribe of the Osage live higher up than this position; but the hunters rarely go so high, being afraid of these savages, who are at war with all the world, and destroy all the strangers they meet with. It is reported that the Arkansas nation, with a part of the Choctaws, Chickasaws, Shawanees, &c., have formed a league, and are actually gone, or going, 800 strong, against these depredators,

with a view to destroy or drive them entirely off, and possess themselves of their fine prairies, which are most abundant hunting grounds, being plentifully stocked with buffalo, elk, deer, bear, and every other beast of the forest common to those latitudes in America. This hunter having given information of a small spring in their vicinity, from which he frequently supplied himself by evaporating the water, Doctor Hunter, with a company, accompanied him, on the morning of the 29th November, to the place. They found a saline, about a mile and a half north of the camp from whence they set out, and near a creek which enters the Washita a little above. It is situated in the bottom of the bed of a dry gully. The surrounding land is rich and well timbered, but subject to inundation, except an Indian mound on the creek side, having a base of eighty or an hundred feet diameter, and twenty feet high. After digging about three feet, through blue clay, they came to a quick-sand, from which the water flowed in abundance; its taste was salt and bitter, resembling that of water in the ocean. In a second hole it required them to dig six feet before they reached the quick-sand, in doing which they threw up several broken pieces of Indian pottery. The specific gravity, compared with the river, was, from the first pit, or that three feet deep, 102,720; from the second pit, or that six feet deep, 102,104, yielding a saline mass, from the evaporation of ten quarts, which when dry weighed eight ounces: this brine is, therefore, about the same strength as that of the ocean on our coast, and twice the strength of the famous licks in Kentucky called Bullet's lick and Man's lick, from which so much salt is made.

The "Fourche de Cadoux" (Cadadoquis Fork) which they passed on the morning of the 30th, is about one hundred yards wide at its entrance into the Washita, from the left; immediately beyond which, on the same side, the land is high, probably elevated three hundred feet above the water. The shoals and rapids here impede their progress. At noon they deduced their latitude, by observation, to be 30, 11, 37, N. Receiving information of another salt lick, or saline, Doctor Hunter landed, with a party, to view it. The pit was found in a low flat place, subject to be overflowed from the river; it was wet and muddy, the earth on the surface yellow, but on digging through about four feet of blue clay, the salt water oozed from a quick-sand. Ten quarts of this water produced, by evaporation, six ounces of saline mass, which, from taste, was principally marine salt; to the taste, however, it showed an admixture of soda, and muriated magnesia, but the marine salt greatly preponderated. The specific gravity was about 1,076, probably weakened from the rain which had fallen the day before. The ascent of the river becomes troublesome, from the rapids and currents, particularly at the "Isle du bayou des Roches" (Rocky creek island), where it required great exertions, and was attended with some hazard to pass them. This island is three-fourths of a mile in length. The river presents a series of shoals, rapids, and small cataracts; and they passed several points of high land,

full of rocks and stones, much harder and more solid than any they had yet met with.

The rocks were all silicious, with their fissures penetrated by sparry matter. Indications of iron were frequent, and fragments of poor ore were common, but no rich ore of that or any other metal was found. Some of the hills appear well adapted to the cultivation of the vine: the soil being a sandy loam, with a considerable portion of gravel, and a superficial covering of good vegetable black earth. The natural productions are, several varieties of oak, pine, dog-wood, holly, &c., with a scattering undergrowth of whortleberry, hawthorn, china brier, and a variety of small vines.

Above the Isle de Mallon; the country wears another prospect. High lands and rocks frequently approach the river. The rocks, in grain, resemble freestone, and are hard enough to be used as hand mill-stone, to which purpose they are frequently applied. The quality of the lands improves, the stratum of vegetable earth being from six to twelve inches, of a dark brown color, with an admixture of loam and sand. Below Deer Island they passed a stratum of freestone, fifty feet thick, under which is a quarry of imperfect slate in perpendicular layers. About a league from the river, and a little above the slate quarry, is a considerable plain, called "Prairie de Champignole," often frequented by buffaloes. Some salt licks are formed near it; and in many situations on both sides of the river, there are said to be salines which may hereafter be rendered very productive, and from which the future settlements may be abundantly supplied.

About four miles below the "Chuttes," (falls) they, from a good observation, found the latitude 34, 21, 25, 5. The land on either hand continues to improve in quality, with a sufficient stratum of dark earth of a brownish color. Hills frequently rise out of the level country, full of rocks and stones, hard and flinty, and often resembling Turkey oil stones. Of this kind was a promontory which came in from the right hand a little below the Chuttes; at a distance it presented the appearance of ruined buildings and fortifications, and several insulated masses of rock conveyed the idea of redoubts and out-works. The effect was heightened by the rising of a flock of swans which had taken their station in the water, at the foot of these walls. As the voyagers approached, the birds floated about majestically on the glassy surface of the water, and in tremulous accents seemed to consult upon means of safety. The whole was a sublime picture. In the afternoon of the 3d of December, they reached the Chuttes, and found the falls to be occasioned by a chain of rocks of the same hard substance seen below, extending in the direction of northeast and southwest, quite across the river. The water passes through a number of branches worn by the impetuosity of the torrent, where it forms so many cascades. The chain of rock or hill on the left appears to have been cut down to its present level by the abrasion of the waters. By great exertions and lightening the boat, they passed the Chuttes that evening, and encamped just above the cataracts, and within the hearing of their incessant roar.

Immediately above the Chuttes, the current of the water is slow to another ledge of hard freestone; the reach between is spacious and not less than two yards wide, and terminated by a hill three hundred feet high, covered with beautiful pines: this is a fine situation for building. In latitude 34, 25, 48, they passed a very dangerous rapid, from the number of rocks which obstruct the passage of the water, and break it into foam. On the right of the rapid is a high rocky hill covered with very handsome piney woods. The stratum of the rock has an inclination of 30° to the horizon, in the direction of the river descending. This hill may be three hundred or three hundred and fifty feet high; a border or list of green cane skirts the margin of the river, beyond which generally rises a high, and sometimes a barren hill. Near another rapid they passed a hill on the left, containing a large body of blue slate. A small distance above the Bayou de Saline they had to pass a rapid of one hundred and fifty yards in length, and four and a half feet fall, which, from its velocity, the French have denominated "La Cascade." Below the cascade there are rocky hills on both sides, composed of very hard freestone. The stone in the bed of the river, and which has been rolled from the upper country, was of the hardest flint, or of a quality resembling Turkey oil stone. "Fourche au Tigre," (Tiger's creek,) which comes in from the right, a little above the cascade, is said to have many extensive tracts of rich level land upon it. The rocky hills here frequently approach the Washita on both sides; rich bottoms are nevertheless frequent, and the upland is sometimes of modern elevation and tolerably level. The stones and rocks here met with have their fissures filled by sparry and chrysaline matter.

Wild turkeys become more abundant and less difficult of approach than below; and the howl of the wolves is heard during the night.

To the "Fourche au Calfat," (Caulker's creek) where the voyage terminates, they found level and good land on the right, and high hills on the left hand. After passing over a very precipitous rapid, seemingly divided into four steps or falls, one of which was at least fifteen inches in perpendicular height, and which together could not be less than five and a half feet, they arrived at Elles' camp, a small distance below the Fourche au Calfat, where they stopped on the 6th of December, as the pilot considered it the most convenient landing from whence to carry their necessary baggage to the hot springs, the distance being about three leagues. There is a creek about two leagues higher up, called "Bayou des Sources Chauds," (hot spring creek,) upon the banks of which the hot springs are situated at about two leagues from its mouth. The banks of it are hilly, and the road less eligible than from Elles' camp.

On ascending the hill to encamp, they found the land very level and good, some plants in flower, and a great many evergreen vines; the forest oak, with an admixture of other woods. The latitude of this place is 34, 27, 31, 5. The ground on which they encamped was about fifty feet above the water in the river, and supposed to be thirty feet higher than the inundations. Hills of considerable height,

and clothed with pine, were in view ; but the land around, and extending beyond their view, lies handsomely for cultivation. The superstratum is of a blackish brown color, upon a yellow basis, the whole intermixed with gravel and blue schistus, frequently so far decomposed as to have a strong aluminous taste. From their camp on the Washita, to the hot springs, a distance of about nine miles, the first six miles of the road is in a westerly direction without many curiosities, and the remainder northwardly, which courses are necessary to avoid some very steep hills. In this distance, they found three principal salt licks, and some inferior ones, which are all frequented by buffalo, deer, &c. The soil around them is a white, tenacious clay, probably fit for potters' ware : hence the name of "glaise," which the French hunters have bestowed upon most of the licks frequented by the beasts of the forest, many of which exhibit no saline impregnation. The first two miles from the river camp is over level land of the second rate quality ; the timber chiefly oak, intermixed with other trees common to the climate, and a few scattering pines. Further on, the lands on either hand rise into gently swelling hills, covered with handsome pine woods. The road passes along a valley frequently wet by the numerous rills and springs of excellent water which issues from the foot of the hills. Near the hot springs the hills become more elevated, steeper of ascent, and rocky. They are here called mountains, although none of them in view exceed four or five hundred feet in altitude. It is said that mountains of more than five times the elevation of these hills are to be seen in the northwest, towards the source of the Washita ; one of them is called the glass, chrystal, or shining mountain, from the vast number of hexagonal prisms of very transparent and colorless chrystal which are found on its surface ; they are generally surmounted by pyramids at one end, rarely on both. These chrystals do not produce a double refraction of the rays of light. Many searches have been made over these mountains for the precious metals, but it is believed without success.

At the hot springs they found an open log cabin, and a few huts of split boards, all calculated for summer encampment, and which had been erected by persons resorting to the springs for the recovery of their health.

They slightly repaired these huts, or cabins, for their accommodation during the time of their detention at the springs, for the purpose of examining them and the surrounding country ; and making such astronomical observations as were necessary for ascertaining their geographical position.

It is understood that the hot springs are included within a grant of some hundred acres, granted by the late Spanish commandant of the Washita to some of his friends, but it is not believed that a regular patent was ever issued for the place : and it cannot be said that residence, with improvement here, forms a plea to claim the land upon.

On their arrival they immediately tasted the waters of the hot springs, that is, after a few minutes' cooling, for it was impossible to approach it with the lips when first taken up, without scalding : the

taste does not differ from that of good water rendered hot by culinary fire.

On the 10th they visited all the hot springs. They issue on the east side of the valley, where the huts are, except one spring, which rises on the west bank of the creek, from the sides and foot of a hill. From the small quantity of calcareous matter yet deposited, the western spring does not appear to be of long standing; a natural conduit probably passes under the bed of the creek, and supplies it. There are four principal springs rising immediately on the east bank of the creek, one of which may be rather said to spring out of the gravel bed of the run; a fifth, a smaller one than that above mentioned, as rising on the west side of the creek; and a sixth, of the same magnitude, the most northerly, and rising near the bank of the creek; these are all the sources that merit the name of springs, near the huts; but there is a considerable one below, and all along, at intervals, the warm water oozes out, or drops from the bank into the creek, as appears from the condensed vapor floating along the margin of the creek where the drippings occur.

The hill from which the hot springs issue is of a conical form, terminating at the top with a few loose fragments of rock, covering a flat space twenty-five feet in diameter. Although the figure of the hill is conical, it is not entirely insulated, but connected with the neighboring hills by a very narrow ridge. The primitive rock of this hill, above the base, is principally silicious, some part of it being the hardest flint, others a freestone extremely compact and solid, and of various colors. The base of the hill, and for a considerable extent, is composed of a blackish blue schistus, which divides into perpendicular lamina like blue slate. The water of the hot springs is, therefore, delivered from the silicious rock, generally invisible at the surface, from the mass of calcareous matter with which it is encrusted, or rather buried, and which is perpetually precipitating from the water of the springs; a small proportion of iron, in the form of red calx, is also deposited, the color of which is frequently distinguishable in the lime.

In ascending the hill, several patches of rich black earth are found, which appeared to be formed by the decomposition of the calcareous matter; in other situations the superficial earth is penetrated, or encrusted, by limestone, with fine lamina, or minute fragments of iron ore.

The water of the hot springs must formerly have issued at a greater elevation in the hill, and run over the surface, having formed a mass of calcareous rock one hundred feet perpendicular by its deposition. In this high situation they found a spring whose temperature was 140 of Fahrenheit's thermometer. After passing the calcareous region, they found the primitive hill covered by a forest of not very large trees, consisting chiefly of oak, pine, cedar, holly, hawthorn, and others common to the climate, with a great variety of vines, some said to produce black and yellow grapes, both excellent in their kinds. The soil is rocky, interspersed with gravel, sand, and fine vegetable

mould. On reaching the height of two hundred feet perpendicular, a considerable change in the soil was observable; it was stony and gravelly, with a superficial coat of black earth, but immediately under it lies a stratum of fat, tenacious, soapy, red clay, inclining to the color of bright Spanish snuff, homogenous, with scarcely any admixture of sand, no saline, but rather a soft agreeable taste: the timber diminishes, and the rocks increase in size to the summit. The whole height is estimated at three hundred feet above the level of the valley.

They made the following rough estimate of the quantity of water delivered by the springs. There are four principal springs, two of inferior note; one rising out of the gravel, and a number of drippings and drainings, all issuing from the margin, or from under the rock which overhangs the creek. Of the four first mentioned, three deliver nearly equal quantities, but No. 1, the most considerable, delivers about five times as much as one of the other three; the two of inferior note may, together, be equal to one; and all the drippings, and small springs, are probably underrated at double the quantity of one of the three; that is, all together, they will deliver a quantity equal to eleven times the water issuing from the one most commodiously situated for measurement. This spring filled a vessel of eleven quarts in eleven seconds; hence the whole quantity of hot water delivered from the springs at the base of the hill is 165 gallons in a minute, or 3,771 hogsheads in 24 hours, which is equal to a handsome brook, and might work an overshot mill. In cool weather, condensed vapor is seen rising out of the gravel bed of the creek, from springs which cannot be taken into account. During the summer and fall, the creek receives little or no water but what is supplied by the hot springs; at that season it is itself a hot bath, too hot, indeed, near the springs; so that a person may choose the temperature most agreeable to himself, by selecting a natural basin near to, or farther from the principal springs. At three or four miles below the springs the water is tepid and unpleasant to drink.

After making further observations on the Washita, Catahoola and Tenza, the party returned to St. Catherine's Landing on the 31st of January, 1805.

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